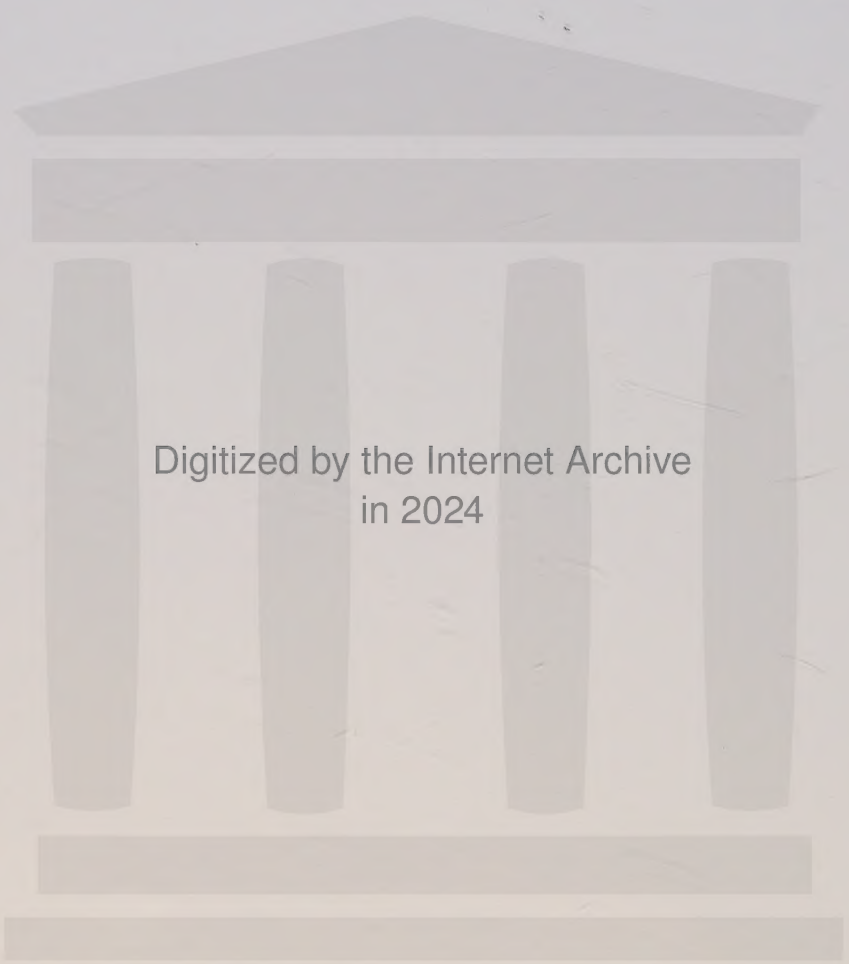
BETTY JUNE

My Life During the Great Depression and World War II

1926 to 1946

Betty DeLucchi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1926 to 1946

BETTY DELUCCHI

FOR MY CHILDREN

Paul Milton, Diane Auguste and Joan Betty,

with special thoughts of

Grandmother Clark and Aunt Phyllis

Particular thanks to my dear friend Rae Solomon

for her wisdom and support,

and to son Paul

for editing and organizing the material for this book

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of twenty years of my life growing up in Redwood City, California during the Great Depression and during World War II, as I witnessed great social and economic changes. I hope my story will help the reader understand that time in history and the people involved.

I was the eldest of six children living with our working-class parents in a modest two-bedroom frame house, during a time when often there was no work at all. My mother and father struggled to keep us clothed and to put food on the table. My father was glad when he could find firewood to burn in the cast iron stove for warming the house in winter.

The Great Depression is difficult to imagine. Men out of work could sometimes be seen standing in long lines outside soup kitchens — places for free soup sponsored by the government or by charitable organizations. My father occasionally found odd jobs: he peddled spices or felled trees to earn a few dollars. When the WPA was started by the Roosevelt administration, he worked for $5.40 for a whole day. That caused him to become so depressed and demoralized he became physically ill.

By scavenging dumps and odd places, my father found enough parts to put an operating auto together. He was a carpenter, not a mechanic, but he understood automobiles. It was essential to have a car should he find a job somewhere, and also for his fishing trips. "J.D.", as he was known, loved to fish but, more importantly, he exchanged fish for vegetables and milk with the Portuguese and Italian farmers who lived near the ocean. We children got used to putting cardboard in our shoes when the soles were worn through. We sometimes felt lucky to have a dinner of navy beans and day-old bread.

As the economy gradually improved, we became more comfortable at home. However, we became fearful and suspicious of new, different people moving into our town, such as the Japanese. That fear and suspicion increased dramatically as we endured air-raid warnings and black-outs — sirens blaring all through the town and everything dark. Rationing of meat, shortening, sugar and other precious food stuffs caused difficulty for women in managing the home.

After graduating from high school, I worked in a defense factory. Many of the boys in my class enlisted in the armed services. My sister, a year or so younger than I, contracted poliomyelitis soon after high school; from this she suffered a permanent paralysis in one leg. Nevertheless, following her rehabilitation she also worked in a

defense factory. My brothers were too young to go to war. Even though we didn't trust the Japanese, I was sad to see my school friend Kyoko and her family have to report to a relocation center and then be moved to an internment camp.

After working in the defense factory for over a year, I entered nursing school in San Francisco. I felt lucky to enroll in a government program for educating young ladies in preparation for a career in the U.S. Army or U.S. Navy Nurse Corps. The nursing education I received contrasts sharply with what one might expect today so I have described it in considerable detail in Part II.

During those years, war was raging in Europe and in the Pacific. Living in San Francisco gave me the opportunity to observe the mobilization of men and materials demanded by war. I followed major events closely; they had an impact on my thoughts and actions. I saw a mobilization of men and materials. The influx of new and different people into the city brought revolutionary and unimaginable changes to society. I witnessed racial tension and prejudicial conflicts, along with the changing role of women in the workplace. It was a dynamic era for everyone.

While I have endeavored to write an interesting and informative narrative, I also researched to make sure my activities correctly correlate to dates of major war events. In doing this, I discovered some fascinating details which I believe are not well known. I have delighted in reporting some of these in a concluding Appendix section, and hope that readers will find my stories inviting, informative and worth knowing.

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Today we are so very busy with our daily lives and current events, we tend to completely forget that the years 1933 to 1953 were the most destructive in all of the world's history. Yes, even compared to any of the worst times of ancient warfare — slaughter, mass starvation, plague and natural tragedies — those were the worst! The warfare and destruction were beyond compare.

It is during these years that I grew up. I have chosen to write about living during this time to show the anxieties and trials of ordinary people. In America, and in much of Europe, we were just coming out of the depression in 1933 only to soon be embroiled in an unimaginable world-wide war. Everyone suffered hardships that are difficult to grasp today. And yet we can make some comparisons: there was prejudice and fear; prejudice against people we did not know or understand and fear of unexpected attacks on our homeland from sea and air. We could not plan our futures with any confidence. We relied on the leaders of the world — FDR and Churchill, primarily — to save us, and the world.
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Fortunately they succeeded — in league with the thousands of military and defense workers who built the planes, ships, tanks and submarines, and who furnished medical care and other supplies to the fighting men and women in our armed services. Of course, this did not happen just in the U.S. but in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, all over and around the Pacific — the entire world.

My intention is simply to tell the story as I lived through those years. I was one of the lucky ones because I didn't actually fight in the army or navy but was headed in that direction when the war ended.

I write about my experiences and observations with the intent of reminding people of the great debt we owe to those who did fight and worked toward victory. The many people who did this must be recognized for their valor and sacrifice.

To understand our responsibilities for living today, it may helpful to reflect on the hardships and sufferings of the general population, and even the persons sent to internment camps, during that time period. Foremost were the prejudices we held against people we really didn't know or understand (not unlike the condition today with Muslims or people from foreign countries). But fear was in fact one of the most destructive forces *against* our hope and our will to prevail. This is one factor I felt and observed in others and I think it might be overlooked now that the emergent time has passed.

Fear is a devastating force. It causes confusion, a mistaken placing of priorities, and general hysteria. This can be tempered with more understanding and awareness of what is really happening around us. I sensed the fear of unknown all around me — yet as I study now what really happened, I find that our fears often were justified. We were in fact under astonishing threat from invading armies and foreign imperialist intentions.

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My life-long ambition, which remains strong to this day, is to acquire the highest level of education possible. This wish for an optimal level of education was never fully understood by my parents — evident in the way we children were taught to accept their values without question or discussion. They accepted, as their ultimate achievement, the goal of acquiring enough skills to get a job and earn a living. According to my parents' backgrounds, this was their highest hope and possibility for themselves and their children. They did provide a home with food and clothing for us children. Their ambition was to increase their material wealth and allow the church and school to furnish the educational and cultural values. There were only a few books in our house and we were not encouraged to read them.
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As I grew up and compared my life with those of my peers, I began to recognize the limitations of our home. This was made clear to me when discussions were brief and explanations nonexistent. As a young adult I was very frustrated in being expected to accept that attending nursing school was supposed to be sufficient education, as it was "job training". I did not consider it so. From an early age I hoped to go to college and become a teacher. I was influenced by my Aunt Phyllis and Grandmother Clark, who took me to symphonies and art galleries, and pointed out acts of courteous behavior at every opportunity. I was gratified to learn, as part of the Girl Scout program, for example, the correct way to set a formal table. When I was in high school, I read the catalog for U.C. Berkeley and was astounded at all the subjects offered. I also read Emily Post's "Etiquette" from cover to cover! College tuition was not expensive at that time, but the living expenses exceeded anything that was practical. Still, I dreamed and hoped.

Sometimes I dared to challenge my father's reasoning, and this caused no end of turmoil. It seemed to me that I was to respect him and his ideas without thought or question. My reasoning told me that some of his ideas were wrong. However, I tried to respect him because I did not want to make him unhappy, and I was afraid of his wrath. Later in life I realized that to behave outside his prescription was, to him, a deep personal psychological injury.

The Mormon church was central to our family. Most of us followed the teachings and entered into many of the activities of the Church. I took an active part in leading a choir, completing and receiving recognition for projects similar to those in Girl Scouts. But as I matured and associated with wider groups of people, I began to question these beliefs as well as other parental values.

I remember the sunny mornings when I walked through the back gate of my high school, where there was a peaceful grove of eucalyptus trees. I loved the fragrance in the air – and that is where I did most of my serious thinking.

One day during a solitary lunch there under the trees I was wondering about the soul — what it is, where it is. The theology I was regularly exposed to had left me unsettled. I wondered why we filled our minds and hearts with invented ideas that, to me, had little basis in truth. I mused on the metaphor of the soul as a receptacle with a shiny inner surface, as brilliant as gold. Rather than filling it with a lot of clutter, why not — I asked myself — use it honestly in a search for the meaning of life?

From that day forward, I started to value myself and to strive for the best I could achieve, rather than be constrained by an imposed doctrine. Church members and my family were not aware of my thoughts, and of course I dared not tell them.

Now, eighty years later, I still study every day, striving to understand art, philosophy, theology, history, psychology, humanity. My life has shown me that the pursuit of education is its own reward, limited only by one's appetite for understanding.

BJD

Pasadena, California

March 2020

PART I —

EARLY YEARS

Redwood City Court House and city hall

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At Fallen Leaf Lake, 1926

FIRST MEMORIES

My very first memory was of being carried upstairs by my father, late at night. We came to some dark brown wooden stairs, and the walls were brown too. Pretty soon we entered a big room that was empty except for my crib in a far corner, and a table off to the left side of the room with something on it. There was no other furniture in the room.

I was put into my crib, and somehow my mother let me know that she and my father would be sleeping in the next room.

My mother, LaRue, later told me that we were in San Anselmo, in Marin County, living in this empty apartment while "J.D.", as my father was known, was building a temporary two-room cottage on the back of the lot he had bought in Redwood City. She said we traveled back and forth until those two-rooms were finished enough to live in. And there we lived while he built the main house at the front of the lot.

I was standing in front of a big window, looking out, watching my father work. This is the most vivid early memory I have. I saw him suddenly throw himself over backwards, roll violently over and over like backward somersaults on the muddy ground. The story later was that I went to my mother and said, "Daddy fa'' down." Then I was at the window again, and saw Mother walking, holding J.D.'s arm, helping him walk toward the house. She had on a huge dress, I didn't understand why it was so big — white with little flowers. Soon after that, I remember seeing J.D. sitting in a chair, in a corner of that room with his foot up on a stool. There was a big white bandage on his foot. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes.

J.D. had driven a pick through his foot, and had to take time off to recuperate. Work on the new house stopped.

The next story I know about, though I don't remember, is that the family was living in a small house on Vera Court, where I think Jean was born. This is about four months after the accident with J.D.'s foot, so it was January 1926. All the foregoing must have been in the year 1925.

I know from photographs that Grandma Clark visited us in Vera Court, with her sister, my Aunt Nell. While they were there they decided to take me to Utah. I don't

remember going or returning, but I do remember the net over the Pullman berth where I remember I slept with Grandma. The net held our clothes.

We went next to live with people named Hammer, who lived way out on a street off to the south of Roosevelt Avenue. I remember there were only two houses out there — the streets were put in but there were no sidewalks. When we walked to a store, we walked in the street.

I remember Jean's crib was in the corner of the room, my bed was next to her crib on the enclosed back porch of the house. Someone gave me a toy, a cast-iron garage with a door that opened and closed. Inside was a bus. I just loved that little toy. It seemed that no sooner was I playing with it than I was forced to share it with Jean. I thought she was too little to have it and I felt it was mine. It was so cute — I've never forgotten it.

I remember the house next door (the other house). It seemed very large to me. It was made of wood and I don't remember if it was white or yellow. It was owned by

a man named Lamar, but was called Frenchy, he was a housepainter. Mother didn't like him because he drank beer!

I can guess that Jean was about eight months old at that time when one day we went for a walk, Mother was carrying Jean. I noticed that the grass was as tall as I was, so it must have been late July or August. We walked and walked and finally came to a store. I remember standing looking at a huge jar of pickles. Next to it was another jar which held big round cookies. The man behind the counter (I know now he was a butcher) gave me a slice of baloney to eat. I looked at his face — a strange face. I tried to make my face the same shape as his. I screwed up my face, lifting one side of my lips higher than the other, tightened my eyes — I wanted to know how his face felt to him. Could he feel his face and how did it feel? He didn't notice me but Mother saw me. She slapped me on my face and said, "You don't do that. You don't make fun of people who can't help how they look." As it happened he had a cleft palate but of course I didn't understand that.

About this time J.D. got a job working at Fallen Leaf Lake, in the mountains near Lake Tahoe. He was building an eating place in a small hotel or lodge of some kind. We were camping. Mother and Father had a bed in the tent; it seemed to me they looked so happy in there. I remember standing at their bedside and saw Mother smiling.

I remember being in a rowboat out in the lake, with a motor on the back. My father was sitting near the motor; there was one other person there; it wasn't Mother, and Jean wasn't there. Suddenly, the motor stopped — I was sure we would sink and I cried. (I was only a little over two years old.) J.D. laughed at me. I didn't want to be laughed at! My fright was genuine.

In camp one day J.D. said there was an old broken chair that he thought he could get to make a swing for Betty. Next thing, a part of a rocking chair appeared in camp. It had a rounded back and a big flat seat but no legs. J.D. strung ropes up in a tree and tied to the chair so that it made a swing! I thought it was magical and was happy to be put in for a swing back and forth. But before I knew it he put Jean in the seat next to me. I didn't like that. She could barely sit up and there she was next to me in MY swing! Daddy had said he was going to make Betty a swing — and there was Jean in it too.

The next memory is of being in a room somewhere, and that table (from my earliest memory) was there too, with something on it. I asked my mother what it was;

she said a crystal set, a radio. J.D. was working with it, and I remember him sitting next to the table, listening to a lot of noise and abruptly saying "Aha! Lucky Lindy made it!" So from that I know it was May 21, 1927.

J.D. continued work on our house, building one room at a time. By 1928 we had a kitchen and an adjacent room at the front that eventually became the dining room, where the pot-bellied iron stove was. The living room was only framed in, without windows or doors. A central bedroom was finished, where J.D. and LaRue slept. There was a back hallway between the bedroom and kitchen. Off the hallway was a space for the bathroom, with toilet and basin — but no tub, and no door!

BABY BROTHERS

The building of our house continued over ten or more years while we lived in it. In 1928, my bed and Jean's crib were in the dining area space. One of my earliest memories is of awakening in my bed there in that front room and seeing my parents standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Mother came to the side of my bed and quietly said, "Betty June, we are on our way to the hospital to get a baby." I woke up enough to listen carefully. "Now if Jean wakes up, you tell her to just put her head back down on the pillow and go to sleep. Mrs. Carson [our next door neighbor] will be here when it is daytime." At that moment, Jean stood up in her crib and asked, "Where we going?" Mother said to her, "Put your head down, Jean, and go back to sleep, it isn't daytime yet." Jean did as she was told and I did too. I had no idea where babies came from. I just thought the hospital had an extra supply. I did know that a mommy and daddy had to be together to get one!

My new baby brother was called Robert. We called him "Bobby". I especially liked him and liked to take care of him. For a while he slept in a crib in my parents' bedroom. When a sleeping porch, with screen openings at the windows, was added to the back of the house, Jean and I were moved into the bedroom. Bobby's small bed was put in the bedroom too alongside the big double bed that Jean and I shared.

The "back porch" was not an outside porch but an enclosed room for the washing machine and laundry tubs. The dining room area became a central part of the house because that is where the free standing cast iron wood burning stove was located. The living room area was framed in but not yet finished.

Changes continued intermittently in our house. Eventually, an outside back porch was added. At first after washing clothes, Mother hung clothes on ropes which were supported by long poles. Then J.D. installed pulley lines which reached to the back of our lot so Mother could stand in one place — on the porch — to hang out the clothes. After the yard was enclosed by a wooden fence, several trees were planted but only the apricot tree survived. Our Italian gardener friends planted the trees and decorative shrubs all around the house. The apple tree he planted didn't survive because the chickens ate all the leaves off the branches. The shrubs he put near the front entrance were shaped like giant baskets.

When work was scarce, sometimes J.D. got a job felling trees. For this job, he

was entitled to some of the wood which he stored in a shed in the yard behind the garage. We burned that firewood in the iron stove in the dining room; that was our main source of heat during the winter months.

In 1932, when Mother was eight months pregnant, a fire broke out in the laundry room. Her mother, Grammy Mowery, was expected to visit from Long Beach. Mother was busy doing some extra house cleaning when the fire started. Bobby and I were in the bedroom. At the moment I heard Mother cry out: "Get out of the house!" Bobby, who was four years old, ran into the back bedroom. I followed him and took him by the hand as we went out the front door. Jean was outside on the swing and saw Mother exit the back door with her arms ablaze. Mother says she tried not to run as she went next door for Mrs. Carson's aid. She later told us that Mrs. Carson heard her call and came out carrying some cloths with which she gently smothered the flames.

It was about 10 weeks before Mother made a full recovery. Meanwhile the house was blackened throughout. Somehow the closet where all our clothes hung was spared. J.D. set up temporary living quarters for the family in the large garage while repairs and renovations were being worked on.

During that time, the big bed Jean and I shared was moved into a tent in the back yard. In the evenings, we usually stayed with our parents in the garage and listened to "Amos and Andy" on the radio, but were sent to bed when "Black and Blue" came on. Without exaggeration, that radio drama scared us almost to death. We did not like going outside in the dark and cold (it was late October), "Black and Blue" was a scary program. We shivered from cold, and more so from fright.

As the house renovation was being completed, J.D. received a surprise notice that there was a big crate waiting for him at the train station. Upon investigating, he learned that his father had shipped a big upright piano to us. It was brought to the sidewalk in front of our house. J.D. and some friends tried to figure out how to get it up the five or six front steps. He also received a bill for $20 to pay for the shipping. I watched J.D. borrow the $20; that didn't appear to be too difficult. The piano got moved into the house. In the next day's mail, a check arrived from his father for $20.

As the work continued, Jean and I were sent to live with the Dennis family on Clinton Street. We didn't like that place. Mr. Dennis never smiled and anyway he wore sleeve garters! I thought those looked strange — Mother later told me they were used because the sleeves of his shirt were too long for him. He also had false teeth! False

teeth?! What happened to his real teeth? Mother told me that when we get older, we sometimes lose our teeth. Mr. Dennis was 40 years old! I thought 40 was really old. They had a small house — smaller than ours. And they had a white shaggy small dog whose hair grew over it eyes; I wondered how it could see. I wonder why I don't remember Mrs. Dennis.

I got into trouble there one day, when I wouldn't walk around a chair that was in my way. I wanted to squeeze through another space, and just didn't want to go the way Mr. Dennis said I should go. Mr. Dennis told J.D. how naughty I was! My father didn't say anything about it to me. Neither Jean nor I liked staying there. We expressed our anger by scraping the paint off of the metal bedstead where we slept!

Very soon — only a few weeks after the fire — my second brother "Dale" was born. He was a big healthy baby so everyone was happy that he arrived safely after Mother's experience of the fire.

When our house was finally completed, naturally, we were very happy to move back in. We found lots of improvements: a brown leather-covered "davenport" added seating in the living room; it could also be converted into a bed. The living room was especially nice with a 9-by-12 foot rug with a blue border, and a console radio in the corner where we could gather to listen to broadcasts.

Changes were made in the kitchen too. It had been widened, making room for a breakfast table and a new stove — green with burners and oven built over legs. This left room to put a big box under it to hold papers and some wood to burn in the trash burner — a part of the stove. The oven didn't have a thermostat but Mother somehow could tell when the oven was hot enough to bake whatever she was preparing.

One day, while she was cleaning out the boys' pants pockets before putting them into the washing machine, she put whatever she found there into the trash burner. Suddenly, we were all startled by the loud BANG! BANG! BANG! coming from the stove. They boys had saved some firecrackers! She was surprised by the noise as was everyone else.

A unique feature of the kitchen was the "cooler". This was a space like a cupboard running floor to ceiling with slatted shelves. It was open at the base and the ceiling to allow cool air from beneath the house to pass up through the shelves and escape into the attic. This was a marvelous design, though not unusual in the early days before it was customary to have an ice box, and long before refrigerators were

part of household furnishings. The cooler was constructed to include an egg drawer, with slats on which eggs were delicately balanced. Food could be kept cool and not spoil for at least a day or two.

With the birth of Dale, we were a family of six: my parents: me, my sister, Jean and brothers Bobby and Dale.

We all fit into two bedrooms so the dining room and kitchen became the central place for gathering as well as for cooking and eating. The dining room doubled as a place for projects like homework, sewing, ironing and for drying clothes on rainy days. On one side of the room stood a buffet. It was usually stacked with a lot of stuff that never found a proper place in the house! Knives, forks, spoons and eating utensils and dishes were kept in the kitchen cupboards. That left room in that large sturdy buffet for space for Mother's Underwood typewriter, paper, extra pens and pencils and lots of other odds and ends. My brother Bobby was particularly fascinated by all the things that could be found in it and piled on top of it.

Against another wall was a bookcase that J.D. built, with glass doors. Grandmother Clark sent us some old encyclopedia which we could look at when we had time. Otherwise, we rarely looked at the other books stored in the case.

OLD IRONSIDES - 1928

One day when I was just 5 years old, we all went to San Francisco to see "Old Ironsides", a famous battleship. Grandmother Clark was visiting us from her home in Utah and was especially anxious to see the old ship. She said, "The real name of the ship is the 'USS Constitution'."

It was moored on the waterfront not far from the Ferry Building which my sister, Jean and I recognized from previous visits. It was near a drawbridge which we liked to watch when ships passed through from the bay.

We each held Grandmother's hand as we boarded the ship.

While walking up the gangplank, Grandma eagerly began describing features of the battleship — how it was built, and how the cannon fire from enemy ships would bounce off its sides during battle and so did not cause any damage. We walked around on the deck and were fascinated by large wood boards under our feet and those which made up the sides. All along the sides by the ship were large holes for the fired cannon balls to pass through. We tried to count the cannon balls stacked neatly in large piles like pyramids, near the big black cannon.

Grandmother seemed happy and enthusiastic as she described everything around us. Jean and I had fun climbing the steep ladders. We went down below and saw little rooms where the sailors had slept. We also saw the steering wheel and captain's office.

We made many trips with Grandmother Clark. She liked to read history, especially about early America.

Also when I was 5 years old, my birthday present was to go to Barnum and Bailey Circus in San Mateo. We took as our guest my friend Betty Granlin, who was also 5 years old. That is where I saw the clown named Emmet Kelly, in his role of "Weary Willie". I also remember that J.D. was with us that day.

J.D. and daughters

MOTHER AT HOME

Mother was a role model in so many ways! One of the important reasons for including her portrait in this writing is to show her attitude towards people. With her genuine concern and sympathy, she taught us how to think about the changes around us, and how to have patience in dealing with controversy. She did not like to talk about discouraging news, or anything having to do with sex or reproduction. The word "sex" was taboo even in the context of describing flower parts. If the subject came up, she would usually say, "Never mind, you don't need to know about that just yet!" Later, when I was about 10, Mother and I were looking out the kitchen window at the neighbor's chicken yard. I saw a rooster jump on a hen, and asked Mother why it did that. She said, "Go ask your father."

Mother was a "stay-at-home" mom. We always addressed her as "Mother". She worked hard, had many children and did everything imaginable like canning, making jams and jellies, chopping wood and making kindling, to baking cakes and occasionally going to church. There was always plenty to do. She was always a companion and support to her husband. She inspired us with her industry and all the many clever skills she possessed.

To start the day, Mother made oatmeal cereal in a double boiler almost every day. It stayed warm and ready to eat as each one of us woke up and went into the warm part of the house. She always cooked breakfast for my father before he left for work.

On school days, she prepared a lunch for Jean and me — and for the boys when they were old enough and in school all day. We liked bologna sandwiches and the oranges she put in the brown paper bag with the skins scored so we could easily peel them. Sometimes she would put in some shelled walnuts and raisins. I always had the impression that she made our lunches with care. I liked sitting on the green benches with my friends to eat lunch. We sat under the large live oak tree in the schoolyard, where it was fun to find the really big acorns on the ground under the big tree. I wondered how Indians prepared them. I tasted them a couple of times and hoped they might taste better if they were cooked.

Mother kept a housewife's routine so that each day was assigned a task; for example, Monday was wash day and Tuesday was for ironing. Mother ironed

everything except the sheets and socks but it often took more than one day to get it all finished. She cooked tasty dinners and, most importantly, never complained. She liked everything she did except killing a chicken; it was then we might hear her say a bad word like "darn!"

Until the city passed an ordinance prohibiting it, we had about twelve or fifteen chickens, including a rooster. From these chickens we gathered eggs and occasionally Mother killed one to roast for Sunday dinner. After she caught the chicken to be sacrificed, she put it on the chopping block and with my father's sharpest hatchet in hand, said, "Hold still you silly thing! Then WHACK! Off went the head, then, with clenched jaw she silently dressed it. It was clearly a job she did not like. She was glad when it was done.

Saturday was the day she went grocery shopping or we all went downtown to buy fabric for sewing clothes. If the car was not available — not running or being used for my father to get to work — we walked downtown. Mother often pushed a baby carriage downtown or to the corner store. If my father had had a good week of work, there would be money to buy food and clothing. If money was scarce, Mother was very innovative and created soup to put something on the table anyway. The hardest years were from 1929 to about 1934. Actually, our family struggled through many years; but after about 1935 wartime jobs considerably eased the financial strain.

When Mother drove down into the San Joaquin Valley to buy fruit for canning, she took the children with her. At the edge of the farm fields and orchards, my sister and I saw little shacks by the side of the road where the Japanese laborers lived who worked on the farms and orchards. Mother avoided directly answering our questions but we learned from her that 'the Japanese prefer to stay to themselves and not be a part of our society". I am sure that seemed to be true for Mother. She added, "The Japanese have different ideas from ours; they live to return to Japan to die. Otherwise they believe they could not join their ancestors in the afterlife." I am sure she thought this was true, and it might have been for the first immigrants from Japan. As time passed, more and more myths, untruths and suspicions were fostered and accepted by almost everybody.

When we got home with the fruit she had purchased, we helped carry the big lug boxes into the house. When she bought pears, they had to be stored in a dark place and allowed to ripen. For this, we helped Mother set each one, separate from the other, blossom side down on a big flat board which she then slid under the bed. She checked them periodically over the next several weeks so when they were at the

correct stage of ripeness, she got them out and, with neighbor Lucy Machado's help, cored and pared them. She cooked them and carefully put them in large quart jars. This and other fruits made up part of our diet throughout the whole year.

We especially liked the apricots she canned. Apricots were harvested from the big tree in our back yard. Mother made apricot jam which was a favorite for anyone who tasted it. She was proud of her work and liked to admire the pretty fruit once it was in the jars. J.D. also admired her work so, of course, that gave her extra satisfaction. She didn't often can berries or cherries. Sometimes Grandma Clark, on her occasional visit to our house, brought us some she had preserved.

Once Mother made some jam with Damson plums. She thought that was a terrible chore because they were small and had big pits. That was another time she said a "bad" word. She said, "Well at least these plums have a proper name," she said. "They should just be called damn plums!"

Once, when Mother was on the back porch hanging out clothes to dry, she saw and heard a gyroplane hovering overhead. She looked up at it and with an expression of disgust in her voice, asked, "Why do they fly those things around here, don't they know the Japanese are watching and will copy the idea?" We learned later that the U.S. gave up manufacturing gyroplanes but the Japanese went on to develop several types and used them near their homeland to bomb some transport vessels.

All the while, Mother remained good friends with the neighbors. It was interesting, however, that the only people she addressed by first names were John and Lucy Machado who lived across the street from our house. Lucy called mother, "LaRue" and she called John by his first name too. However, John addressed her as "Mrs. Clark". Mother helped John prepare to take his citizenship examination. They worked very hard reading and studying answers to practice questions about the government. Mother went with John when he took his exam. It was a happy day when he passed and became a citizen.

Mother liked to tell us about her childhood. She usually talked while she was cooking of doing some routine chore. She told us how she would surprise her teacher with answers to arithmetic problems, while pretending to be distracted!

Mother liked to keep a flower garden. Every year she planted sweet peas at the side of the garage which received direct sunlight for most of the day. She also liked hydrangeas that grew at the side and front of the house. One day we brought home from the dump a lot of flag lily bulbs (Narcissus) that someone had discarded. We planted them on the east side of the driveway where they bloomed beautifully. We also had one large pampas grass plant on the west side of the house. Mother was quite upset one day when my father voluntarily gave the plumes away. He gave them to a lady who lived in a large house up on the hill by Emerald Lake. For a long time, Mother joked that the plumes were for the lady's "vahse". She said, "I would have liked to keep them for *my* "vahse!" We also had a lovely poppy plant that I especially liked. The bright red color was beautiful. But then we learned that it was an opium poppy and we had to take it out! However, I still used that flower as an embroidery pattern when I put it on pillow cases I donated to the church bazaar!

After the dinner dishes were done and the house was quiet, Mother often sat by the warm stove to mend socks or embroider pillowcases; she liked these for herself but also gave them as gifts — usually to newlyweds. She liked to add lace made with crochet thread. Mother was a pretty lady. She had dark hair and very dark brown eyes with an intense alert expression. She liked nice clothes when she was young, as we could see in old photos, but now she was content to wear cotton dresses and "lace stockings". She called them "lace" because of the many runs! She never wore pants or flat shoes.

Reading was another activity. For a few years, we could afford to buy a subscription to Saturday Evening Post. Mother eagerly awaited its arrival, of course, to see the latest Norman Rockwell illustration on the cover — always a moment of great

LaRue Mowery Clark

pleasure. She might stop for a minute or two to look through it but her day was occupied with necessary jobs first. She also received the Reader's Digest. Often, I could hear Mother reading aloud to J.D. after they had gone to bed. They were particularly fascinated with stories of Amelia Earhart, and about Admiral Byrd at the South Pole. That happily-received periodical was a gift from Grandpa Clark. Mother also read Ladies' Home Journal and The Improvement Era, a periodical published by the Mormon Church.

Mother would attend church whenever she could find time. She volunteered to bake a cake or some other treat when it was requested for a social event. All the mothers actively supported their children's participation in a Sunday school and the extra programs for young children planned for particular age groups. One time, Mother was chosen to be a "beast of burden" for the Christmas play. She and J.D. joked that she was going to be an 'ass' for that event!

Arts and crafts were especially interesting and fun for Mother. These were done in Relief Society, the women's group of the LDS church. One time she made resin grapes — a decoration. Another time, she dipped false flowers in varnish. Still another activity was to warm old 78rpm records to just the right extent that they could be molded and made into plant holders. The ladies' activities were often centered on making quilts and other useful things for needy families. J.D. built a quilting frame so the work could be done easily and correctly.

Mother taught Jean and me how to sew and to play the piano a little; she taught us to read music. I have no idea where or how she learned so much but she was a good teacher.

OUR FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS

As a young girl, I rode my bike all over the neighborhood. I was old enough to know I shouldn't go around the neighborhood looking and listening at every door and window. But my curiosity was too great! I took advantage of every chance to see and hear what was happening in other people's houses. I wondered how they lived, what they did and how family members talked to each other. I was especially curious about how parents talked to their children. I wondered, "Was life in my house different?"

One early evening, I parked by bike outside and below our neighbor's dining area so I could overhear their conversation at dinner. I listened to the muffled noises of conversation and to a lot of clatter — like they were hitting their knives and forks against the dishes as they ate. That evening, I started doing the same thing at our dinner table; Mother quickly noticed and said, "It isn't nice to make a lot of noise while you eat." I responded to her comment and finished dinner quietly.

I noticed that the fathers in other families who lived on our street come home from work, enter their homes, eat dinner, read for a while, and go to bed. I didn't see any other activity. Listening to radio programs was our normal evening activity in those days. "Jack Benny" and "Fibber McGee and Molly" were among the favorites. I suppose that is what other families did too. My friend Roberta told me that her parents asked her to participate in balancing their budget. I had never seen or heard of a "budget". Most children were back inside after nightfall and generally things were quiet.

In my explorations, I liked to pass Anderson's house. It was a large house at the end of the street. When I was near there after school, I listened to their son, older than I, practice his violin. It was such a lovely sound! His mother, Mrs. Anderson, once taught my Girl Scout troop how to set a formal table. It was a wonderful lesson and showed me how nice things might be. Being in the Anderson's house on that occasion gave me a chance to observe their fancy furniture and the living room with a grand piano at one end near the fireplace. I liked to look at the old Model T Ford in their big yard. I never met Mr. Anderson.

I don't remember the name of the Anderson boy. He was in high school. On many late afternoons, we watched him standing on the shed at the back of their house. He was waving a big stick and with that, called his homing pigeons home to

roost for the night. All the younger kids were amazed at the birds' behavior and his magical command of them.

In the house next to us was the Bradshaw family of only a father, mother and one daughter named Lillian. In the daytime when the shade was up, we could see into her room from our kitchen window. We saw her sitting on the floor by her bed practicing and teaching herself how to play the guitar. I was invited into the house through the back door a few times when her Russian mother made something called "Peritzskees" which were small sections of hot, fried bread with a delicious meat filling. She liked to treat me and other kids in the neighborhood; I think she was proud of her heritage. Lillian and Jean often sang duets together before audiences. They included another girl friend who had a beautiful soprano voice to join them to form a trio and once sang on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, a radio program. Lillian became a life-long friend to my sister.

On one side of our house, next to an empty lot that separated that house from ours, a Mrs. Carson lived with her husband and son named Jim. Jim had "T.B." — apparently it was taboo to say the full word, tuberculosis! Jim occupied the back room where he was bedridden. Mother always cautioned us to play quietly whenever we were near his room. They were quiet peaceful neighbors but my father remarked about their poor fruit trees they grew from pits of fruit given to them. Later, they filled their back yard with chickens and ducks which my little brother, George, liked to chase.

On the other side of our house lived the McDonald family. The oldest girl, Jeannette, was already in high school. We often watched as she passed our house in the morning on her way to school. She had beautiful red curly hair. We thought she was pretty. She wore a white, starched middy — which was the required public school uniform. Mother often commented, "I hope they change the uniform rule by the time you go to high school. Those middies must be hard to iron." Angus and Carson were the two McDonald boys; one my age and one a little younger. Mrs. McDonald's father lived with them too. When their family got larger, they closed in the front porch in order to create additional sleeping space. Those boys were part of our gang when we played "Kick the Can" in the street.

Almost all the neighborhood houses had two bedrooms and one bath, and most were frame houses. The two stucco houses were pink. Every house had back yards where fruit trees grew and where clothes hung to dry. We liked to play in the front yards and in the street. In a very large open space — about four empty lots, across the street from our house, we played baseball and flew kites.

Brother George

At one edge of that empty lot was where John and Lucy Machado lived. I was in their house a lot. We went there with Mother to visit. We were sometimes sent to stay with Lucy when something was happening in our house; for example Mother had to call Dr. Clattenburg urgently. The "Shadas" as we called them, didn't have any children so I wasn't surprised when I noticed that their house was always very clean and neat. Lucy was Mother's best friend. She was rather fat and always jolly so we all liked her. One day while we were all out in the street playing, we saw her crossing the street near us and then we watched her corset fall off. We thought that was hilarious so we all laughed. She laughed too!

From what I could tell, other families lived rather quietly. The Hennings lived in one of the pink stucco houses. Their daughter's name was Barbara who was my age. Ms. Henning once gave a fancy birthday party for Barbara. That gave me a chance to observe a lovely table setting, upholstered living room furniture and a guest clothes-closet near the entry space. This was all so organized and peaceful.

At our house, Mother would scramble to set the table and have dinner ready before J.D. returned from work. We could hear his car as it entered the driveway and we hurriedly got the table completely set and helped Mother serve. J.D. sat at one end of the dining room table and said, "I am the King!" Mother quickly and jokingly retorted, "I am the Queen and the King has to wait for the Queen's OK." Most of the time, we ate dinner rather silently. None of us was allowed to leave any uneaten food on our plates. Once, when we kids were enjoying munching on stalks of celery, J.D. complained about the noise we were making. Mother took us all out on the back porch where we ate in peace. We were happy to realize that she knew it was impossible to eat celery without making sounds.

Most of the time, however, J.D. liked Mother's cooking and was happy to have an extra helping. J.D. was a big man and liked to eat meat and potatoes. He did eat salads that Mother always prepared but would often say, "M I K?" which asked, "More in the kitchen?" Sometimes there was and sometimes not. He never complained; he liked an occasional serving of cake.

After dinner, J.D. sometimes looked at the evening newspaper but he invariably went out to the garage. He was always working! He sharpened saws for other people, or made furniture, like bookcases and desks — for other people as a source of money or he just built things for pleasure. He liked tools. He loved wood and sometimes paused to admire a board before he made any cuts. He once bought a lathe with which he liked to make fancy table legs. When boxing was popular he bought a boxing ball and practiced batting it. He also had an outdoor motor for his boat. To repair the motor and to be sure it was running properly, he mounted it at the top of a large barrel filled with water. One time the neighbors complained of the roaring noise of that motor when he was working on it late at night — undoubtedly preparing for the next day's fishing trip. He liked to work and to play. We noticed he did both with equal interest and energy. He was so busy with his own activities, he didn't pay attention or worry about the neighbors.

From all this, it can be correctly and easily assumed that ours was a busy household. The housework never got completely done. Additionally, there was constant activity and noise. Sometimes in the evenings, J.D. would ask if it was a good night to have a "concert". He liked to play his alto horn, Jean played her trumpet as did Bob, and Mother played the piano. I was learning the violin. That was a lot of fun. Sometimes we heard people, out for an evening walk, stop and applaud!

Mother was earnestly working to cook and sew and take care of children. The

family was gradually getting larger so she was having to manage a growing family in a rather small house. The next boy, George, was born in 1938. Jean liked to play with dolls and she took great care of George when he was little. Mother allowed her to put him in the basket of her bicycle and go for rides.

Jean and I were both learning how to play the piano. Mother played the piano rather well and she taught us in our initial learning of the keyboard. And she taught us to sew on the treadle machine. We always helped with housecleaning. We learned how to cook and, by watching, learned how to take care of babies. We helped with whatever needed to be done.

When we had time to go outside, we first asked permission. Then, outside, we played hide and seek and jumped rope with all the neighbor kids. Bobby, from the time he was very little, liked to play in the street. He threw rocks up in the air which invariably came down and hit him on the head. With that activity, Mother was kept busy treating his head wounds. One day, George found a dead frog. He brought it to the front door — a forbidden entrance for us children. Mother went to the door ready to scold him for ringing the bell when he handed her the frog and said, "Send it to heaven, it is dead now!"

I sometimes wondered what the neighbors thought of our busy and noisy house. J.D. reminded me that he was not concerned with the neighbors.

When ironing or cooking, Mother would often listen for the voice of the vegetable man who came calling through the streets, advertising his wares. We heard the approach of his noisy truck with an open wagon attached at the rear. It was easy to see the fruits and vegetables in sections on each side of the wagon. Scales hung from a top bracket at the back, and swung wildly back and forth as the wagon moved down the street. Mother laughed out loud when she heard the man call out: "Lettuce, Turnip and Pea!" That and his accent amused her. But she never laughed at him. She was simply kind, tolerant and friendly to everyone.

On very warm summer days, the ice man peddled ice in neighborhoods. When we saw his truck, we told Mother so she could buy a big block of ice. We didn't have a refrigerator or an ice box so the man brought the big block of ice into the house suspended by huge tongs. She placed it in the laundry tub where Mother covered it with a wool blanket to keep in the cold. Jean and I liked it when the ice man chipped off a piece of ice and gave it to us to suck on. On the hot days we made "punch" from our own recipe: juice of one grapefruit, two oranges and three lemons and added

water. It was good with chips of ice in it. We were happy when Kool-Aid came on the market; we liked to try all the different flavors.

Then there was the paper lady. Sometimes Mother would have us come and watch her from our front window, as she collected the money for the newspaper and then hurriedly retreat to her car, release the brake, put the car in gear, and drive off — all in a matter of five seconds! It was from that same car, with the windows open, that she threw the paper to subscribers early each morning. She had several paper routes and delivered morning and evening paper. As her son, Richard, grew older, he often helped her. He delivered the evening papers after school.

One late afternoon, J.D. noticed Richard pushing his damaged bicycle past our house, apparently on his way home after a long day of delivering papers. I watched as J.D. went out and spoke to the boy. Then the two of them walked together down our driveway toward the garage. There, J.D. reached up and took some salvaged bicycle parts from hooks on the walls and assembled a working bicycle for Richard. J.D. was always generous. Hardly ever did he miss the chance to invite a visitor, stranger or friend, to join us at our dinner table!

Yet, Mother was the leader in our house; almost all that happened pertained to her activities and needs. She was up early every day to start a fire if the weather was cold.

Mother loved her babies and took great pleasure in bathing and feeding them. After their morning bath, she liked putting them out in their buggy in the morning air for a nap. She was always cautious and watched to make sure a stray cat was not anywhere near. She was afraid a cat might get into the carriage with her sleeping baby.

We all liked to listen to the radio. Some of the radio programs we heard included the Joe Louis and Max Schmelling fight. We sat on the floor with our heads near the speakers. J.D. was in the big chair next to us as we listened to the voices, music and comments. We later learned that that important fight came to symbolize the struggle between democracy and fascism. J.D. was skeptical about "the black man" until he beat the German; then J.D. thought he was "OK".

One day Mother had us stop what we were doing and go put our ears right next to the speaker to hear Madame Schumann-Heink sing. She did this once again sometime later so we could listen to Marian Anderson. Mother didn't talk at length

about it but she let us know that she liked Eleanor Roosevelt and her support of Marian Anderson.

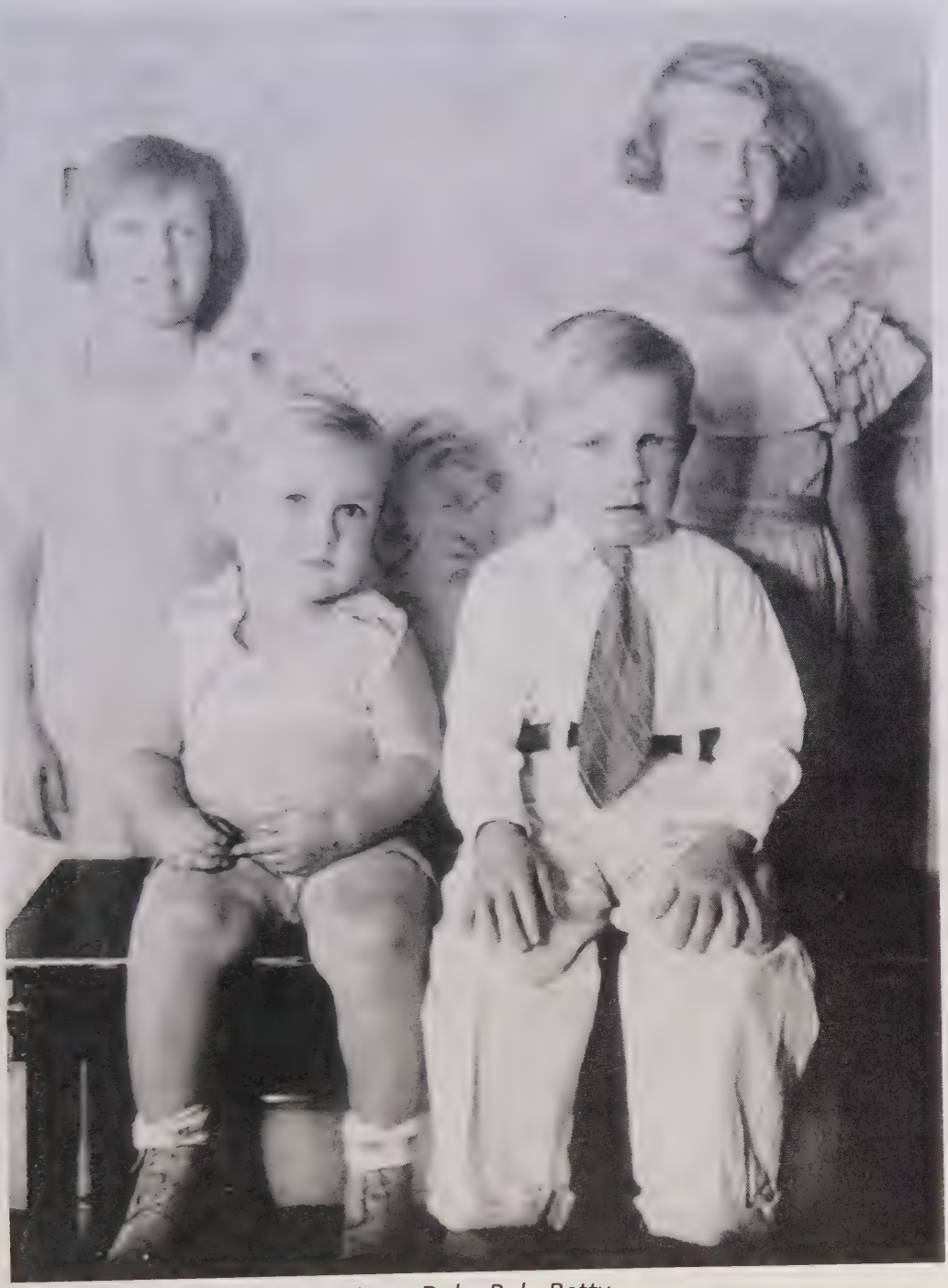
Mother was very clever in her ability to put low-cost, low-meat dishes on the table for everyone to enjoy. She could make really good meat loaf or hamburger patties served with mashed potatoes and gravy. One of J.D.'s favorites was scalloped potatoes. For these, Mother cooked them in the oven; she placed one pork chop on top of the potatoes so the meat flavor carried through the whole casserole, calling it the "poor man's roast". She did something similar, using pork link sausages, when she baked a big bowl of beans. She used to stand and carefully sort the beans, removing all the pebbles that were mixed in with them. She would then leave the beans to soak overnight before baking them the next day. Sometimes she prepared an extra bowl of baked beans as a gift for Dr. Clattenburg. Mother called him at his office to let him know the beans were ready for him. After his office hours, he came to the back door, walked into the kitchen and thanked Mother. I remember seeing him happily carrying his big bowl of beans as he walked back along the driveway and out to his car — smiling broadly the whole way.

J.D. did some work for Dr. Clattenburg in his home and office. They became friends and fishing buddies. He became a very wonderful family friend. Sometimes on Saturday mornings, we heard him in the kitchen making pancakes. He brought all the ingredients with him and made sure we had a hearty meal to start the day. He was an indispensable help to Mother who had to call him for medical advice for her growing babies.

One time, Bobby became ill with scarlet fever. Dr. Clattenburg arranged it so that our house was not quarantined. Bobby was isolated in the bedroom; we were not permitted to go in that room until he was well.

Dr. Clattenburg helped Mother with that illness and many others during the years. He went with us to the beach very frequently. He would circle around the picnic table and made sure everyone was served and eating before he took any food.

At home our dinners were eaten in the dining room. We always sat down together and J.D. usually said a blessing before we started. We often had the canned fruit she had preserved for dessert. However, most of the early years in the 30s we didn't have dessert; we came to realize dessert was a special treat.



Jean, Dale, Bob, Betty

Even through the Depression, J.D. was able to have a car. He needed one to go to work when there was a job to go to, and we also needed a car to go fishing which was essential if we were to have food to eat.

To maintain a car was not easy, however. J.D. bought old cars for as little money as possible, took them apart, replaced worn parts and got them into running condition. As cars were repaired and put together, the back yard and garage was frequently cluttered with auto parts.

One day he took Jean and me on a test drive. He was trying out the motor he had repaired. That car had open floor boards and I don't think it had tires! Jean and I did not like riding on the front seat. The noise of the tire rims on the street was very loud and we knew it attracted a lot of attention. We took our anger and frustration out on each other; we busily pinched each other when father wasn't looking. We were being rebellious little kids!

One day J.D. drove Jean and me to downtown Redwood City. We were on our way to Penney's to buy new shoes. We sat with him in the front seat of the car. Because it was Saturday, there were many more autos in the street than usual. We were happy and eager to have new shoes. As we traveled down Main Street approaching the railway, we saw the flagman walk out into the road holding up his huge wooden sign bearing one word, "STOP", which commanded all traffic to halt. It was kind of amusing to see such a small man holding a gigantic sign! But everyone obeyed. He was the husband of our friend, Marie, who worked in Penney's. For some reason, Mother didn't like him. He was known in town for riding his motorcycle and wearing a huge wide leather belt. I think Mother thought he wasn't good enough for Marie. We watched him as he worked and rather admired his big wide leather belt.

Our car was the first to stop at the railway crossing, giving us a full view of all that passed before us. We heard the loud whistle of the train, and then listened to the clunk-clang-bang, clunk-clang-bang, repeated endlessly as the cars rolled by. Jean and I guessed that some of the train wheels had flat spots. We looked at a train of open freight cars filled with shiny metal. From the steady hum and roar of the train, and the rhythmic clunk-clang-bang, we guessed that it would be a very long train. Together, Jean and I started counting: ten, eleven ... twenty, twenty-one ... sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two ... one hundred, one hundred one...

Even though we sat well below the tops of the freight cars, we could see each one was heaped high with scrap metal. It was kind of pretty; it looked like extra-large tinsel that we'd put on our Christmas tree. The train was traveling toward San Francisco, probably to deliver its load at the port.

We waited, sitting quietly — counting, counting — getting confused as to which of us was exactly correct. While concentrating on the counting, we were still looking forward to the new shoes. The only noise was that of the train. Above the din I heard our father say, "Just think, one day all that metal will come back in our boys!" Our counting game abruptly stopped; it was no longer fun. Jean and I didn't like to hear those words or the tone of Daddy's voice.

We did go on to buy our shoes. It was a special treat. There was a new X-ray machine in the store so we got to see our feet in the shoes!

Like many families, we found our ways of surviving and doing things that needed to be done during the Depression years. J.D. was generous to other people. One of the routine things he did was cut everybody's hair. On some Saturdays he got out his barber tools and large white apron. A barber chair was created by putting a board across the arms of the high chair to create a high seat. Somehow our neighbors knew when to come. Of course he didn't charge anything. He got into trouble with Mother one day when he cut my little brother's curls completely off — leaving him with a "boy's cut"!

The trials and daily troubles of the Depression were somewhat relieved by our near-weekly trips to the ocean to go fishing. After a successful fishing day — when J.D. had caught lots of fish — he would travel around the area, visiting local farmers in and near Half Moon Bay. He traded fish for vegetables; occasionally he got a gallon of milk from a dairy farmer. The exchange was of mutual benefit; the farmers didn't have time to go fishing. J.D. liked to fish which made it fun. He also liked to go abalone fishing which had to be done, usually, at 3:00 in the morning. Strangely, J.D. was allergic to shellfish and couldn't eat any abalone. He liked the sport of pulling them off the reefs even in the cold water — abalone fishing was usually done in January or February because the tides were at their lowest then..

We felt especially lucky to eat abalone during those lean years. It was not unusual for us to eat navy beans and day-old bread. One time J.D. came home with a big block of cheese — very hard, old cheese. He couldn't cut it with the kitchen knife so he set me out to the garage to get a block plane!

The growing war effort brought more jobs, especially to our area, and after a little while things began to look better.

Both parents followed the news. As time went on, J.D. was intensely interested in the building of the bridges in San Francisco Bay and in Treasure Island. He had been stationed at Yerba Buena island in WWI in the Navy Air Force so he was curious to see how the Bay Bridge would be linked to the islands.

Mother told me about the Japanese war with Russia — where the Japanese were defeated. And then she told me a little about what was happening in Europe. Hitler had come to power and a growing fear of war seemed to be spreading everywhere. With frequent ominous news a feeling of insecurity and fear grew by the day — and night!

CHILDHOOD IN REDWOOD CITY

Redwood City was a suburb about 30 miles south of San Francisco, halfway to San Jose. Like many cities, it was divided between working class citizens and professionals. Brewster Street was the dividing line. We were well aware of differences between our side of town and the other. Those on the north side went to Lincoln Elementary School, while we went to McKinley School. As far as I remember, the distinction between the two sides of town was borne silently but somehow we knew our life was different from theirs. Even the high school teachers seemed to prefer teaching students who came from Lincoln School. As I think of it now, those students were probably better prepared for learning.

There were many people living in the peninsula cities who commuted to San Francisco for work. We had one neighbor lady who worked as a clerk in a large department store in San Francisco. However, most women that we knew did not work out of the home. I don't know what the women on the professional side of town did except that many were teachers or persons who formed social groups. One woman was a doctor from Germany; some organized a well-baby clinic which was held in The Women's Club Building.

Near our home, there were numerous Portuguese and Italian families. We didn't think anything special about that. My father and mother liked our neighbors and we all got along well. My mother tried to pronounce their names correctly. Occasionally she would show impatience when she heard a foreign language spoken. She would say, "If they live in America, why can't they learn English?" But that didn't mean she didn't like the person. For example, there was John Machado, a gardener who lived across our street. Mother was amused by some of his expressions, calling his socks "sacks", for example. My father would often make fun of the foreign expressions but he liked anybody who was industrious and a "worker" (and they all liked him). We often joined these people on fishing trips or at large picnics at the beach.

There were only three children in our family in 1930. One morning we children were still seated at the kitchen table after finishing breakfast when we looked over to where Mother was standing in front of the sink about to wash dishes or start some food preparation. Just to amuse us, I think, she started speaking German! She started counting, "ein, zwei, drei, vier, funf, sechs, sieben..." We immediately asked, "Where did you learn to speak German, Mother?" She told us that when she was in school, at

the beginning of the great war, they we were taught German. But as the war got worse, everything German ceased. Even hamburgers were not called 'hamburgers' but 'liberty steaks'!"

Of course, we were quite amazed and wanted her to tell us more about her school. She told us how she was good at arithmetic but also the girls were taught how to mend and sew. She also described the campaigns she witnessed of women marching for the right to vote. But she added, "I'm not so sure all that was necessary. I think it's the man's job to vote." My mother later worked, with special permission from my father, in the voting polls — a temporary job lasting about two weeks. But true to the commonly-held attitude, she never voted.

Other early memories: I liked gathering seeds from all weeds and flowers— thistles, everything — I put them in jars, all labeled and lined up. I was fascinated with them. One day J.D. threw them all out.

One day I decided to plant an onion garden. I dug up a section of the back yard. I took my babysitting money and bought some onion sets and put them in, one at a time and in neat rows. One day I came home from school and found J.D. had dumped a load of bricks there. He was planning to build a barbeque pit. I was very unhappy and disappointed to see my garden smothered by bricks. When we were all in the kitchen, I saw Mother tell J.D. what he had done to my garden. I saw a strange smile come over his face. He said, "Oh". Like it was some kind of a joke. I didn't verbally object and he did not apologize.

One day when I was around 8 or 9, I was in the kitchen watching my mother heat up some cooking grease in a skillet on the stove. For some reason I was standing on a kiddie car right there. The kiddie car rolled. As I fell, my arm hit the handle of the frying pan. I landed on the floor under the stove with the frying pan upside down on my legs. Mother ran out and got J.D., who jumped in the car and got Dr. Howe from downtown. J.D. practically flew back with the doctor for me. Dr. Howe would never again get into a car with J.D.. They put me on the kitchen table and bandaged me up. Dr. Howe instructed Mother about changing the bandages, and warned her that I might faint or be in shock. I remember being on that table again every day, getting new bandages made from old bedsheets smeared with Unguentine. The burns took a long time to heal. Once during the recovery time, Mother picked me up and put me on the sofa (I guess I looked like I might faint).

HETCH HETCHY — 1933

When Jean and I were about nine and ten years old, a plan was put into effect to pipe water from the Hetch Hetchy reservoir, held by the O'Shaughnessy Dam in the high Sierra Mountains above Yosemite, all the way to the San Francisco peninsula. Until a new water supply was found, San Francisco received water from some ground wells, as well as water transported in tanks delivered to the city by ferries. The city and bay cities and surrounding counties of 2.4 million people were desperately in need of a reliable source of clean pure water.

The discussion about how and from where to find a source was carried on and debated for years.[1] It was finally decided to pipe water hundreds of miles, over two mountain ranges, to the Spring Valley in San Mateo county in the Pacific Coastal Range just south of the city. Generally known as "Crystal Springs Reservoir", it was a gigantic project involving solutions to many logistical and engineering problems. Traversing the high mountains on its way west, the pipeline is located nine feet below ground as it crosses the San Joaquin Valley and a twenty-five mile long tunnel through the Coast Range.

[1] In 1924 San Francisco voters approved a bond proposition for $10 million to pay for a series of tunnels that would deliver water through the Sierra and Coast Range mountains; in 1928 San Francisco voters approve $24 million in bonds to help further the Hetch Hetchy Dam Project.

Jean and I were lucky to be old enough and close to the project to experience part of the discussion and to witness the assembly of large sections of concrete pipe being laid out along the route through Redwood City for installation. We had a first-hand relationship with the big pipes, right in our neighborhood. The pipes have an interior diameter of six feet. Jean and I have fond memories of roller skating through the pipes as they lay on the ground. We could jump from one link to the next and continue as far as they were fairly close together. It was a wonderful experience for young kids to feel free and roll up on the interior slope of the pipes and down again. Other kids in the neighborhood joined us.

The project was completed in 1934 with a formal dedication to the Hetch Hetchy system.

A beautiful structure, "The Water Temple" sits at the terminus of the pipe system on the peninsula, surrounded by gardens. It is a favorite site for tourists and wedding groups, visited by many people traveling on nearby Hwy. 280. Visitors like to see and hear the water splashing as it tumbles out of the final part of the pipe before rushing on into the lake. The pipe system delivers 256 million gallons of water every day. I did not witness the building of the Water Temple; that occurred in 1934.

After the pipeline was completed, almost every morning Mother would draw a cup of cool water from the kitchen tap and say, "Mmm, that is good water!"

The water was essential for San Francisco, and later vital for the defense factory manufacturing processes, along with electric power supplied by the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River. The water, brought from the high Sierra headwaters in pipes from the Hetch Hetchy valley, was stored in the Spring Valley lakes on the peninsula, which during the war had military guards to protect against sabotage.

THE LONG BEACH EARTHQUAKE - 1933

It was March and a shivering cold Saturday morning. Only a few people in our house were awake. Two of the family were in the dining area of the house where Mother was setting a fire in the wood-burning stove. J.D. was there putting on his work clothes in spite of no carpenter job to go to. On such days, he usually found something to do in the garage.

As I joined others in the warm room, we suddenly heard the sound of a paperboy calling out in the neighborhood, "EXTRA! EXTRA! Read all about it! Earthquake hits Long Beach!" The paperboy walked through the streets near our house as he repeated his message. We were immediately alarmed, concerned especially since our "Grammy" — Mother's mother — lived in Long Beach.

Mother heard the paperboy's call and started searching for 10 or 15 cents to buy a newspaper. We soon learned that the quake had happened the night before but it took overnight for the papers to get the story and put it in print.

It took several hours for us to make a contact by telephone to learn that Grammy was OK. We were lucky to have a telephone; not everyone near her had one so we had to be patient and depend on her neighbors for help.

According to the newspaper report, the Long Beach earthquake had a magnitude of 6.3. It occurred on Friday evening, March 10, 1933 with the epicenter somewhere to the east. There was significant damage throughout the area. Most of the people injured or killed had fled the buildings they were in, and were hit by falling debris. Within seconds, about three-fourths of the public school buildings were heavily damaged. We learned that more than 100 people died. Luckily, the earthquake occurred after the schools had closed for the day.

As we prepared to do necessary things around our house, Mother was occupied with trying to figure out how she could find time and money for a train ticket to go to see her mother.

The earthquake in Long Beach was a stimulus to the state of California to pass laws for more stringent building codes, especially in schools. We had fire drills at school as well as earthquake drills. When an earthquake drill was conducted we were instructed to get under our desks. If there was time, we were to go into the hallways. I

don't remember any instruction about what we should do if we were outside in the school yard during an actual earthquake.

On Sunday night following this upsetting morning, we listened to the first of the "Fireside Chats" delivered by President Roosevelt from the Oval Office. This has been shown many times since on television, how families from everywhere in America gathered around their radios to listen. We listened like most everyone else did.

The Fireside Chats were something new. About 90 per cent of American households had radios making this a very effective way for FDR to get his message to everyone. The main idea of his broadcast was to communicate directly to people to explain his policies. One of the first decisions we listened to was that he ordered the banks to be closed for an extended holiday, due to the depression.

Of course, we children didn't understand the significance of this news but our parents did. The message they heard was that FDR was in charge and he would take care of the people. Listening to President Roosevelt's voice was somehow "fatherly" and comforting. In fact, he made a point of thanking everyone for their patience and for calmly enduring the hardships that everyone was experiencing.

All of us in the house finished dressing by the warm stove and then ate breakfast of our usual "mush" of cooked oats. J.D. went out into the garage to build something. Jean and I cleaned up the kitchen and found something to occupy our time. Jean liked to play with dolls. I liked to play at being a school teacher. Bobby liked to put jigsaw puzzles together. Dale was a baby so he was happily asleep in his crib. Nevertheless, we eagerly awaited the evening news to learn more details. We liked to compare what we knew with what the neighbors thought about it.

Mother was organizing her clothes, preparing for a future trip to Long Beach. She eventually did make the trip some weeks later, taking Dale with her. She missed her mother very much and I think she was happy to have a reason to go there.

When I was in Utah the following year, an earthquake struck the town where I was staying. This is described later. But I knew what was happening — and told everyone around me to get into a door jamb or go into a hallway!

PRESIDENT HOOVER - 1933

One sunny day in the spring of 1933, our third grade teacher, Mrs. Graves, cheerfully said, "Put your books into your desks and get your sweaters. We are all going for a walk."

Naturally, we all liked that. We walked by twos along the sidewalk in front of McKinley School and on toward the city for about four city blocks. We were ushered across the main highway, which was called El Camino Real. Lots of people were standing along the side of the highway including other kids from our school. People were saying, rather secretly, that we were going to see President Hoover, who had recently left office, supplanted by Franklin Roosevelt.

We soon saw President Hoover's motorcade approaching, and then it seemed to slow down as the big black car passed in front of us. We could see President Hoover clearly. We already had a good idea of who he was. Our schoolyard had been filled with slogans against him and in favor of Roosevelt for the past months but somehow our teacher was able to convey the idea to us that this was a man to be respected. The motorcade was returning Herbert Hoover to his home at Stanford following his residency in the White House.

When I got home from school that afternoon, I told my mother what our class had done. Like most of the children during the Hoover-Roosevelt campaigns, we were aware of the contest for the presidency in 1932, and the generally accepted notion was that life would be easier now with Roosevelt as president. We were of the working class and felt the difficult years of the Great Depression when we had had to accept food from the Salvation Army and wore hand-me-down clothes from more prosperous families. In our household, there had not been very many good things said about Hoover but I remember Mother saying, "Hoover did some good things and he was a smart man; he just lived at the wrong time."

A few months later, my grandfather visited from his home in Utah. His name was Amasa Lyman Clark. Grandfather owned the Davis County Bank in his hometown, Farmington, Utah. He was known throughout the state by the leaders of the Mormon Church and prominent men in the state government. He was respected for his participation in public affairs and he had been a staunch Hoover supporter. While he visited us, he suggested to my father that we drive down to Stanford and meet

President Hoover. My father asked, "Can we just do that?" My mother immediately chimed in and said, "It might be possible." I was surprised to hear Mother show interest. She followed the news, but did not participate in elections. Like many women of her era, she thought political decisions should be made by men.

My sister Jean and I were listening and happy to learn that we were included in the proposed trip. We went into the bedroom to change our clothes and were soon ready to go. Our baby brother stayed home with Mother. Jean and I got in the back seat of a big old Willis-Knight auto while my father drove with Grandfather seated next to him. I noticed my father was not in his usual working clothes, and his father wore a suit, hat and tie.

We drove to the hills behind Stanford University and found Hoover's home. It was a very large house on the crest of the hill. The front faced to the west and we could imagine there was a grand view of the valley and the bay below at the back.

Hoover residence on Stanford University campus

My father stopped the car on the wide street in front of the house. There were no other autos nearby and other houses were some distance away. Grandfather walked to the front door of Hoover's mansion. Jean and I watched as the front door

opened and a man appeared. Soon after, Grandfather turned and rather slowly walked back to the car. He said, "That man was the butler and he asked for my card. And I don't have a card!"

We could tell by the tone of his voice that he was disappointed; we were also. Our father who had been standing in the street by the side of the parked car, got back in the car behind the steering wheel and was preparing to drive away. But just then we looked up and saw Herbert Hoover walking toward us.

Jean and I began to understand that this was a special event and of particular importance to Grandfather. President Hoover introduced himself and asked our names. He reached into the back seat and shook hands with each of us. The three men stood by the car in the bright California sunshine and talked. Grandfather repeated several times: "It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr. President, I voted for you. I voted for you."

Sometime a year or so later, my Girl Scout Troop was invited to serve cookies at a tea hosted by Mrs. Hoover; she was head of the Girl Scouts of America at that time. My troop felt honored to be asked to serve. Dressed neatly in our uniforms, we arrived and were shown through the first floor of the Hoover mansion out to the veranda where tea would be served. With a friendly smile, Mrs. Hoover greeted and shook hands with each one of us. We all marveled at how nice she was. Being there reminded me of the eventful day when I met President Hoover.

THE MACON

One day in April, 1933, we all got dressed up to go "for a ride". I was 9 years old, Jean was 7. Bobby, the baby, was left at home with a neighbor. We were not told what the occasion was but we somehow knew it was something special. It was mid-day when we left the house

Mother and Father sat in the front seat, Jean and I in the back seat. We were in the Willis-Knight — a big old black car with an exterior leather trunk strapped over the rear bumper.

We drove south along El Camino Real, watching along the way for the big Sequoia tree, "Father Serra's road marker" in Palo Alto. The trip took about an hour even though it was only about 35 miles from our house. We turned east out toward the bay where the ground was very flat. Soon we saw a huge rounded metal building; it looked like a mountain. Mother told us it was a hangar for a new airship that had not yet arrived.

After parking the car and walking for a little while, Jean and I joined a group of people; some sitting on benches and many standing. Everyone was listening to speeches delivered by people up on a platform. It was a warm afternoon, flags all around were blowing in the slight breeze.

After listening for a little while, everyone started walking over to the big hangar. I couldn't hear everything the man had said through the loudspeaker, but I guessed we were to have a special privilege of going inside the big hangar. Mother told us the men on the platform gave a dedication speech for the hanger where a big zeppelin, the Macon, would arrive from the East in a few days.

We entered the hangar through a huge doorway that opened by sliding sideways on both ends. Later, the doors were described as like a clam shell opening.

I remember looking up and seeing a lot of little planes hanging up on the ceiling and on the side walls. Mother said, "Those little planes will be carried on the outside of the zeppelin when it flies in the air." The airplanes looked so high up and so small, I thought they looked like toys.

As we drove home, I could hear my father explain to Mother how the doors worked at both ends of the hangar. He said, "They could swing open, making it possible for the dirigible to enter and exit from either end".

The Macon was built in Akron, Ohio; a product of the Goodyear Zeppelin Co. She arrived at Moffett field in Mountain View (later part of Sunnyvale) sometime after April 21, 1933. Her proper name is the USS Macon (ZRS-5).

During the next few years, the Macon would leave its hangar in Sunnyvale and fly north over the San Francisco Bay and out over the Pacific. We liked to go out to the front of our house, where we had a clear view of the sky over the southern part of the bay, and watch for her return from practice flights. From our vantage point we could see the big dirigible floating so effortlessly.

The Macon typically flew home about 5:00 p.m. We went outside many evenings to wait for her to appear. We frequently called Mother to come out to watch too. It was such a beautiful thing! We could see it best in the summer when the skies were clear. The nose would come into view and then the body. Its big round and sleek shiny body glistened in the late afternoon sun. Finally after several very long minutes, the tail would gradually appear from behind the trees.

Mother said, "It is the biggest dirigible—even longer than the Akron, its sister

ship. It is longer than two football fields. The actual length was 785 feet. I once heard someone compare it to seeing the Titanic in the sky. (The Macon was just 1 foot longer than the Akron. The Titanic was 883 feet long.) The Macon was indeed huge and a spectacular sight.

The Macon at Moffett Field

ADMIRAL BYRD AND SHORT-WAVE RADIOS

On the many trips from our house over the Coastal Range, to get to the beach to fish, we passed one area where we looked out to the right and saw square, plain white building with a large antenna on the roof. Father would often point it out and remind us it was where messages were received from Admiral Byrd from the Antarctic (1932). I looked for Antarctica on the world globe at school; I found it at "the bottom of the earth" and very far away!

From our parents' attitude about this news, Jean and I were quite impressed that we could actually see the building where his messages were first heard. However, we really didn't understand the full significance of the exploration nor the amazing feat of transmitting the news from so far away! The messages from Admiral Byrd were received by short-wave radio; that was the reason for the large and high antenna.

Beginning about this time, early 1930s, short-wave radios became popular. with a lot of people. Many home radio sets included a short wave band along with normal AM radio. Short wave enabled the curious to hear broadcasts from around the world; it became a hobby to see from how far away listeners could contact people. As the war years approached, this type of communication was enjoyed by Japanese enthusiasts among others. However, some of the Japanese short-wave enthusiasts came under suspicion and were criticized, as news of war increased. Newspaper reports of Japanese clubs and groups of mostly Japanese men meeting together in secret or "closed" groups increased suspicions.

As time passed, this was reported in biased language in newspapers. The fact that Japanese, in San Francisco, created their own schools for their children and didn't integrate was another factor. Almost everything they did or didn't do fell under suspicion; the truth is somewhat different.

In San Francisco, the Japanese children were first forced to attend Chinese schools — most of which were in Chinatown. When that happened the Japanese formed their own education system. The American people were ignorant of the difference between Chinese and Japanese and simply grouped them together! Anything the Japanese did came under intense suspicion; differences and real facts were not known until much later.

Unfortunately, as the war years approached, the Japanese came under increasing scrutiny and suspicion. Because of the existing prejudice against their race, some arrests were made and short-wave radio equipment confiscated. Some Japanese made a display of their loyalty to America by hanging American flags in their yards and windows, but even these did not diminish or dissuade suspicion.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and THE WPA

In the early 1930s my father was out of work. We felt the effects of the Great Depression quite severely.

Mother sent Jean or me to the corner store with 25 cents. We spent 15 cents for "soup vegetables" and 10 cents for a soup bone from the butcher. We watched as the vegetable man selected an assortment of vegetables and wrapped them in newspaper. Sometimes the butcher didn't take any money for the soup bone.

Soon after President Roosevelt was in office he was able to get some bills passed to help the unemployed people everywhere in America. One of the programs was called "WPA" — the Works Progress Administration[2]. J.D. was able to get hired at one of the WPA work sites. We drove there, up on a hill, on a cold cloudy day. The workers I saw had picks and shovels in their hands; there were a few wheel barrows around. I wondered if there were digging ditches, preparing a fence line, or just moving dirt from one place to another.

On one of the first days he was on the job, J.D. became so depressed, he couldn't continue. He was able to contact Mother to come get him. Jean and Bobby and I were in the car. He was so weakened by the depressing experience that he barely was able to climb into the front seat next to Mother. His face showed deep sadness and shame in not being able to better provide for his family. The daily salary was $5.50, truly demoralizing.

J.D. found other jobs near home that met some of the immediate financial concerns. One was building a picket fence for a man who lived in a big home in Miramar Park, an exclusive neighborhood in the foothills.

The average worker was desperate for help. President Roosevelt continued to

[2] The Works Progress Administration (WPA; renamed in 1939 as the Work Projects Administration) was the largest and most ambitious American New Deal agency, employing millions of people (mostly unskilled men) to carry out public works projects, including the construction of public buildings and roads.

push for measures to bring aid, some of which had been started by his predecessor, Herbert Hoover. We were relieved when things began to improve.

One day, J.D. took us all with him as he drove to San Francisco. He parked the car on Howard Street (south of Market, the city's main street), and left to go somewhere while we waited. Out of the car window I had a clear view of the street and sidewalk where a lot of shabby looking men were walking around, not seeming to go anywhere in particular. Some men slouched against the front of store windows or sat on the curb. My sister asked, "Why are those men walking so funny?" Mother replied that they were probably sick and that we were not in a very nice place." She continued, "I guess you could say these people have had too much wine to drink." I looked around and saw many empty bottles on the sidewalk.

Bobby asked, "Where did Daddy go?" Mother answered that he probably went to buy some work clothes. She added, "I wish he wouldn't leave us here." A man we didn't know came to the car and asked Mother for some money so he could buy a cup of coffee. She replied, "I am sorry, I don't have any money."

Propped up against the front of a store was a man without any legs. He had his lap full of yellow pencils. Mother said he was probably a veteran from the war, and sold pencils so he could get some dinner. After a moment she added, "Was it terrible! I hope we don't have another one."

J.D. finally returned and we were glad to see him. As we drove away, Jean and I noticed a long line of men standing on the sidewalk. Mother explained, "There is a soup kitchen nearby where these men can get something warm to eat." We were happy to hear her say that.

The new government programs made changes to the lives of poor people and those especially at a disadvantage during The Great Depression. Of course, this meant most everyone. We recognized changes in our house as did many other families throughout America as circumstances gradually began to improve.

A few years passed when we learned about a bonus that was to be paid to veterans of the First World War. After returning home from a job one day J.D. stood in the kitchen exclaiming how wonderful President Roosevelt was in making changes for the working man and his family. J.D. was thinking again about the pension he was about to receive.

Money was awarded to all veterans with Honorable Discharges from the First World War — a bonus. My father had been in the U.S. Navy Air Force. For his share in the bonus, I think he received about $250.00. That was a lot of money.

My father called me to his room and said the bonus money could be used to get my teeth straightened. I was surprised and very happy with this news. I had very large teeth that protruded so that it was difficult for me to close my mouth. I looked at myself in the mirror every morning with a secret wish that my teeth could be straightened. Now, my father gave me some wonderful news. After about six weeks, Mother took me to Palo Alto where she found an orthodontist to start the work.

Getting braces was an answer to my dream and I didn't mind all the hours it took to get the braces made and put on; I trusted that they would make my teeth perfect. I sat in the dentist chair for hours and watched the doctor make the braces. He had special tools on the counter in front of him where he constructed each brace and bracket and band with gold. To pass the time so I imagined a stunt airplane in the air outside the dentist's third floor window doing tricks in the air. My imagination kept me entertained while I waited and waited for a transformation of my teeth and bite.

Mother was certain getting braces would be a traumatic experience for me. When I returned home the first day, she encouraged me to go to bed and rest. I felt fine and didn't want to. I was happy.

For the next three or four years, I walked down to the Greyhound Bus station and took the bus weekly and then bi-weekly to the dentist's office for my appointment. I traveled alone which wasn't a problem. The neighborhoods were safe and I liked the city of Palo Alto. As I walked from the bus station in Palo Alto to my appointment, I liked looking in the store windows at all the pretty clothes, I especially liked the beautiful shoes.

Mother was sewing dresses for Jean and me. One day I had some money to buy fabric and buttons and a dress pattern. I went to a store I especially liked to walk through, to admire the latest fashions and observe the people buying them. One day I watched a lady buy five dresses! I thought, "Gosh, five dresses, bought all on the same day!" Then I overheard her say she was planning a cruise to Europe. I had a difficult time imagining such luxury! I carefully chose a pattern and picked out the fabric I liked and the buttons to be sewn on the front of the dress as shown in the picture on the pattern cover.

With my purchases neatly wrapped and carefully carried home, and proudly showed them to Mother. She looked at my selection and said, "Oh! I think this pattern is too hard for me." She must have noticed the disappointment on my face as she soon added: "But I'll try." She did try and the dress turned out beautifully. The small dark grape-like buttons were sewn down the front just like the picture on the pattern. I was very proud to wear that dress and of course happy and proud of the determination and love my mother gave to me; it is her love that keeps this memory so clear and lasting.

As the years followed after 1932, we saw more and more changes which directly effective everyone's lives. More federal laws were put into effect to stimulate the economy and to help the average citizen as much as possible.

We children didn't know details about world affairs but we began to imagine that war would be in our future and interrupt all our lives.

For the moment we continued our usual activities. We liked to camping in Big Basin — a state park in the mountains south of San Francisco — for a one or two-week vacation. We camped there. Sometimes J.D. went but most of the time Mother managed — one summer we camped with grandmother. We loved to walk through the forest of the gigantic redwood trees and they smelled wonderful. Mother found some huckleberry bushes where she picked enough berries to take home. We all liked the huckleberry pie she baked. Jean and I took part in the community singing during the evening programs; one year we were the leaders.

The boys helped plant a large vegetable garden in the empty lot next to our house. I went to work with J.D. that summer as I did many summers building houses. Jean worked with J.D. sometimes too but mostly, she helped Mother in the house with the babies.

Jean I found time to roller skate all over town and ride our bikes also. With the whole family, we liked to swim at the yacht harbor; we also liked to go to the hills up behind Stanford and pick brown lacktor mushrooms.

As Jean and I anticipated going to high school, we searched the hills above our house for specimens to save for biology class. We found all kinds of spiders and bugs. We put them in vented jars with some moist grass and hoped they would live long enough to take to school. Our neighbor and friend, Lillian sometimes went with us. Once in a while, we could see the skin of a raccoon tacked to a board in her back yard. She caught the poor raccoon and then used the skin to make a "Davy Crockett" hat.

We thought that was gruesome!

We continued to go fishing frequently but not quite as often as previously; there wasn't such a need to catch fish to eat as in previous years. Once J.D. rented a cabin at Martin's Beach. We stayed there — in a very poorly built cabin — and had fun just relaxing and fishing at our leisure. My brother, Bob, was persistent as he cast his net into the waves. He stayed there for hours until he caught a little fish.

January 1931: Mother, Bobby, Jean, Betty, Mary Jane, Bert & Mrs. Marshall
In back: Shorty (Bill) Marshall, Jack, Margy.

At Martin's Beach, Daddy would stand high on an embankment of sand, looking up and down the beach at the breaking waves, watching for the darker areas in the water that indicated fish. When fish are present, "running", two men hold a long net between them, jump into the surf past the small waves, and then hold the net taught between them. As the wave retreats, the fish are trapped in net. It is called "jumping for smelt". Once the net is loaded with fish, the two men run out of the water and up on the beach. They flip the fish out of the net onto the dry sand, and everyone nearby works frantically and happily putting the wriggling smelt into burlap sacks.

On days with no fish in sight we found other ways to enjoy the sunny beach. Daddy joined in the fun. He found a large piece of seaweed that had washed up in the waves, and wrapped it around his waist. When he walked from the edge of the water up on the sand, he looked like Neptune. The large branch of kelp, with its tributaries and blossoms, was wrapped around his body; he even had some on his head like a crown.

A YEAR IN UTAH

In 1933 our family was still growing. At age nine I was oldest, followed by my sister Jean, and two brothers, Bob and Dale. Eventually there would be two more boys. Jobs in the homebuilding trade had not yet recovered from the Great Depression — my father had work but not enough to assure support for the family.

Grandmother Clark visited us and encouraged my parents to allow me to go live with her and Grandpa in Utah. So, apparently for financial reasons, I traveled with Grandma and Uncle Lewis on the Greyhound bus, on their trip back home. I was a little confused about where I was going and what I would do there. What would it be like, living with and meeting new relatives? I'd soon discover that it was to be an eventful year.

After traveling a day and a half we arrived in Salt Lake City. From there we rode on a small electric train north to Farmington. Soon we arrived at the big brick house. I was given a room on the first floor near the back screened-in sleeping porch. A huge coal-burning stove in the kitchen was where Grandmother cooked our meals; a small sink and cupboard nearby was for washing and storing dishes. A few steps led to a pantry. Grandfather liked us to open and close the door gently when passing through, because his precious wall clock hung above it. He was fascinated by "timepieces".

At the other side of the kitchen was a screened porch where we often ate breakfast in summertime. After milking his Guernsey cow each morning, Grandpa walked up the path from the barn, along a big green field of alfalfa. As he walked, he concentrated on swinging a bucket of milk from each arm. "I like to keep things balanced. Swinging the full buckets makes stepping up the hill easier." Grandma was delighted with the rich fresh milk. She taught me how to make butter, and where to store it so the cats wouldn't find and eat it.

It was a lot of fun to explore the big house. There was the "north bedroom", the "south bedroom", and outside sleeping porches upstairs and down. A bathroom had been added on the first floor near where the back door had been. Grandma liked to remind me, "This was the first house in town to have an indoor bathroom."

The room I liked best was the big front room, where the furnace kept the house warm in winter. It was full of comfortable sofas and a piano I used for daily practice

after coming home from school. I also liked the parlor, just off the front hallway to the right, with built-in bookcases, a fireplace, a table and comfortable chairs — and another piano, which Grandpa played once in a while. The parlor was for receiving guests and for parties; the table was used for festive occasions like Thanksgiving and Easter dinners.

Eventually I discovered the attic. I was disappointed because it was empty!

I attended fourth grade at school, which sat up on a hill near the mountains. The building was two stories and rectangular, with exactly eight classrooms — one in each corner — perfect for eight grades. In class we learned basic reading, writing and arithmetic; we recited poetry and held spelling bees. We concentrated on the geography of Utah, and were required to memorize the names of all presidents of the Mormon Church. Grandmother helped with my homework, especially with memorizing poetry. I never really liked school — not in California or Utah. But I tried to learn and pay attention to the teacher.

Sometimes when Grandmother was away, Grandfather took me to school, with me seated on the handlebars of his bicycle. I usually carried a lunch but sometimes I had a quarter to buy a meat pie in a nearby café. Coca-Cola was a new drink — the advertisements for it looked very enticing. But I didn't have enough money for that so I drank water. I think Grandfather didn't like the idea that the café sold Coca-Cola.

All girls wore dresses to school. In wintertime, Grandmother had me wear brown woolen stockings, held up by garter belts. I was very embarrassed in those long stockings — the kids laughed at me! I felt awkward and ugly.

But other things were interesting and fun. Both Grandmother and Aunt Phyllis took me to Salt Lake City to the big store there, called "ZCMI". They bought me very nice clothes — I remember one blue dress with a matching hat and white shoes.

Uncle John and Aunt Phyllis lived in Salt Lake City with their daughter Doris. Uncle John was a professor of chemistry at the university. He liked to take Doris and me with him on Saturday mornings to help set up his chemistry class for the next week. I was fascinated with all the different glass dishes and pipettes. Doris and I experimented with the tubes of glass, seeing how to transfer small amounts of liquid from one dish to another. On the ride home, Doris and I asked, "Is algebra hard?" Uncle John said, "When you get ready to learn algebra, learn it as if was a game. Don't worry too much about what it means." I always remembered that advice.

Christmas time was fun. There was lots of snow on the ground. Grandmother held her annual party for neighborhood children. We made popcorn balls and ducked for apples. We sang carols, someone recited a poem, and someone else told a Christmas story. On Sunday, "Uncle Hap" (he wasn't really an uncle) came by with a team of horses drawing a ledge with sleigh bells. He drove up and down the lane, gathering a dozen people for the ride to church.

During the year, Doris and I were given a few elocution lessons. We were also taken to the "Y" to learn modern dance. These lessons were offered free. Aunt Phyllis was quick to learn about such programs and to enroll us. I liked dance so very much! Apparently my enjoyment was evident to the instructors as later I was chosen to dance on the stage at the University of Utah.

My Uncle Lewis was in medical school at the University. Sometimes we visited him in his apartment. I remember going to his graduation ceremony. After the graduates marched in to the hall and received their diplomas, the audience was entertained by a full orchestra and a cello solo. A young man played "Flight of the Bumblebee". I thought it was the most beautiful music I ever heard. After the ceremony we walked out into the June sun but I didn't notice the heat; the sound of the enchanting music was still in my mind.

Grandfather made productive use of his time at the bank. Each morning, after milking the cow and eating breakfast, he rode his bicycle to work. He was very proud of the new furnace he had installed there as it had a thermostat, so the building was already warm and comfortable as he arrived on cold winter days. (In fact he had taken me with him to Salt Lake City when he purchased it.) When he wasn't helping people with their money, he was busy repairing typewriters and watches. This was a kind of hobby; the people in town took advantage of his expertise and brought watches and wall clocks to be fixed.

Grant, his second oldest son, worked with him in the bank. Grant was a big jolly man with a large round tummy. He liked to pat his belly like it was a watermelon, and let out a huge laugh! Grant lived with his wife, Ida, and their four girls in a house down the lane from the bank, across the street from the court house.

One night there was a serious meeting in the basement auditorium of the court house. My cousins and I were curious to find out what was being discussed. When it was dark, we crossed the street and hid in the grass, so we could see in the open window and listen. A lively discussion was going on, about when school could be

closed, in order to release students for help with local harvests (corn, alfalfa, peaches, cherries, berries). People in the meeting were concerned with getting the crops in, and everyone was angry at everyone else!

Another time, I went with Grandma to a meeting at a neighbor's house. People of the community were trying to fairly apportion the times when irrigation ditch gates would be opened and closed, so that everyone had access to the water supply. Grandmother thought it very unfair that two or three young (fifteen-year-old) boys were assigned the 3:00 a.m. slot. She thought they should be allowed to sleep so they would be alert at school the following day.

We all went to the court house lobby to view a model of the Hoover Dam. It was large and very impressive. From the model one could understand how the river water had been diverted to allow the construction. Many townspeople were there, milling about and talking quietly. My grandparents — loyal Republicans — were very proud that the dam had been one of President Hoover's projects.

My Uncle Dale finished his mission for the LDS church and was returning from Germany. We all drove to Ogden to greet him on his arrival home. He had a lot of suitcases and brought something for everyone. He brought a string of carved ivory beads for me, and German candy. Of particular interest were the damask table cloths and other linens he brought his mother. I helped unpack everything, and Grandma described the materials used and the clever workmanship of the Germans. Dale was proud that he had stayed at the home of a German flying ace.

Uncle Dale decided to write articles about his experience in Europe. They were published weekly in a Salt Lake City newspaper. Grandmother did his typing — which wasn't very accurate. So all the way, driving into Salt Lake, Grandmother and Dale would be correcting and editing.

Summer was approaching. I liked to see the "snow ball" trees and help Grandma in her kitchen garden. As the days grew warmer there was talk of sending me back to California. I had completed my year of school, and summer break would be a good time to travel. Grandmother started to prepare me for the trip. I would travel alone by train — leave from Ogden, cross the northern part of the Great Salt Lake, and arrive a day later in Oakland.

Grandma showed me a map, and gave me a serious talk. "Betty June, you'll be traveling alone but the conductor will watch out for you. There is no reason to worry

about being on the train." She continued, "However, there is trouble in San Francisco and I need to tell you what to do when you get there."

"What kind of trouble?" I asked. She explained that there was a strike by the longshoremen who didn't want to do their job unless changes were made in their working conditions. The trouble came because of strike-breakers. I did not understand those words so she explained: those were men who would cross through the picket lines and do the longshoremen's work. The problem was that the police were protecting those strike-breakers, and riots had broken out between the strikers and police. "There isn't fighting every day, and we hope we can choose a time when things are quiet." She added, "Now Betty June, when you get off the train, follow the crowd as it boards the ferry to cross the bay. Then stay in the middle of the crowd as you walk through the Ferry Building. When you get outside again, your parents will be there to get you."

Construction for the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge had begun, but it would be several years until it was complete. Ferries, some carrying autos, were the means of transportation on the bay. The ferry I was on passed a large structure that was to become the central support on the Yerba Buena-San Francisco span. I stood on the open deck and watched the huge structure pass by. Then the tall Ferry Building, with

its big clock, came closer and closer. I listened to the clanging bells and scraping noise of the boat sliding into the dock. In my mind, I could hear Grandmother's voice saying, "Stay with the crowd." The barrier at the front of the ferry boat lowered onto a platform, and we all started walking off.

About sixty people were around me. Nobody seemed to notice me, and I didn't see any other children. I wasn't afraid; I felt I'd be okay if I followed Grandma's instructions. People in the crowd were well-dressed. The ladies wore nice coats, hats and gloves; the men wore suits and ties. I guessed they were all going to work in San Francisco. The halls we walked through were very plain — no pictures or signs, just white walls. There seemed to be no sound except the noise of all our footsteps.

We finally came out into the sunshine. I saw some men standing around talking — some smoking, some just leaning up against the building. Everything seemed to be quiet. I saw my mother and father about a block away. They were both smiling. To my surprise they were by themselves — my sister and brothers had stayed home with a friend.

We arrived at the parking lot and my father asked me to choose which car I thought was ours. I picked the oldest one. I was right!

Apparently I had come home at a good time to go through San Francisco. Days of major rioting were over for the moment. Newspapers reported that the striking

longshoremen were particularly upset with the Hearst newspaper, the Examiner. The focus of their complaint, other than working conditions and police protection of strike breakers, was their disapproval of the paper's racial distinctions and prejudice against their "colored brothers". The longshoremen argued for fair treatment for all.

Back in Redwood City we entered the house from the back door. My sister and brothers were all lined up to greet me. I had been gone only a year, but now it seemed we almost didn't know each other.

BACK IN CALIFORNIA

The first thing I noticed, on returning home from Utah to Redwood City, was how much my brother Dale had grown. He was just a baby when I left; now he was a "big little kid!" I quickly stepped back into my place in the family. As the oldest I was often left to babysit my younger siblings — a job I didn't particularly like. Mother was busy and we all tried to help around the house.

Clockwise: Betty, Bobby, Jean, Dale. Mother made all our clothes.

To help put food on the table, a weekly trip over the hill to the coast was part of our routine. We caught fish, and all of us kids liked to help with that, but we also liked to play at the beach. It was a free and open space which we explored thoroughly.

We became familiar with some of the farmers living around Martin's Beach and in Half Moon Bay. They were mostly foreign — Portuguese or Italian, and a few Japanese who had recently moved there.

My father asked the Portuguese farmers what they thought of their Japanese neighbors. One farmer replied, "We don't really like them here. We don't know if they have commercial fishing licenses or not. They take produce to the markets — vegetables and fish — and sell them at low prices. We have a hard time competing with people who don't talk to us."

This kind of comment, along with rumors we heard as well as newspaper articles that readily criticized anything Japanese, did little to calm our fears about people we didn't know. I listened as my father talked to the farmers, and I heard the conversation repeated as we drove home and he related the story to Mother.

During the years 1933 and '34, our area started to see an influx of people from Oklahoma and Arkansas. These people were fleeing their homes because of the horrible drought in the Midwest. Their farms had been devastated by the drought and dust storms. They looked poorer than we felt! Their cars were worse than ours, and their children were thin and skimpily dressed.

Californians felt threatened by these newcomers who might compete for work. They pronounced their words differently than we did, and they weren't very friendly. We couldn't tell where they lived — it wasn't anywhere that we could see! Maybe they lived on the beaches out of their rusty cars, which were loaded down with all sorts of boxes and things. Perhaps they lived in the forests up in the nearby mountains. We recognized that they were white and much like us, but there was a marked and general resentment about their immigration to California. Taking available jobs in that time of economic depression was the major issue.

About that time, my Aunt Phyllis came to visit. She took my sister Jean and me to see "The Grapes of Wrath" — the movie had just arrived at the Fox theater in Redwood City. From that, Jean and I began to understand these new immigrants' terrible predicament.

However, the discrimination didn't cease. It was a fact of prejudice despite their skin color. They were referred to in derogatory terms, as "Okies" or "Arkies"; I heard those names pronounced in snarling tones. The California working class, at least, wanted the newcomers to "go home!"

This attitude was not too different from what the Japanese experienced in the U.S. in the late 1800s. Japanese were reputed to be good workers. The sugar beet farmers in Idaho needed workers and the Japanese were welcomed to work on their farms. Large numbers of workers emigrated from Japan and tried to settle in Idaho and other places in the U.S. Northwest. They did have different skin color but were industrious, and their labor was needed. Their labor was welcomed and their presence tolerated for a while. When in time the beet farmers no longer needed the extra help, the Japanese discovered they were not wanted there.

By law, Japanese were not permitted to own property, and by custom were excluded from general society. Campaigns and even organized riots were staged against them. They suffered hardships that are hard to comprehend now. The Japanese men could not find wives or decent living quarters. They resorted to "picture brides", young ladies brought from Japan for the specific purpose of becoming wives. These new brides were disappointed with life in America. They had to live at a lower standard than they had known in their home country.

Without access to existing larger communities, Japanese were forced into separate neighborhoods. Resourcefully they formed their own social groups, schools, churches and sports teams, to help satisfy desires for a full life. They developed close bonds with each other. Later in my childhood I would hear them described as "preferring to stay to themselves" but this does not seem quite true. From the reception they received, it appears they were actively prevented from assimilating into our culture. As a group, they were seen only as very different — intruders into normal American life.

In the areas familiar to me at the time, resentment against Portuguese and Italian people did not develop as had that toward the Japanese. Perhaps it was due to their physical similarity to other Americans as well as to their outgoing personalities.

Regarding body types and familiar features, we may be reminded that beginning in the late 1870s there had been widely accepted "scientific" studies, declaring desirable and undesirable physical attributes of humans — and correlating those visible features directly with virtues and shortcomings of personal character. These

ideas, thus presented as scientific, were generally believed. Physical attributes of the human body were scrutinized and measured for comparison to an "ideal" standard. Criteria of clear, white skin and other specific features — distance between the eyes, shape of head, height of ears, symmetry — fulfilled the requirements to be considered superior to others. The term for this is "eugenics". Its currency sparked organizations supporting it in America, England and Europe, at the turn of the century. The science of the time sought to show that the white Anglo-Saxon male was inherently superior to other humans. It has taken a long time and a lot of effort to dispel that belief.

Unfortunately the Japanese, the Negro and many others did not fit into these specifications, and were discriminated against because of it. My father may have been influenced by this "science" when he was young; my mother was not. The eugenics beliefs began to wane after Hitler's era, and by now have faded to the extent that young people may have no idea about it or its traumatic effects on society, decades ago.

A few Japanese families lived in our immediate neighborhood but we had little opportunity to become acquainted with them. We knew a few Japanese children at school. In the seventh grade, a girl named Kioko Kasai sat quietly near the front of the classroom. We all knew she was smart because she always got the highest grades!

One day she invited me to walk home from school with her. Her mother greeted us at the back door and asked us to take our shoes off. I noticed her house did not have a lot of furniture — it felt kind of empty. It was spotlessly clean. I don't recall anything else except that her father was home, dressed in a business suit and reading the newspaper. He looked up but didn't speak to us.

When I got home that day I told Mother where I had been. I don't think she disapproved but she did say, "You had better not go there any more". I should have asked for a reason, but we children were not used to questioning our parents. Whatever they said was what we were expected to do!

At that time I did not know anything about legal requirements for residency in America. Mother had helped our Portuguese neighbor achieve citizenship, but I didn't even wonder about the Japanese. I learned later that many of them did become citizens.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER - 1935

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. With the bright sunshine we were looking forward to a happy and relaxing afternoon. When we returned home from church, Mother went into the kitchen to prepare dinner while my sister and little brother went to the living room to find the newspaper. We liked the Sunday comics which were a special treat as they had just recently been printed in color.

Sitting on the living room floor, we let Bobby unroll the paper — and then we saw the front page. We stopped and held our breaths. Before us, from top to bottom, were drawings of Japanese airplanes flying over a diagram of California. The pilots were characterized with big ugly grins, buck teeth and an evil expression in their eyes. The page was printed in black and white with splashes of red that suggested blood. The Japanese rising sun was painted on each airplane, adding more red. We sat there and stared in startled amazement. What was it we were really looking at? Is that what was about to happen to us?

I got up and went directly into the kitchen to report what we discovered. Mother said, "Oh well, don't worry about it just now." With that, she dismissed the subject, as she would always avoid controversial or disturbing subjects. When my father saw the front page he said, "That's the Hearst paper for you." Of course I didn't know about the reputation of the Hearst news—something I would learn a later in school. J.D. believed that it was prone to exaggeration.

We returned to looking at the funnies but neither I nor did my sister ever forgot the fear and wonder that went through our minds on that day.

The rest of the day was pleasant enough. Somehow we put the picture on the front page out of our minds while we enjoyed an otherwise quiet pretty day.

Our family was just beginning to feel some relief after The Great Depression. Father finally had steady work again, and despite the images in the paper I sensed a feeling of hope that life would continue to improve.

About this time, when I was in the sixth grade, the Redwood City Tribune sponsored an essay contest. Each city in the bay area was trying to attract more residents, and sought to declare the special assets of their city to attract newcomers.

Redwood City was then about 30,000 inhabitants. It was the San Mateo County seat, with an impressive courthouse. There was a cross commemorating war veterans that was visible for miles. We had the harbor, and our city motto: "Climate Best by Government Test" was displayed on an archway over El Camino Real (then a 4-lane highway) at Broadway, the street into our business district.

Our sixth grade teacher explained the contest and prizes: $50 for first prize, $25 for second, and lesser denominations for other prizes. I accepted the challenge, wrote an article, and handed it in at the newspaper office desk.

One day about a week later, my mother seemed extra busy. She told me, "Watch for the newsboy. The minute he throws the paper onto the front lawn, you are to bring it to me." She had received a phone call from the newspaper earlier in the day but kept it a secret.

The paper arrived. Mother had a big smile on her face as she unrolled it. A headline on the middle section declared, "Schoolgirl Captures Second Prize in Writing Contest".

I went down to collect my $25 prize. J.D. was pleased, I think, though he didn't say much. I do remember him criticizing the first-place winner's story, and saying, "Betty had it better." I was expected to share the prize with sister Jean. I did, and we each bought a coat with the money.

"Climate Best by Government Test" across El Camino Real

Also about this time, a girl we knew from our church began staying home all the time — she had become pregnant though of course that was only whispered about. LaRue said "I hope that doesn't happen to you!" I asked, "But, what happened?" Mother explained, "Every girl has a little house in her tummy, and when God wants you to have a baby he plants a seed in there." Well, that explanation scared me to death! I prayed for days that God wouldn't get me mixed up with someone else and put a seed in my house.

SHIPS AND SHIPWRECKS - 1937

When we read news reports of something spectacular happening in San Francisco, our family liked to travel to see what it was. In 1937, we read about freighters that went aground in heavy fog just outside The Golden Gate. We traveled there and arrived to see the ships crashed up against the rocky shore, their big hulls tipped over and big giant sea waves splashing over them.

A crowd was already gathering on the cliff overlooking the scene and we joined them and went close enough to look down to the water below. The ships looked like giant toys that a little child could have thrown away. We understood that it was real and tragic.

According to the news, the ships were carrying cargo from Hawaii to the U.S. — fruit and other perishables. The Ohioan, one of the ships, was equipped with complete refrigeration facilities. (Sometime after she went aground along with the other ships, she caught fire and parts of her rusting hull could be seen at the water's edge for many years.)

In spite of the cold, windy day, more people were arriving and joining the crowd to watch the rescue action. We joined the crowd and stood near some of the people at the edge of the cliff to watch. There were several long pulley lines attached to the ships that ran up to the top of the cliff. We arrived in time to see men and sailors being transported off the vessels by a pulley system. Hanging on the ropes was a kind of chair in which men sat as they were pulled to safely. In the crowd we noticed well-dressed, Japanese men toting large expensive-looking cameras. Looking over at them, my father said, "Yes, they are everywhere taking pictures of our ships and ports."

My father's comments may seem out of place. Japanese were not suspected of having to do with the shipwrecks, but their presence in the crowd did nothing to reduce the general suspicion. Since the Longshoremen's strike in San Francisco in the early 30s, the city was on edge, wary of any intrusion into the normal flow of activities.

Increased suspicion of Japanese was fostered in part by news reports which used unfavorable and slanted remarks about them. They were referred to as "Japs"; when this was audible, one could hear expression of dislike in the voice. This kind of language become more prevalent as the war years approached, and apprehension increased as newspapers informed readers about the growing presence of Japanese in Hawaii, the west coast of America, Canada, Mexico and the South Pacific Islands.

We, too, were aware of the increase in Japanese people around us in California. Mother told Jean and me some of their history. She told us how China had invaded Manchuria but also about the Japanese-Chinese war and the Japanese-Russian war. We got the impression they were a warring people. I remember Mother saying: "Why can't they just be happy on their own island?"

On other trips to San Francisco, especially when we visited the Ferry Building at the edge of the bay, Jean and I had great fun looking at the giant relief map of the San Francisco Bay Area. She and I frequently noticed Japanese men with their fancy cameras, as we also did later at the San Francisco Exposition.

During the summer, our family continued making our usual trips to the beach to fish. We also went to San Pablo Bay, north of Vallejo, where J.D. took his small boat. He rented another boat so our neighbors, Mr. Machado and his wife Lucy, could go with us. We went in hopes of catching bass. While out on the water, we noticed a lot of big ocean ships moored nearby. Our boat seemed extra tiny when we were near those huge ships which were dark, silent and rather gloomy. My father told us they were used in World War I for shipping and transporting materials. He described them as "in mothballs". He explained that they were made of iron and steel which could probably be used sometime in the future.

Mother and Lucy were in the other boat but near enough that I overheard their conversation. Mother was repeating the story of the Japanese invasion into Manchuria. Later she added, "So many crazy things are going on in Europe, it is hard to tell how many countries will be dragged into war."

Mother read the newspapers and was increasing worried about world events, especially about the Japanese in California where we lived. She had been a young lady during WWI and had some idea of how war and the suspicions that occur from all sides during world conflicts can disrupt normal life. Normally confined to her house and daily housework, she had little opportunity for conversation with people, I think she enjoyed the chance to verbalize some of her thoughts and fears.

Looking up at those big silent ships near us caused a haunting and sad feeling to come over me. Mother's words made me stop and wonder about what might happen to us and to people we knew. I thought back to a movie I had seen of the first World War — the bombs falling all around people and ambulances being driven around the battlefield picking up wounded soldiers were vivid in my memory; I wondered if all that could happen again.

AFTER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

Finishing Intermediate school was a milestone. For the graduation ceremony, my classmates and I looked forward to wearing the required dress of navy blue skirts and white blouses for girls, navy blue pants and white shirts for boys. Caps and gowns were not yet in fashion for lower than high school. It was especially important for the girls because it was the first time most of us girls would wear silk stockings. Nylon was not yet invented. When I first put mine on, they felt strange. They were slippery and I wasn't used to having my legs covered.

We entered the auditorium walking in a slow procession down the aisles to the stage where we took our seats while the school orchestra played for us. Mother had helped me choose my clothes but neither of my parents was able to attend graduation because we had a new baby at home.

During many previous summers, I went to work with my father building houses. Occasionally, Jean and I had time for long bicycle rides. We liked to ride all the way to Steven's Creek Dam which was a new reservoir far out in Woodside in the mountains. Biking there a back was a long trip but we enjoyed it.

In the summer after finishing Intermediate school, Jean and I went to Utah to visit our grandparents. We liked going there because we had a chance to ride our cousin Hap's horses, but also to earn money picking raspberries. Aunt Phyllis gave us piano lessons, and Grandma and Aunt Phyllis took me shopping to buy some new clothes for school.

Until high school, I really didn't enjoy school at all. It wasn't fun to walk to school on cold winter mornings; it was especially miserable when it was raining. I didn't want to understand or even try to learn from all the teachers — except in Miss Foley's class (third grade). I particularly liked her instruction in penmanship.

I absolutely did *not* like the clock on the wall. It jumped from one minute to the next: time doesn't go like that, I thought. Why do they make clocks that jump? Mrs. Smythe taught us how to use of the dictionary. Other than that, the only thing that attracted me was the art class in a little room up over the back of the auditorium. My father thought that subject was not necessary.

After the desperate depression years and the gradual re-creation of our lives,

we listened attentively. President Roosevelt was like a father to us. We trusted him. When he spoke, it was as if he spoke to each individual and in terms each could understand. The American public was shaken by the previous difficult years and was not yet healed. We listened to FDR's words of encouragement but his speeches were also preparing us to meet unknown challenges. He alerted us to the possibilities of threats from abroad and dire changes in Europe as well as to the west.

My father now had steady employment, but our bank accounts were low and we were unsure of how to plan for future expenses. And we were becoming increasingly aware the uncertainties of the future. We wanted to trust people and be friendly to all but we couldn't! Every day there was news of an incident or of danger on the horizon. Hitler had come to power in Germany and awful things were happening in Europe. England and Germany and France were countries somewhere far away; frequent news reports made them seem ever closer.

I was looking forward to high school where I would try to learn some serious subjects. My father wanted me to be a secretary so I could go to work and help with home finances. I was not happy with this plan, and Mother understood how unhappy I was. She helped me change my plan of studies to "College Prep" even though I sensed no possibility of my going to college.

The name of the high school was "Sequoia" — named for the Cherokee Indian who invented the alphabet for the Cherokee language. It was also the name of the large redwood tree — several grew at the entrance to the high school grounds. They presented themselves handsomely near the front gate out near El Camino Real. This tree was used as a symbol for the school, not unlike the same logo used for Stanford University which was only five miles away.

I was enrolled in the "home room" taught by Mr. Walters. Home room was kind of our base for the first two years of high school.

On the first day, I watched as Mr. Walters, seated at the desk at the front of the room, put down his newspaper as his students entered. After everyone was seated and quiet, he stood and greeted us. His expression was very serious. Patiently and in a gentle voice, he explained the curriculum he planned for our two hour class every day. It would include current events, local and international news. Almost every day, he greeted us in this manner. Some of what we heard was a spillover from his daily newspaper reading. We went on to study "Robert's Rules of Order", Shakespeare, English literature, and to practice delivering speeches.

I was happy to try to learn serious subjects. I studied algebra and geometry and did well in chemistry too. I didn't like it when I saw the boy sitting next to me cheat on a chemistry test! I wanted to take woodshop but that was "not for girls". The boys were not permitted to take cooking or sewing because "those were not for boys"! I got into trouble in home economics because I didn't measure the flour correctly and ended up with more pancakes than everyone else!

I especially liked physical science, taught by Mr. Brown who lived in our neighborhood. His classroom was just across the hall from Mrs. Bigler's biology lab where she had an ant colony and also lots of interesting specimens in jars; I especially liked finding a cell under the microscope. Every class was fun.

Our high school was on ten acres where a large house or mansion once stood. The major buildings were built in a kind of square with a space in the center. In that space was a Japanese garden; we could see it from the library at the rear of the entrance hallway.

The Japanese garden was a lovely serene place. We would walk on the narrow paths and sit in the pagoda during recess or after school. We liked to cross over the high rounded bridge and look at the unusual plants there. Unfortunately, it was all removed once the war with Japan was started. The cherry trees in Washington, D.C. almost had a similar fate when the animosity toward the Japanese government was at its peak. In Washington, however, it was decided to change the name only and let the trees continue to live there.

The campus grounds had lovely flower gardens under the groves of trees. There was room for a separate "shop" building next to the garage where buses were parked. The auditorium, a large building by itself, was next to Brewster Avenue. On the other side of the acreage there was room for a football field, a gymnasium and a swimming pool. The gym building was large enough to house dressing rooms and showers. Plus, there were indoor basketball and volley ball courts and up over the offices was a large room where we learned modern and other types of dance.

Our high school was the first in California to have a pool, put in in 1934. It was on the south side and was opened to the public during summer time. There also, was a hockey field and tennis courts. A track field was around the football field which was also used for Lacrosse.

Most of the students in high school were Caucasian. As reflected in the

population of Redwood City, there were a lot of Italian and Portuguese families and the few people who were Japanese were noticeable. Everyone knew everyone else; no special attention was paid to the different races. Everyone was equal and accepted in our midst. In fact, they all were our friends. After a few years, it was noticeable to both students and parents that there seemed to be an increase in the Japanese population in the "valley" (where Mother bought fruit) and on the other side of the coastal mountains by the ocean. In both areas they were farmers or workers in the orchards and were rather separate from our society. We noticed, too, that more and more Japanese men were present at events such as major ship wrecks, building of bridges or just hanging around the water front. They couldn't be missed in San Francisco always wearing business suits and ties, and carrying fancy cameras. We noticed them also as they commuted to San Francisco on the trains leaving the station in our city.

Recently, a Negro family had moved to Redwood City. There was just one boy in that family that we knew about. He attended our high school. I don't know in which part of town they lived. We were curious about observing him in the swimming pool. To my knowledge, there was absolutely no mention of discrimination or segregation — not anywhere nor at any time — not even in the pool. The only other place we saw colored people was on the trains where they worked as porters — that is, until the war. Of course, "Blacks" and "African American" were terms not used in the 1930s or 40s. Mother insisted on us saying, "Negro". She said, "That is how you show respect."

One day Mr. Walters stood in front of the class, appearing unusually serious and worried. One of the first things he said that day was, "Well, nothing will ever happen in Pearl Harbor! It is so well fortified that any foreign power will find it impossible to invade us there!" For the first time, I learned about Pearl Harbor.

A few days later, he talked about when in March, 1938, Hitler had gone into Austria, and how the people there came out to greet him and his soldiers as if they were their liberators.

Mr. Walters was not a favorite teacher for many students. I think this was because he rarely smiled. He was crippled and walked with a definite limp (his left foot). People, especially young teenagers, can be critical and intolerant. I asked myself: "Just how old do we have to be to accept people as they are?" I felt sorry for him. Also, some students ridiculed him because it was rumored that he still lived with his mother! How were we adolescents supposed to respect an adult who still lived with his mother?

Yet, Mr. Walters was a good teacher because he taught subjects that are useful in all aspects of life. In addition to required subjects as literature, and grammar, etc., he organized social events, arranged for refreshments and chaperoned dances.

Betty, age 15, 1938

At one of those social events, I met a nice boy who was from England. He was a little older than the rest of us. I think I liked his maturity. He invited me to go dancing at a country club. Everything was sweet and innocent. He treated me like a lady and I had a good time when I was with him and other friends. My father fretted over the possibility that he might be Jewish. J.D. walked around the house saying his last name over and over again and posed the question: "I wonder if he is Jewish". Mother retorted impatiently saying, "Never mind!"

I think that most students who were in Mr. Walters' class remember that he was a good friend. I doubt that anyone has forgotten "Robert's Rules of Order"!

We learned a lot in ninth and tenth grades. For example, as we presented and discussed current events, we became more and more aware of happenings in the world. Should any of us want to report news, we were required to clearly define it and document the source. We reported headlines as we learned them from newspapers and radio broadcasts.

This assignment prompted one student to present a report on the Japanese population on the West Coast of the U.S. and particularly in Oregon and Washington states. He reported that there was a large population of Japanese in the northwest and in Idaho too. In Idaho, the Japanese had arrived in the late 1800s and early in the 1920s to work on the sugar beet farms; their labor was needed and beet farmers were happy to have their help. Gradually, the Japanese experienced discrimination and this forced them to form their own social groups and businesses. The student's report explained that this probably all started with the National Origins Act of 1924 which limited European immigration and essentially excluded any further Japanese immigration. For example, Japanese were not permitted to buy property but could lease houses and farmland. Some people and newspapers described them as a "menace".

The student presenting this subject added that the original immigrants were called, "Issei" while their children were called, "Nisei". No one could deny the energy and industry of the Japanese. The reporter in our class thought that some of the animosity was a result of the discriminating attitudes toward the Chinese earlier in the century.

He continued: In Japanese organizations, they resisted accusations of the Anti-Alien Act by becoming well organized and independent in their social and commercial affairs. Yet, they demonstrated their loyalty to America by purchasing WWI war bonds,

and Japanese Associations contributed money to attempt to eliminate the anti-Japanese legislation of 1925.

We students listened to his report; it was about things we had not thought very much about before.

Everyone was becoming aware of the military build-up. After all, there was Moffett Field just a few miles to our south where the Macon had been moored, and now housed many airplanes. Experimental aircraft flew overhead almost every day from San Carlos airport, just to our north. Excitement filled the air about the San Francisco Bay Bridges being completed and the soon-to-open International World's Exposition on Treasure Island. No one could ignore the visible increase of people in our city, too!

We most definitely became aware of a growing sense of fear. We were afraid of enemies that might be in our vicinity and from places many of us only knew from maps and pictures in the text books. I don't think we were as concerned with the threats to our west — at the time.

One student in our class reported on an event in Europe. "In 1933, Hitler was appointed Chancellor of Germany by Hindenburg. Hitler eventually became leader of the Nazi party as President of Germany." As the boy talked, he pointed to the map showing Germany and Austria. "Almost immediately after Hitler became Chancellor, he imposed restrictions on the Jews, taking away their citizenship and forcing them into Ghettos." Mr. Walters added that Hitler established the first concentration camps in 1933. He reminded us that even now, in other parts of Europe, Jews and other so-called "undesirables" were being isolated and confined. (Later I learned that, eventually, there were 1000 concentration camps in Europe.)[3]

One girl, in her report to class, gave us news that by 1934, when we were in fifth grade, already 30,000 Jews and other "undesirables" had been interned. We tried to understand. All that we knew was that as Americans, we could say what we wanted to, live where we could afford, and make friends with whomever we chose. Additionally, we could believe as we chose and were at liberty to deal with immediate circumstances as best we could.

[3] http://sp.uconn.edu/—wwwcoh/TIMELINE HTM

As we followed history of past years, we caught up to our current year. We went on to learn that FDR faced the Jewish refugee problem. Thirty-two nations had decided not to admit large numbers of Jews. Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic wanted money in return for admitting the displaced persons. This was surprising and something difficult to understand.

FDR, in his address to Congress in 1939, proposed no domestic reforms but stressed the danger posed to democracy and international peace by the forces of aggression.

Meanwhile, Germany was busy annexing more countries in Europe, and in September invaded Poland. Later that year, FDR proposed a plan to provide Great Britain and France with arms. By September 1939, when we students were to go on to Junior and Senior years of high school, the United States had declared its neutrality, and British troops were in France. Warsaw surrendered to the Germans. The Soviet Union and Germany divided Poland between them.

After my first year of high school, sister Jean entered as a freshman. She and I participated in sports, especially tennis and swimming; she was a true athlete and tumbled on the boy's team. She and I both liked dance and performed on stage in tap-dancing duets in our father's white navy uniforms; we danced to the tune of "Anchors Away". My sister became well known and popular for her excellent harmony with two other girls; we liked to listen to them at assemblies. We played tennis and basketball and swam in swim-ballet program. We liked to think we could swim like Esther Williams!

During those same years, as we became aware of the probability of war, Jean and I knitted sweaters for the Red Cross and went to some Salvation Army events. In the young people's organization in our church, we participated in war preparations such as making bandages and collecting precious items like aluminum cans, tin foil and fabrics that could be recycled. Mother saved all extra fats used in cooking; we took this to the butcher in exchange for ration stamps.

The Battle of Brittan started in June, 1940. The "Luftwaffe" — the German air force— attacked England and continued repeated bombings. This was a period of large-scale night attacks known as the "Blitz". The German forces wanted to compel Britain to agree to a negotiated peace settlement but England, under Winston Churchill, declared to the House of Commons:

"What General Weygand has called The Battle of France is over. The battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization. Upon it depends our own British life and the long continuity of our institutions and our Empire. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But if we fail, then the whole world including the United States, including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of a perverted science. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

During the first years in high school, the world became a larger place. I learned to keep a close watch on news reports. The world was changing and I thought it was important to know what was happening. Along with my fellow students, I looked forward to the next years with increasing awareness of the possibility of war coming to America. We were determined to do our part for our country.

BLACKOUTS AND RUMORS

On September 1, 1939, nighttime blackouts were initiated on the West Coast, and had been ordered for the East Coast also. This was a wartime precaution requiring people everywhere to turn off lights which might be seen from the sky or from offshore. Volunteers were recruited to make sure all the guidelines and rules were followed. The "blackout wardens" were assigned to specific neighborhoods to patrol and observe.

This action by the government increased our sense of insecurity and fear. During a threatened raid, streetlights had to be turned off, all windows and doors covered with suitable materials — heavy curtains, cardboard or even paint — to prevent the escape of any glimmer of light that might aid enemy aircraft in finding their targets.

At this time I remember seeing our own B-24 bomber planes overhead in Redwood City, in formations of 3, 6 or 9 planes, and hearing the roar of their engines. They were probably being ferried up to Mare Island naval base from southern California. Everyone sensed the approach of war.

People were already nervous and suspicious about the Japanese in our neighborhoods. From news reports and rumors, we expected an air raid at any time.

During blackouts, shops and factories had particular problems. Factories with large areas of glass roofing found it impossible to install temporary blackout panels. More permanent methods such as paint would block natural light needed during daytime. Remedies for particular situations had to be found to meet the blackout requirements.

These were very scary and unpleasant times! In fact blackouts were one of the most unpleasant aspects of wartime. They disrupted many civilian activities and resulted in lowered morale. During a blackout, automobiles had to drive with low-beam or parking lights only. We were cautioned about even the smallest light, as that from a cigarette or match might be seen by an enemy pilot from miles away!

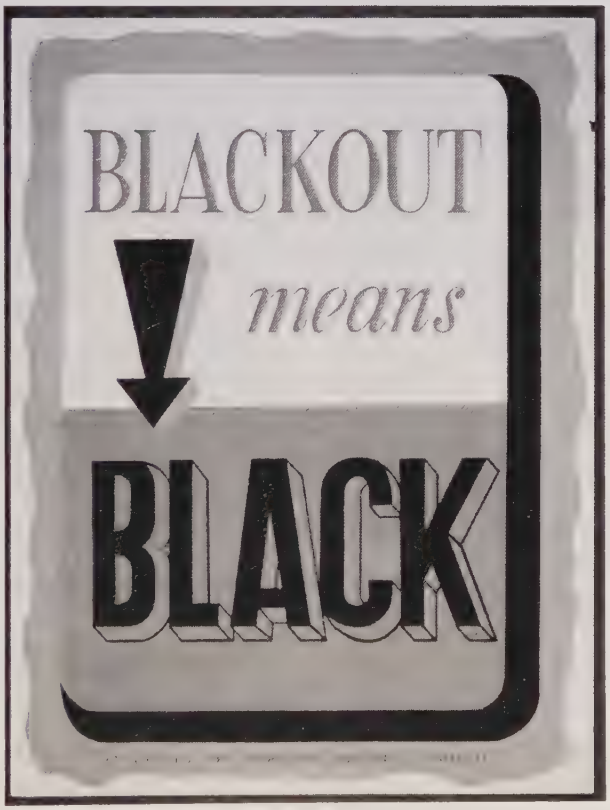
Block wardens made sure that everyone knew and complied with the rules. Blackouts started with sirens screaming or loud whistles sounding from the center of

town. This was frightening in itself. Sometimes the blackouts were drills, but we didn't know which were for practice and which were real. One time a block warden in our neighborhood found a house with light coming from every window. The lady who came to the door told the warden, "I don't have any lights on." The warden protested that he could see the light plainly. The lady replied, "Oh! I have candles burning in my rooms so I can see." Obviously some people just didn't understand what was going on! Apparently she wasn't as nervous as most everyone else was.

The blackouts were frequent — and rumors were everywhere.

We heard that the father of one of our Japanese girlfriends was found on Skyline Boulevard — a roadway along the crest of the coast mountain range that extends south from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, to the west of our city. Supposedly he was found at night, with big flashlights on hand. The Pacific Ocean is visible from many places along Skyline. Was he trying to signal Japanese submarines out at sea? We would later learn that there were many Japanese subs in the Pacific, especially after Pearl Harbor. But at that time we liked our Japanese schoolmate, and did not want to believe the rumor.

Then there was the single Japanese airplane that nose-dived and stuck in the dirt or sand near the beach at Pescadero, a small predominantly Portuguese fishing village about 30 miles south of San Francisco. I personally saw it. It was strange looking — like a plane but it had no wheels for landing. Sometime later I wondered if it had been "planted" there by some angry person. Still later, I learned about the Japanese float planes, launched from submarines and verified by news reports. I wonder if this might have been one of those that crashed. (See story of Oregon bombing, included in the Appendix.)



Another rumor was about a Japanese submarine supposedly found aground under the southern approach to the Golden Gate Bridge. I haven't found any verification of this but there were other, later, cases of real and verified threat.

REDWOOD CITY HARBOR, BAY BRIDGES, and the EXPOSITION

Occasionally my family would drive down to the harbor — our town's portal to the San Francisco Bay. We passed the stark white mounds of the Leslie Salt Co., where shallow evaporation ponds were created as a way of harvesting the salt. Along the way, we passed a tannery and a few fishing huts. Farther out, near the end of the road, some small pleasure boats were moored. Other than that, there was little activity in the area.

In one of the last study hours in Mr. Walter's eighth-grade class, a boy presented a report about the Redwood City Harbor. Many years ago it had been a busy place. But the bay has no fresh water inlet in its southern section, so it silted up quickly and differently than in other more northerly parts. My classmate reported that changes were under way. New channels were being dredged to accommodate large cargo ships, and several new wharves were being built which the U.S. Navy was to lease. We had never imagined our little city harbor would become so important.

To celebrate the opening of the "new" Redwood City Harbor, our city planned a festival for the occasion. Sister Jean and I heard about it when Mother said she had tickets for us to go on an excursion from there. We learned that one of San Francisco's ferryboats was going to depart Redwood City for a day-long cruise. I think Mother saved money from her household budget to buy our tickets. We were excited and happy to look forward to the day of the cruise.

On the sunny weekend day we boarded the ferry and found comfortable seats on the lower deck. We were young girls and unexpectedly found ourselves more or less alone among a lot of adult strangers, where we would spend the day.

Making use of the newly dredged channels, the ferry left Redwood City Harbor. We approached San Mateo Bay Bridge where the drawbridge section was lifted to allow us through. Then the ferry continued north toward Yerba Buena Island, in the middle of the bay. We passed under the recently completed San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, and sailed around Yerba Buena Island.

Nearby we saw five or six dredges pulling up dirt and sand from the bottom of the bay. Work was going on to create an artificial or man-made island, just north of Yerba Buena. This space originally had been planned as a new San Francisco airport —

intended for Pan American's trans-Pacific "flying boats". But by the time the project got under way airplanes had changed so that a much larger area would be needed for any future airport. Now the island being built had a different use planned for it.

The ferry cruise continued toward Alcatraz, a rocky prison island. We thought of all the people locked up there, and wondered whether we could escape by swimming to freedom without being swept out to sea by the strong current. Farther on we traveled very close to Angel Island, quite large and wooded. Neither of us had ever visited there but we knew it was where Chinese were held in quarantine upon arrival to America years before. The ferry then turned west toward the sea, passing San Francisco to the left and Marin County to the right, to go out under the unfinished Golden Gate Bridge — the second of the two great new spans of the bay, and the gate to the Pacific Ocean. It was beautiful and exciting to look up at the orange-colored structure high above us.

From the day-long excursion we returned home very tired. We had enjoyed our packed lunch which we ate all during the day. Like silly young girls we had also taken a batch of homemade fudge. We shared some of it with our traveling companions but ate too much ourselves!

We knew we had had a trip we would remember for a long time.

San Francisco decided to use the island we had seen under creation for a great fair. The city wanted to show off the new bridges and attract attention. The island became "Treasure Island", the site of the Golden Gate International Exposition. The theme of the fair was "Pageant of the Pacific".

To promote the event and attract visitors from all over, railway lines set up special trains named for the Exposition, from southern California, Denver, Chicago and elsewhere. An extensive publicity campaign reached out nationwide and even overseas.

Soon after our cruise, the Golden Gate fair opened. Eager to see the various displays and shows, Jean and I went there as often as we could with our friends. We also went as a family sometime. There were several ways for us to get there. Driving, the Bay Bridge would take us to Yerba Buena, where a turnoff led to a causeway over to the new island and the fair entrance gate. From that direction we passed a place where the Pan Am clipper aircraft was docked, and also where "Wrong Way Corrigan's" plane was on display. These were near two large hangars that were

permanent structures for the U.S. Navy.

It was the most fun to approach Treasure Island by ferry from the wharf in San Francisco. As we crossed over the water, Treasure Island came into view with its waving palm trees. It was inviting and enchanting and magical, with promises of adventure. Large "elephant" towers, like angular pyramids, marked the perimeters of the "Magic Carpet" which was the first thing we could see clearly when near. The "carpet" was a large ground area all planted with low-growing colorful flowers. At one end rose a slender minaret, the "Tower of the Sun". All this magic was emphasized at night with elaborate colored lighting on all the structures, and searchlights waving through the night sky.

The outdoor stage show, "Cavalcade of the West", was truly spectacular, with live animals and many people on the open stage — and a curtain of water shooting up like a fountain. We weren't attracted by "Gay Way", the carnival-style amusement section, as it was expensive and we didn't want to spend time there. We did go once — I wanted to see the midgets. Buying the ticket, I was stunned to see such a small,

perfectly formed man who was the ticket dispatcher. I gasped and stared — not intending to be rude but I guess I was, because he spoke to me in a rough voice that revealed his impatience with me. I was sorry.

School bands and local talents were recruited to perform at the fair. Jean played her trumpet in our high school band when it was invited. We sang there with our church choir. Talent was recruited from all over the U.S.

I especially liked to see Esther Williams, the famous swimmer and movie star. We went to the water/swimming show two or three times just to see Esther swim. Jean and I swam in the high school swimming ballet programs and we particularly enjoyed watching her, living the experience vicariously.

When our family went together to the fair, one event was to visit the telephone display where one could talk on the phone and then go to a different counter to hear the sound of your own voice. My father J.D. insisted that Mother do that experiment. She didn't want to but conceded reluctantly. She never liked talking on the telephone anyway, always saying "Hello!" very loudly. To anyone who didn't know her, I am sure it sounded gruff and impolite. Oh well, J.D. was satisfied that she did it. She never talked about it afterwards.

From there we went to the IBM display where we could write down some personal information and it was supposedly transcribed by a machine onto a card with a lot of holes in it. I didn't understand that.

One day I went to the fair with my Aunt Phyllis. We were lucky that day. Aside from going through an art gallery, we saw Diego Rivera as he worked painting murals on the outside walls of tall buildings. He was way up on a scaffold, busily working. I don't think he noticed the crowd on the pavement looking up watching him. Maybe he was used to being watched. Aunt Phyllis had already introduced me to the work he had done years before in Coit Tower; that work was subsequently painted over but is now restored.

One of the most beautiful displays on the island was the Japanese Pavilion and Pagoda. During the first year of the Fair (1939) the Japanese display attracted attention because of the exquisitely-built pagoda — built without nails — and designed to last for years. On the interior we found a display of silk manufacturing. There were silkworms, including cocoons, and a demonstration of silk fabrication. Beautiful Japanese ladies, dressed in silk kimonos, lounged in a quietly decorated living room, as

in a house; some were serving tea. The ladies were not doing anything strenuous, giving us an impression of serenity and luxury. We were a little confused about it because our teacher told us the women in Japan had adopted western-type clothing already several years before. We wondered what Japan was trying to show off. No men were visible, not even in the lovely flower garden next to the pagoda. Scholars and critics would later comment, "Dainty Distractions at the Japanese Pavilion".

San Francisco and the Fair officials were surprised that Japan continued their display into the next year (1940) because by that time Japan had broken diplomatic ties with the U.S. Their display did continue but was noticeably absent of suggestions of technology or modernity. Women were again present in their kimonos, serving tea and weaving silk. The aim was clearly to emphasize traditions. Looking at such peaceful scenes, it was hard for us to imagine any militaristic or imperialistic purpose.

The Exposition was quite well attended but I don't think it made a lot of money for San Francisco. It did succeed in making the impression to outsiders that S.F. was a beautiful city with spectacular bridges. The Fair was truly international in its attendance, attracting visitors from all over the hemisphere and other parts of the world, though not many from Europe because of the growing turmoil — and active warfare — there. In California we remained relatively isolated from those conflicts up until now. Occupied with our activities close to home, it wasn't difficult to push disturbing news back way from immediate attention. But danger would soon encroach upon us. California awoke to the part it and the West Coast would play in the war. One effect of the Fair, with its mid-bay location, was to show the astonishing scale and beauty of the San Francisco Bay itself — a location of strategic capability that would soon become very busy indeed.

JUNIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

I was in a hurry to get to school, on the first day of the fall semester in 1940. I was looking forward to my junior year, sure that it promised new and different subjects to learn. Walking along the neighborhood streets, I liked to enter the campus through the back west gate, where big eucalyptus trees grew. It was a pleasure to pass along the narrow path under the trees and smell the wonderful fresh aroma of eucalyptus. This was especially enticing in the mornings when dew was still on the leaves and the ground.

The hallways were quiet as I entered the first class of the day, Mr. Cherry's history class. I took a seat near the front, close to the door. Mr. Cherry was a tall lanky man with loose-fitting clothes, his head sparsely covered with sandy hair. As he strode across the front of the room, his broad smile revealed a jumble of white teeth I thought would surely hamper his speech. When he reached the wall near me he turned the light switch to "on". As he turned back toward his desk by the windows, he looked in my direction and said in a clear, friendly voice, "That is the trick I do to get everybody to settle down and be quiet." Sure enough, everyone stopped chattering. His display of friendliness was reassuring and I thought, "This class is going to be OK!"

The next thing, however, was a surprise. Our class was one of the places chosen to try out an innovation: the Stanford-Binet test, developed by Stanford University a few miles south of us. I wasn't happy about that. Reading a lot of questions and marking the little bubbles on the answer sheets was terribly boring. Although *dyslexia* wasn't in my vocabulary, I knew I had trouble reading, and I felt helpless with the test sheets in front of me. I randomly bubbled in answers, knowing that was dishonest, just to get it done! Mr. Cherry never knew what I did. The papers were returned to Stanford University. I often wondered what damage my behavior had on the final result. I hoped there were enough test sheets done properly to make up the difference. We didn't do those test trials on just one day — some days they seemed endless. Everyone in class would groan when we saw them being distributed again!

However, we did study history too, and because of the turmoil throughout the world at that time, we had a lot to study. In addition to basic history texts, we followed news reports of the drastic changes in Europe and the destruction occurring there and elsewhere. We studied history in context of current events, and surveyed

types of governments and societies.

Mr. Cherry encouraged open discussion. My classmates liked to talk and eagerly participated. Of immediate attention and close by, was the problem of Japanese citizens in the California and west coast area. We didn't see why the Japanese government had such grand imperialistic ideas — apparently desiring to take over the world by inhabitation, and by outright military attacks as had recently occurred in Manchuria and China. We knew that Japan was currently sending people to live in some of the South Pacific Islands.

Because of the very recent earthquake in Peru (1940), that country caught our attention. There were about 30,000 Japanese living in Peru. The earthquake destroyed the city of Lima, and some Japanese were accused of looting in the ruins. Faced with the problem of looting of businesses and homes, the Peruvian government took harsh measures against the Japanese, and decreed that their own citizens who went abroad to study in Japan would lose Peruvian citizenship. As in America, Japanese people in Peru liked to send their children to Japan to live with grandparents, in order to learn Japanese language and customs. Those returning were called "Kebei". We didn't understand why it was important for that generation to become acculturated in Japan. We asked, "Didn't they want their children to be Americans, or, in the case of Peru, Peruvians?" Apparently, allegiance to the parent country and its culture was of prime importance.

Those of us in Mr. Cherry's class who knew Japanese families were confident that we could trust most of them. Yet we were influenced by news reports of suspicious activities in San Francisco and Los Angeles; we didn't know who was to be trusted and who was not.

Other subjects studied that semester were French, Typing and Algebra. The French class was taught by Mr. Bava, an Italian. I don't know if he spoke French with an Italian accent or not, but we all noticed that he liked to say the word "iron" for example, not as "i-ern" as we did, but as "i-ron". We liked him for that and listened for every time he might say that word.

Another class was typing. I still think it is one of the most valuable skills anyone can learn. We had big Underwood typewriters that made a lot of noise, especially when everyone was typing at the same time. The boy who sat next to me had white, white hair, pale skin and blue eyes. Wonderfully, his name was "Jack Frost". I discovered that he had the same birthday as mine, and that he said terrible swear

words each time he made a mistake. Unfortunately he made a lot of mistakes. I liked typing, and concentrated on learning it well.

After lunch I went to Algebra class. Fascinated, I had never imagined anything quite like it. My Uncle John's advice, from when I visited in Utah several years before, came back to me: "Do algebra as if it is a game." That worked for me and after a while I came to understand its purpose. I looked forward to taking Geometry in my senior year.

Keeping up with world events was of major interest no matter what other subjects we studied. When I returned home I would report to Mother some of what I had learned. That year, Warsaw surrendered to the Germans, and they and the Soviet Union had divided Poland between them. My little brother overheard our conversation and piped up, "Is that fair? How can they divide a country?" My next-younger brother added, "It would be OK if they each got half." Naturally they were too young to realize the magnitude of what was really happening.

That Christmas I received the best present ever: my parents gave me a camera! I enrolled in a photography class for the spring semester. My new camera required knowledge of focal length, f-stops and timed exposures. It was capable of a variety of shots. The school also provided other cameras for our use so we could develop a more complete understanding. Our photo lab was equipped with enlargers and developing trays. The darkroom was large enough for three or four students to work at the same time. We practiced doing portraits as well as creating artistic still-life compositions. The Sequoia High School campus grounds provided a variety of natural subjects.

I also took a class in Drama. Some of the other students were really good at performing in Shakespeare plays. I concentrated on public speaking and reciting poetry.

I was invited to the Junior Prom but my parents found an excuse so I couldn't go. It may have been a matter of dress, but also my father was cautious about me meeting someone of whom he would not approve.

The following summer was filled with family activities — going to the beach and fishing on weekends. But as in several previous summers, I spent many days working with my father on his carpentry jobs. That summer we built a house in Redwood City.

We had ongoing communications by mail from Grandma Clark in Utah. Now

there was some disturbing family news: Aunt Phyllis was beginning to show signs of mental illness. We hoped she would be all right for her planned visit with us in the fall.

Betty, friend Lillian Bradshaw (with guitar), sister Jean

BAY CHANGES - 1941

A lot of people felt sad when "The Fair" closed on Treasure Island. It was a magical place which we all held in fond memory. When it closed in late 1940, the island was turned over to the City of San Francisco, with plans for it to become an airport. Then after the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941 and a declaration of war on December 8th, the city and all the communities in the bay area saw constant daily dramatic change.

New people crowded into the city from the South and other states to work in the defense factories. These new people had to find housing and other accommodations like transportation and places to eat. The pressures on the cities increased daily. Some space to live became available following the departure of the Japanese population from the California cities and coastal areas in spring of 1942. More people brought more traffic to the already busy city. But this did not overwhelm the city, which made room and whatever changes were needed.

Sleeping space became a priority for defense workers as well as military units in and near San Francisco. Camps were set up for the military in San Francisco Golden Gate Park and at the Presidio. For workers, hotels made sleeping space available by allowing more people in rooms and providing space in the hallways. In addition, there were "hot beds" where sleeping space was provided on an eight hour basis in various places.

For the immediate situation, temporary adjustments helped. For example, a relative of my mother's family lived in Vallejo. She and her husband made a boarding house out of their large house. All the occupants were workers in the shipyards. Most of the residents were men. I think they were lucky to have such a nice place to live and eat. We visited there several times during the war and were treated to a delicious Sunday dinner. We were seated at the table with the residents. Each bed could fill the need for three people!

Manpower was an absolute necessity so every means of recruiting workers was put into play. Retirees and volunteers were enlisted to deliver mail or serve in functions usually filled by young men or women. City police helped train military police and guide convoys through traffic. Every possible source of manpower and help was sought from any and everywhere. For example, San Quentin prison (in Marin

County) became an educational institution training parolees as welders or as chefs for the merchant marine. Some convicts were even given early parole so they could fill the jobs of departed restaurant and service company workers.

When, just a year later, I would arrive at the train station in San Bruno to work at Eitel McCullough, bright lights and sounds traveled from Hunter's Point shipyard across a rather flat terrain to where I was. I could hear the noise and clearly see the intermittent flash of welding arcs. All this commotion caused a constant din in the atmosphere. The commotion was caused by the activity across the bay where aircraft carriers were being repaired. Work went on day and night there and all over the bay area from San Jose up to Richmond and Vallejo.

My work companions and I were already aware of the frequent rumble of troop trains as they passed northward on the peninsula along the Bayshore Highway through Redwood City; these always caused us some alarm and a bit of sadness in our hearts. This and the frequency of convoys or army vehicles was becoming an everyday observation. Our entire area became busier by the day. Every place and every person was devoted to the war effort. The bay was like a giant animal that had come to life, spitting flashes of light and noise, and never sleeping.

Detailed descriptions of the various manufacturing sites were not publicized in newspapers and we didn't have any real reason to investigate by traveling around the bay. The communities that ring the bay were forever changed by the production of war materials. The overall name for the projects was "Fortress San Francisco"[4] The area lent itself to shipbuilding. Kaiser's shipbuilding in Richmond Number three built 1,400 vessels, "a ship a day" on the average. The converted Ford Motor Company Assembly Plant prepared tanks for shipment out to the Pacific War. The Benicia Arsenal manufactured munitions. The ports in Vallejo were used for ship repairs where about 250,000 people were employed. The Oakland Airport served a military function; planes were stored and prepared for dispatch overseas.

One thing was certain: everybody's life was altered by the war.

Transportation to and from work was possible by use of the mass transit system already in existence. The bay bridges increased the efficiency and time needed for travel — a big change from the need to cross the bay by ferry.

[4] ref: https://www.nps.gov/nr/travel/wwiibayarea/text.htm

To the soldiers departing from San Francisco, it was a sad farewell to leave the security of home and head out to an unknown future. These were dedicated men and women performing their patriotic duty to maintain and continue the liberty and free way of living that was America's promise.

SENIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

Autumn of 1941 brought the most unusual beginning of a school year I could imagine. Aunt Phyllis would be arriving soon to stay at our house. Her elderly parents in Utah hoped that a change of place of living might relieve her of the mental stresses and illnesses she had recently been demonstrating.

One day shortly before fall semester, my father took me aside in the living room and said, "You are going to live in Dr. Clattenburg's house to answer the phones when he is out making house-calls in the evenings. You will take your clothes and sleep in his girls' room." His daughters were away at college.

Of course, I knew Dr. Clattenburg. I had already answered his phone on a few weekends when his family was away. He was my father's fishing buddy but more importantly our family doctor and friend; we knew him well. But it seemed to me that he liked Jean best because she was more relaxed than I and always happy. Dr. Clattenburg's family was friendly and nice but I could never relax around them.

My father continued, "Pack the clothes and things you will need. You might be there for a while." I was perplexed — didn't know why all this was happening. My father did not inquire about my feelings, nor did the expression of curiosity on my face elicit a response from him. Maybe he was too upset about his sister.

Mother soon found me alone in the bedroom; she knew that I needed an explanation. "Aunt Phyllis is so extremely mentally disturbed that she can only have a few people around her. I said, "But I love Aunt Phyllis. She helps me with my homework and takes me to art galleries and libraries; we are friends." I think Mother understood my confusion. She explained, "When people are ill, like Phyllis is, sometimes they show an exceptional dislike for some one person. It seems she holds a deep animosity toward you, and it is best for everyone if you are not here." She added: "Because we want to protect you, it is best you stay with Dr. Clattenburg. It's best that you don't come home while she is here."

I moved to "the doctor's house" and that was that.

At high school, the first class in the morning of the first day of fall semester was Mr. Spence's English hall. All the kids new he was the strictest teacher of all. We

didn't have conventional desks. Students sat at large rectangular tables arranged in a square along three sides of the room. The classroom was on the ground floor. The wall facing the front gardens of the school building was all glass windows, facing east; therefore we received the morning light. From our room, we could look out at all the lush shrubs and trees at the front of the building.

One of those first days, everyone was complaining. It had been raining steadily for about three weeks. The rain had let up somewhat — but it was still raining! In response to the complaints, Mr. Spence walked to the window, gestured for us all to look out and said, "This weather is beautiful; rain is beautiful. We don't need sunshine all the time!"

Our assignments included reading "Henry Esmond", and writing essays and book reports, along with vocabulary building and word usages. The first task was to complete a test on punctuation. He gave us a written paragraph or two, void of any punctuation and including misspelled words. I failed the test; my score was the lowest! I noticed something like a dark cloud pass over Mr. Spence's face as he looked through the stack of completed tests on his desk.

The next few days were nothing but lessons on punctuation. About a week later, we had to complete another test. I got the highest score in the class! I noticed Mr. Spence's surprise. He called me to the front of the classroom and asked me to accompany him. We walked out of the classroom and down the hall, past the wide-open entryway and into the office of the Principal. I was confused and didn't know what was happening.

Mr. Spence addressed the Principal and asked: "Why and how has this child been left out of classes where she could learn basic English? He added, "She can learn and obviously has not been given the full opportunity here." I don't remember the rest of the conversation.

We returned to the classroom and continued our day. I simply remember that Mr. Spence was always kind to me and treated me like I was important. I don't think he was aware of one of my favorite occupations: I like to study and analyze how his suits were sewn together. I wanted to know how those kinds of button holes and pockets were constructed.

I sometimes wonder how I might have managed that semester without Mother's confidential remarks, but living at Dr. Clattenburg's house turned out to be

advantageous for me. He was very thoughtful and generous. Every morning he served me a big baked apple, complete with whipped cream. I didn't know where Mrs. Clattenburg was, but frequently it was just he and I. I was a poor reader, and was faced with the difficult task of reading "Henry Esmond" as well as other assignments. I would walk up and down the long dining room rug while reading the text aloud. I hoped that hearing the words while reading them would increase my comprehension.

Dr. Clattenburg was a good family doctor, and many people in Redwood City sought his care. His phone number at home was "3". His office phone number was "2". Later, these numbers were doubled so we had 33 and 22 respectively. I did answer his calls and relayed the messages when he periodically called me. One night I took the message about a child with a cough — but I didn't know how to spell "cough". I called home and asked Jean's help.

Dr. Clattenburg was also a block warden in his area of town. When there was a blackout I had to turn off the lights and stay in rooms that had protective shades at the windows, while he was out making his rounds in the neighborhood.

Other subjects I studied at school were geometry, physical science, and a second year of chemistry. I wanted to take woodshop but that was not permitted for girls, just as cooking was not permitted for boys. I liked the class on physical science, followed by second semester biology. Jean and I spent a lot of time in the gym for ball games like tennis, but also for modern dance. For a while I tried to organize a small orchestra. With my urging, about twelve people, playing a variety of instruments, got together to play popular band music. Though I wasn't an accomplished musician, a surprising number of students were willing to join together, and we did play pretty well. The school administrators had no objection to my orchestra and provided a large room near the entrance to the gym for our rehearsals.

Many of my girlfriends were studying to become secretaries. I thought the shorthand was very interesting, and was happy to learn to type, but I did not want to be a secretary. To be stuck in a dusty office behind a wall was not my idea of living.

I worked hard that semester. Every school day seemed busier than the one before.

It was strange not to go home.

In the next few months, the school hallways became noisy with everyone

talking about the war effort. Outside the History department door, the debate team put up a bulletin board to display news of major current events. Some of these were the Battle of Britain — even with the words of Churchill addressing Parliament, telling British citizens that to resist Hitler and his intention to demoralize England to the point of surrender, would not succeed. The British people would champion over all obstacles and this would be "their finest hour".

All around us, reports continued of suspected Japanese secret activities on the west coast and, especially important to us, in San Francisco and Los Angeles. San Francisco newspapers told stories about the FBI discovering secret groups of Japanese men who appeared to be loyal to Japan. The announcement of this on the bulletin board prompted a discussion in our social studies class. Some questioned attitudes of prejudice, saying, "Why do we dislike people who are different from us?" One girl said, "We are too quick to judge other people. Maybe we should take more time to understand them." A young boy from the back of the class spoke up loudly, "But they do things different than we do!" A girl replied, "But they don't know any different." I think the teacher could see this wasn't going anywhere, and changed the subject. She said, "News is disturbing and everyone is nervous about what might happen." With that, the class was dismissed for the day.

Particularly alarming to students was news from the Atlantic. Reported on the radio and on our bulletin board was news about German U-boats attacking cargo ships in the Caribbean and firing on Aruba; they intended to damage refineries and disrupt the oil supply. We were equally astonished to learn about the escalating war in the Pacific.

Back at home, changes were happening: Grandmother Clark traveled from Utah to help her daughter Phyllis move to Alameda, California, where a lady called "Willie" lived. I had met Willie when I lived in Utah. I didn't know much about her but soon realized she had been a nurse and house-helper to many families in Farmington, Utah, and was now being enlisted for Aunt Phyllis's care. Grandmother Clark arranged for Phyllis's daughter Doris to move in with Willie also.

With Aunt Phyllis moving away, I returned home a few weeks before Thanksgiving. Our house was very small. In one bedroom I shared a double bed with my sister, and my brother slept in a smaller bed in that same room. The younger brother slept in a crib in my parents' bedroom. Certainly there was a dire need for more sleeping space. My father and mother decided bunk beds would be a good solution. My father could build them but he needed help in order to complete them by

Christmas. He asked me to help, without revealing exactly what we were building -- and to keep it a secret.

J.D. and I worked in the garage many evenings — I just did as J.D. instructed. I caught on to the full idea one day when Mother returned from a shopping trip and came into the garage. I could see she was very happy to whisper to J.D. of her successful trip. I could hear that she had purchased four single mattresses, "like new", to be delivered in time for Christmas. By that time I could pretty well see what we were building.

The atmosphere at home was somewhat calmer, now that Phyllis was no longer with us. Jean and I resumed some of our activities in church and helped Mother prepare for the coming holidays.

Then all of a sudden — December 7th and the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Sunday evening, I returned home with a group of close friends from an hour or so of fun at the bowling alley. We were relaxed and happy that we had had such a pleasant time.

Then we were stunned by the news! Pearl Harbor in Hawaii had been bombed by the Japanese, and the U.S. had declared war on Japan!

We stood together outside in the cool evening air and didn't say anything for a while. We listened to the silence, and the distant whistle of a locomotive. The stars were coming out and everything seemed so peaceful. But — we were at war!

What did war mean? How would it affect our lives? What was our future going to be? How long would it be before some of us and our friends would be in the Army?

The next day, newspapers confirmed what was true; they told the story of the surprise raid on Pearl Harbor. Within a few days we went to the Sequoia Theater downtown to see a moving picture of Hawaii and the devastation.

I faintly remembered my freshman home room teacher saying, "Pearl Harbor is a safe place. Nobody will attack that great port." I wished he had been right.

Soon everyone at school was walking around with solemn expressions on their faces. The senior boys were already declaring their determination and intent to join the army or navy, determined to do their duty.

Only a month or two after that, I learned that Jack K., a boy who lived on the next street over from us, had been killed in an accident in boot camp. How many more of my friends would we never see again?

Reaction to the war was immediate, and nationwide. On the night of December 10, three days after the attack, four cherry trees in Washington D.C. were chopped down during a temporary blackout, in what was suspected to be a misguided act of retaliation by an unknown offender. For the duration of World War II, the gifts from Japan would be referred to as "Oriental" (not "Japanese") cherry trees.

The school year passed with daily news about the wars — the one in Europe and the one in the Pacific. The History class bulletin board now read, "The United States declared war on Japan on December 8, 1941. Germany and Axis partners declared wars on the U.S. December 11-13". The semester finished and we were on Christmas break.

At home, the bunk beds were completed and moved into the house on Christmas Eve. My brothers and sister were very happy to find them in the bedroom. They thought it was a surprise for me too, as they didn't know I had helped build them. My sister and two brothers had separate beds, and I got a top bunk.

FINAL MORNING EXTRA

San Francisco Chronicle

THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER

COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES

Local Forecast: Cloudy

DAILY 5 CENTS, SUNDAY 10 CENTS

JAPAN PLANES NEAR S.F.- 4 RAID ALARMS

West Coast on Alert

All Bay Radios Are Ordered Silenced; A Night of Blackouts

War Is Declared; the Fighting

Japanese Reported Capturing a Vital Isle Off Manila Harbor; U. S. Admits Heavy Navy Losses

Manila Blitz; Guam, Wake Fall Claimed

The President Will Explain The Hawaii Attack Tonight; Congress Votes Speedily

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8—America declared war on Japan today after that nation's air bombers had

One day shortly after Christmas, the radio news described Japanese submarine attacks on the oil fields near Santa Barbara. My father came into the house, saw the report in the evening "extra" newspaper, and said to my mother, "LaRue, did you see this? The Japs have shelled our California coast!" He went on, "Those Japs are everywhere — and we thought there were only rumors about them." He couldn't stop exclaiming, "I'll bet they are everywhere — they have Japs all around us that can help find their targets." J.D. was not unusual; a lot of people expressed similar sentiments.

We returned to school in January to start the spring semester. Our expressions were somber; we didn't look up and greet friends in the usual manner. There was no idle chatter. Nor was there any more wondering what we would do in the future. The boys knew they would soon be in one of the military services, and the girls and women would be off to work in defense factories, become useful to the Red Cross or Salvation Army, or enter nursing schools. The decisions about our futures were made for us. Yet even with the upsetting news of Pearl Harbor, there was still another semester of studies to complete before graduation.

Meanwhile, things were not going well at home. Aunt Phyllis's stay with Willie did not work out as hoped, and she was soon to be in our house again. We children didn't know the full story. She arrived one afternoon, well dressed and calm. She was cheerful and appeared to be looking forward to a happy weekend. However, that was not to be. The children were not told what was to happen. Phyllis's parents (my grandparents) had arranged for her to be committed to the Insane Asylum in San Jose.

J.D. must have known the details. He commanded the four children: "Stay in the bedroom and do not come out! *They* are coming to take Aunt Phyllis away." He repeated, "Stay in the bedroom!" He volunteered no further information, and we knew better than to ask questions. In his house we did as we were told. Of course we listened through the wall when "they" arrived. There was a lot of noise and screaming in the next room. It was awful. Then there was silence, and we supposed Aunt Phyllis was gone. I have often wondered why my parents didn't arrange for the children to be somewhere else at the time.

It is traumatic to this day!

Nevertheless, life returned to near normal, and all of us kids returned to school the following Monday.

More things were added to the bulletin board outside the History department: February: German U-boats shell refineries on Aruba; March: U-boats shell Newfoundland.

We became aware of the extensive submarine battle in the Atlantic by German, Italian and probably Japanese, attempting to disrupt manufacture and transport of fuel.

One spring day, Mother gave me a letter to carry to the front office of the high school. She told me it was a request for me to be excused from school because I was needed at home -- perhaps more than one day. I didn't want to ask permission to be out of school. I knew I wasn't ill, and it was against the law to stay away from class. Nevertheless I took the note to the office. The reason for the request for me to skip school was "to help out at home." I didn't want to help out at home! I didn't want to skip school! But I didn't want to disappoint my mother. I realized she must have been overwhelmed to even ask such a thing.

The letter was met with a frown, silence, and then a whisper to the next clerk. I took a chair near the door and waited for someone to talk to me. I watched as people went in and out of offices, closing doors behind them and speaking in low tones. I imagined them wondering what to do. Should they call authorities? Should they go to someone with more command than the principal? They ignored me while secretive consultations went on between the office personnel and teachers. They didn't know I was familiar with all the little rooms within the Registrar's office. The many little chambers usually held nothing more than one desk and two chairs.

I thought back to when, about 1935, I took my little brother Dale to be examined — in those same offices — by the psychology researchers working from Stanford. Apparently my mother had responded to a request for volunteers and families to be screened, to help perfect the Stanford-Binet intelligence tests for children. The little offices were used for one-on-one interviews of children of all ages. My brothers were interviewed. When I took Dale, who was four years old, I was permitted to sit nearby and listened to some of the questions and answers. The examiner asked Dale, "Where do you get milk to drink?" Dale: "From the milk man." The examiner continued, "And where does he get the milk?' Dale: "From a cow." The examiner: "Do you know how that can happen?" Dale: "From the cow's little stomachs."

I was interviewed also. They asked me a strange question about what I would do in an imagined circumstance. I didn't know if I was supposed to find a reason or to answer with an imaginary possibility. I don't remember my answer; only that neither the question nor my answer made sense. Perhaps I didn't have the right attitude to cooperate. Just like the bubble answers I filled in in Mr. Cherry's class, I probably sabotaged their investigation once more!

It was kind of fun to reminisce, while I still sat there and waited to learn the response to my mother's request — but the day was going on. I was neither helping Mother nor attending class. More than an hour passed before someone told me to get my books and go to class — I would not be permitted to go home.

Early in March, the bulletin board showed an announcement about the Japanese residents in the U.S. being ordered to report to Relocation Camps.

It seemed to us that, overnight, the Japanese friends we had at school were gone! I don't remember any particular notices. It was as if they disappeared as quietly as they had lived. News reports gave some details about the relocation camps; most of

the people from our area reported to Tanforan Racetrack, north of our town.

Japanese-Americans in line for processing at Tanforan racetrack.

The absence of our friends was like a blank place on an artist's canvas — not noticed until attention is drawn to it. I wondered about the one girl I knew best, Kioko, and remembered Mother's worry when she expressed her sympathy, saying, "Oh! Those poor people; they can't all be bad." ... and adding, "At least they are keeping families together."

Many students had already joined the military services. Yet an effort was made to complete the semester with the usual final ball games and the Senior Ball. J.D. and Mother decided once more that they couldn't afford a long dress for me so I declined the invitation to the dance. I think my parents received a rather angry note from Grandmother Clark asking why they couldn't provide a suitable dress.

I had been dating a few boys in the last six or eight months and had a good time. One boyfriend took me to see and hear Patti Page sing — I believe at that same Tanforan Racetrack, before the Japanese were sent there.

The scenery around us was constantly in turmoil — changing every day.

Graduation Day was announced and our class practiced marching out to the

seats set up at the front of the school building. We had fancy formal invitations. I sent several to family and friends, and one special invitation to Uncle Lewis who I had known in Utah — now a practicing pediatrician, married, living in Oregon.

High school would soon be over.

GRADUATION DAY

The big day finally arrived: Friday, June 5, 1942. Our class was graduating from high school.

As I sat in the temporary bleachers set up near the front entrance of the high school building, I was thinking of all that had happened in the recent months. We had a large student body and therefore a large graduating class — but not as large as when the school year began. As many as 25 or so of the boys had already left to fight in the war. We knew who they were, and saw in the audience some of their parents sitting quietly by themselves. I guessed that my own parents were too busy to be there.

We all recognized the extraordinary step, by the administration, of granting early diplomas to departed students. We missed our classmates. At the same time, we wondered what contributions we might make in the war effort. We felt torn; willing to do our utmost but afraid that we might not do enough. We were intimidated by the news of battles and enemy attacks in the Atlantic and Pacific, and at the same time we gathered courage to meet whatever challenges might arise.

Our Japanese friends were also gone, and we missed them. Every day brought startling news of Japanese invasions of the Pacific islands. Military craft and freighters were being torpedoed — some only a few miles out in the ocean near us! We heard rumors about viciousness of the Germans with their relentless bombing attacks on London and elsewhere. We weren't sure how to think about it all. We could not imagine what was really happening in Germany. We did realize that cities in Europe were being destroyed by bombing. We wondered how those poor people could possibly survive. Newsreels pictured long lines of families fleeing their homes traversing any road they could find — and being bombed and strafed there too!

Waiting for the ceremony to begin, I was a bit skeptical of what encouraging words might be said to us as we were about to leave school. We were frightened by all the possibilities but, being young, we were also optimistic about doing our part for the war effort. We listened to the remarks, and departed in the happy certainty that we had completed high school. My diploma carried an extra gold sticker indicating I had received honors for my high grade average and for extracurricular activities like drama, sports and debates.

We faced the future with determination.

AT THE DEFENSE FACTORY

It seemed like every business and manufacturing firm in the San Francisco Bay Area was looking for workers. I applied to work at Eitel McCullough, a company in San Bruno. It was a factory where large radio-transmitter tubes were manufactured; the tubes were to be used on ships and submarines.

Several of my friends applied at the same time, so we went for our physical and aptitude tests together. I was hired as a spot welder, to manufacture grids which form the inner part of the tubes. I chose to work the night shift as it paid a slightly higher wage than daytime work. My father was pleased that I'd earn $2.25 an hour. I hoped to save money for college.

San Bruno was about 16 miles north of home. We traveled on the Southern Pacific Railway to go to work — the trains had a well-established system on the peninsula. We boarded at Redwood City station around 10:30 at night, and were often amused and fascinated by the cars. Everything was "blacked out" — the shades drawn over the windows and very little light in the interiors. We were not permitted to peek out even slightly by moving the window coverings. The only light emitted by the train was from the fixture on the front of the engine. But to view the interiors! It was like an adventure every night. Since all the better train cars were being used to transport troops, we got whatever could be found without too many flattened wheels. Sometimes the seats were wooden slats, sometimes they were covered with plush but worn red velvet; sometimes this fabric was on the walls as well. Often there were small vases on the walls, next to the unused gas light fixtures that hung between each group of seats.

We arrived in San Bruno just in time for our night shift to begin. On the station platform we waited for the train to pass on before crossing the tracks to the factory building and to our jobs. There was no light on the exterior but we could read the painted sign that said "Eitel-McCullough". Inside, we found our way to our separate departments. In the grid manufacturing section, workers were seated at long wooden benches, a welding machine mounted on the table in front of each worker. Using a form like a large spool, we wrapped platinum wire in several directions on it, and then applied a spiral wire so that it crossed each of the originally placed wires. Then we welded each juncture where the wires crossed and attached it all to a base. After

learning how to do our job, we competed with each other to see who could make the best and the most.

The interior of the building was interesting and fun to explore. We liked to look into the other departments, especially where the glass blowing was done. Almost all the assembly workers were women, or men over the draft age; all the glass blowers were men. One of the lady workers became hypnotized by the big press machine that she was operating and was injured. She was not severely hurt but we became aware of the studies and safety precautions that must be taken by manufacturers.

This was the first time that women and girls wore pants in public. Up to then women were always seen in skirts or dresses. But of course pants were appropriate wear for work. It was a new experience for most of us.

It was also a new experience for the male workers we joined. Even in defense factories, women initially faced a hostile reception. But that changed rapidly as the men discovered their new colleagues' capabilities. Women knew they could do the jobs — tasks their mothers would have been surprised to see them do.

We also became aware of the great social changes occurring around us; they were dramatic and significant. There was a new mixture of ethnic groups, accents and customs. For the most part we took our places next to each other and did a great job.

Certainly we all shared a fear of the Japanese and Germans, as well as a desperate hope that we could win the war, so we understood each other and tolerated any differences.

My appetite for learning was strong. On the way home from my overnight shift at Eitel McCullough, I attended courses at San Mateo College. At 8:00am I was seated in the classroom for Music Appreciation or Basic English — simply because those were what was offered at that early hour. After class I would go home to Redwood City and sleep until time to head north again for my work shift.

While I was working at the defense factory, Mother let me know that she expected me to start paying rent for the bedroom I was sharing with Jean and the boys. This came as an unpleasant surprise.

After working nearly a year as a welder, I learned about a government-sponsored program for educating nurses. This offered to interested persons the opportunity to study nursing, to earn a degree and a chance to take the examination for a registered nurse license. Upon graduating, nurses were expected to become part of the U.S. Army Nurse Corps until the end of the war.

As soon as I learned about this program, I applied for entrance. I was accepted, and moved away from Redwood City to live in the student residence at a hospital in San Francisco.

PART II —

NURSING SCHOOL

Mt. Zion hospital in 1920s; source SF Public Library

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NURSING SCHOOL — THE FIRST SIX MONTHS

It was a happy day when I received a letter of acceptance to the Mount Zion Hospital School of Nursing. The letter was addressed to me and my parents to attend a reception on a given date — to be held in the living room of the nurses' residence on Sutter Street in San Francisco. We set the date and planned to attend. While anticipating the day when I would leave home, I continued doing ordinary things around the house and to work at Eitel McCullough. The days gradually rolled around to the first week of September, 1943.

The atmosphere in the house was subdued and quiet during those few weeks. All the talking and discussions had been said; further discussion just didn't happen and didn't seem to be needed. I was not overly concerned about anything — not even about leaving home. I looked forward to nursing school as a welcome change, but otherwise it was a matter of fact — a necessity and just "the next thing to do". I wondered whether there was something wrong with me, that I didn't have feelings of apprehension or worry. I was just waiting for the departure day.

Early afternoon arrived on the day to leave. After putting my new baby brother David in the back seat of the car to sleep, Mother got into the driver's seat and I sat in the front seat next to her. Mother was a good driver and accustomed to going anywhere she liked, including into San Francisco. It was as if we were going to the grocery store to buy a loaf of bread or a sack of potatoes — no fuss, no extra movements — and no extra words. In fact there was an audible silence! The car motor started and we backed out of the driveway. I noticed with silent surprise that Mother was wearing a house-dress — clean and neat, but nothing special. She wasn't wearing makeup as she sometimes did on special occasions. For this trip, I wore a blouse and a skirt.

In spite of gasoline rationing, the tank was full and the tires were full of air. My father had been keeping the car in good working order in spite of war-time shortages so we felt assured a safe trip.

Mother and I sensed a kind of apprehension about what was happening. We knew this day was the final one before I entered nursing school. I felt sorry that neither of us seemed to want to talk about it. I wondered why she didn't leave David with a neighbor but I thought it would offend her if I suggested leaving him home. I do

not recall any encouraging words or comments of any kind from my father as he left for work that morning.

Going to nursing school was not exactly what I always had in mind but since there was no money or ever the idea of me going to college, I had to admit I was lucky to have the opportunity to learn a skill — one that would lead to a profession. It was time for me to move out and seek my own goals.

Now that my application was accepted, and the interviews and examinations all done, I was on my way. J.D. had said little except he was glad I would get an education and "that is something nobody can take away from you." I understood his meaning and was happy that he seemed satisfied. He did say that he would have preferred that I had chosen another hospital/school that was not Jewish. There wasn't any reason for me to avoid going to a Jewish hospital. I had explored other opportunities and this was the best choice for me. I had selected Mount Zion over three other available choices because it offered a generalized education for care of all ages of patients, not just children or a particular social group; it was a general hospital. My first choice would have been to go to the University of California School of Nursing but it required two years of prior education, which I didn't have.

Mother had little advice for me except a warning: "Don't become hard, Betty, don't *become hard*!" She repeated that phrase several times during the weeks leading up to my departure. I didn't understand those words but the tone of her voice led me to assume that, at some time or other, she had had an unhappy experience with a care giver. Possibly someone might have treated her unsympathetically. I didn't worry about it too much; I was confident that I would become a good nurse.

As we rode along, I was thinking back to my interview with Miss Jennings, the Director of Nurses, a month or so previously. It had been very comfortable. She presented a welcoming attitude and appeared genuinely pleased to receive my application. The program at Mount Zion Hospital School of Nursing was a three-year course — changed from the previously required four years of study. Upon completion, I would be eligible to take the California State Board Examination for Registered Nurses.

We arrived in San Francisco on Sutter Street outside the Nurses' residence building. The hospital is around the corner of Post and Divisadero streets. Mother stopped the car in the street and sat momentarily silent. Baby David had awakened and she put him in the front seat next to her. She remained in the car, giving no

indication that she would park the car or that she would go into the building with me. I asked her if she was coming with me. She said, "That's OK, I'll go in some other time." I kissed her on the cheek and got out of the car.

There were no streetcars passing at that moment nor other traffic, so carrying one small suitcase, I walked across the street to the front entrance of the tall handsome building. As I rang the doorbell, I turned and waved farewell. I was not happy. I felt very alone and I was sad. Whenever I thought about it later, I wished those moments could have been different. I think Mother probably felt the same way.

The world was strangely still. I wanted my mother to go in with me and I wondered why she didn't. I thought she was embarrassed to have a little baby at her side (Mother was 44 years old) and maybe I was embarrassed too. (I was 19 years old.) I was ashamed of myself because I felt selfish for not being willing to share her with anyone else on that special day.

I entered the lobby and was greeted by two smiling people. Off to the right was a large crowded room. I realized they were my fellow students with their mothers.

Everyone was busy talking, sipping tea and eating little cakes. I felt uncomfortable and alone. I looked around studying the faces of young ladies who would soon be my friends. I didn't notice anyone in particular. I didn't see any children. Everyone was dressed well; most of the ladies wore hats which was the standard fashion in San Francisco. There was a stack of suitcases in the lobby and I thought, "Well, everyone is prepared to stay a while!" I sat down off to one side where I could silently observe my surroundings. Pretty soon I was served tea and a cookie. Then someone escorted me to meet the lady serving tea; she was the house mother. I wondered what her role would be. She smiled as she greeted me. I was not too happy so all the smiles and cheerful chatter seemed incongruous.

Eventually, I was introduced to an upper-classman who was to be my "big sister". I was pleased to meet her as she appeared genuinely interested in my welfare. I thought, "She must be a good nurse". She showed me to my room and helped me find my way through the hallways and how to use the elevator, and to tell me some of the rules. She said, "lights out at 10:00 pm". I learned where to find the showers and to locate my student uniforms.

After all the mothers departed, the students lingered in the lobby exchanging friendly chatter. I approached one blonde girl and asked, "Are you from San

Francisco?" She replied, "Yes, I have lived here all my life." She asked my name. Her name was Etta. Upon learning that I was not familiar with the city she said, "On our time off, perhaps I can show you some of the interesting parts." I welcomed this, but most of all I was happy to meet a new friend. We all spent the remainder of the afternoon getting acquainted before we went to dinner.

We went out a side door of the Nursing Residence and followed an outdoor passage to the dining room in the main hospital building. It was natural to strike up conversations while eating dinner. A dark haired girl sitting next to me said, "My name is Eleanor. I am happy to know you." She asked, "Do you like the uniforms we have to wear?" It turned out that none of us liked the plain blue straight dresses we would be wearing. But then, we accepted this as only one of the first requirements we would have to endure. One of the upper class students who was with us at dinner said, "You will be wearing plain white caps, but they will be earned and worn only after you have completed six months of satisfactory learning." To receive a cap, we realized then, was a sign of being a *real nurse,* and was anticipated by us all.

We were expected to supply our own white shoes and white stockings. Because of the war, stockings of any kind were hard to find in the stores. I found some that were made of sheer cotton; none of us was able to find nylons. Flat shoes were frowned upon so I purchased "cubed" heels which were about one inch high. I didn't pay too much attention to how they looked; they were comfortable and made me feel a little taller.

The following day, we had a more thorough tour of our new residence. Our rooms were in a seven story building. Each student had her own room, furnished with a single bed, a dresser and a desk and chair. Each room had a window, a closet and a sink suitable for morning dressing.

In the residence building, aside from the front entry and front lounge on the first floor, there was a large auditorium with a stage at one end with a piano. The auditorium floor did not have affixed seats so I could see it could be used for dances and other social events. There were two classrooms on the main floor as well as a fully equipped kitchen. I eventually saw all of these places used for a variety of functions.

Only one elevator was needed to carry us up to the floor of our room. Each year students moved up one or two floors, depending on the space. Eventually the more senior classmates occupied the sixth and seventh floors. The seventh floor was special because half of it was classroom space to learn bedside care procedures. There

was also a roof garden and a comfortable space outside for sunbathing when there was time — and when there was sun!

In a room on the third floor, not shown to me at first, I found large tables and a sewing machine. While enrolled in school, I spent some lovely hours there peacefully making dresses for myself.

The first six months were occupied with lectures on basic nursing duties as well as learning how to do bedside procedures. Students were required to work six days a week and, after the initial learning period, would be assigned to medical and surgical floors — that is, care of patients with surgical or medical diseases or operations. Eventually we rotated through all the departments including Surgery, Obstetrics, Pediatric and Nursery, plus work in the Clinic (a separate building) as well as auxiliary departments as Central Supply and the Diet Kitchen.

We became apprehensive about our first day "on the floor" which is when we would be responsible for patient care. There were rumors about some of the head nurses, who were very strict. One in particular, named Kerzic, was a tall, severe looking woman in a very white and very stiffly starched uniform that made swishing noises as she walked. I wasn't with the three or four students first assigned to her floor as they assembled in the hallway outside of the chart room. I think they were actually shaking with fear! Abruptly, the feared nurse came out to them and demanded, "Well, are you going to do your nursing in the hallway?"

We went about our first day taking care of patients. At first, I felt unsure that I would do everything correctly. To ease my nervousness and worry, I pretended the person I was caring for was my mother — that is, someone I knew and who would approve of whatever I did.

The chart room on all the stations was a room separate from others and separate from the hallways. This is where patient charts were kept, as well as cupboards with space for supplies and for dispensing medications. Beginning students would not be responsible for dispensing medicines until after we passed six months of classroom work including study of pharmacology. After that, each nurse was responsible for performing all procedures for patients assigned to her care and administering medications ordered by the attending physician.

In the chart room we sat on stools to record in print (not cursive) information in the patients' charts — their vital signs of temperature, pulse, etc., and care and

treatments administered. It came as a surprise that we were expected to stop our work and stand up whenever a doctor entered the room. We quickly learned that doctors were the elite, privileged members of the hospital staff, and respect must be demonstrated by our standing in their presence.

In class, we started our study of anatomy and systems of the body. Also, we were assigned our working hours. These hours would usually be 7am to 3pm, 3pm to 11pm, or a split shift of two four-hour periods: 7-11 morning, 3-7 afternoon, or 7-11 evening. Additionally, we were eventually expected to do our share of night duty, 11pm to 7am. Most of us accepted these conditions. But a few young ladies in my group didn't like to hear those details described to us. One of them spoke up and said, "Those hours are inhuman!" She continued: "I don't think it is fair to ask us to work all night and only have one day off every six or seven days!" She was adamant in her defiance. She became even more alarmed when she found we would receive a stipend of only $10 each month for the first year, $15 during the second year and $25 in the final third year. The following day she submitted a resignation letter and left. She said, "I will prefer working in a defense factory."

Several others followed her and left school. Most of us accepted the proposed conditions and considered it a privilege to learn a profession — one sponsored by the government. Before the U.S. Nurse Cadet Corps program in which we participated, nursing schools required a substantial tuition, and also were more like nunneries, where young ladies committed their lives to the service of the institution. Previously, duties and rules were accepted without question; nursing students usually spent the entire first year just scrubbing — walls, beds, hallways and whatever there was to scrub!

And we had some carry-overs of those customs. For example, no students were admitted who were married or who had children. If one of us became married or pregnant while in school, she would be required to leave immediately.

One of the first obstacles we encountered when we were finally part of the staff was the resentment of some of the students in previous year classes. They seemed jealous of the privilege granted to us in not being required to serve the first year as they did — one full year of doing only scrubbing. The older students felt they had been cheated. I understood the perplexing situation but I doubt that I would have been willing to spend a full year that way. No doubt the requirement was eliminated because the main goal was to have nurses ready to serve in the army or navy; that need was urgent so classroom work was streamlined.

The government issued each of us a wool uniform and a heavy wool cape. We proudly wore these when we went out in public or traveled home on the trains. The heavy capes were particularly welcome in San Francisco where it is cold on many foggy days.

GETTING ORIENTED AT MOUNT ZION

Mount Zion Hospital is a rectangular building with four floors. It is on a corner of Post Street near Divisadero in San Francisco. Several marble steps lead up to the front entrance. Within is a large oval counter where one is greeted by a clerk, always present, to direct people to wherever they wish to go.

A hallway runs from the counter back to an exit on the first floor where the Clinic is located. On the main floor are the administration offices and a conference room, as well as the dining room, kitchen, x-ray department, pharmacy and another small area used for emergency care. A side exit leads to a pathway to the student nurses' residence.

The second floor, south side (front of the building) is for medical patients with private and semi-private rooms, two four-bed wards and a central hallway leading back to the north section. On the north part of the second floor are two twelve-bed wards, several semi-private rooms, and storage and equipment closets.

The third floor is similarly arranged but it is for care of surgical patients. On the central hallway leading from south to north is where Central Supply is located.

On the fourth floor, a large area is devoted to space for pediatric care; there are also several private and semi-private rooms, usually for adult or teen-aged patients. Each department had a nurses' station, utility rooms and a kitchen where patient meals were delivered via a dumbwaiter.

The south side of the hospital was considered "private" while the beds on the north were more for general patients. Large wards were not unusual in the 1940s.

The twelve-bed wards were particularly interesting. Each bed was separated by a curtain. There were beds along the outer walls and beds in the central part; this was separated by glass partitions. Female patients were on the east side, male patients on the west side. Second and third floors were similarly arranged. There were also one or two private rooms and two four-bed wards, baths and some extra rooms for linens and equipment.

One of the features we appreciated was the completely separate room for the nurses' station, where privacy was needed to do accurate recording and medication

preparation.

The main elevator was located on the south side and used for most all transportation up and down.

The fourth floor is where the surgical suite was located, on the north side where daylight was plentiful. On the south side was for pediatric patients. This area also had lots of exterior windows; the beds and cribs were separated by glass partitions.

Most of the time almost all the beds were occupied. The total patient occupancy was about two hundred and fifty.

The basement was used by the pathologist and for storing equipment like fracture beds and oxygen tanks. Another freight elevator was located somewhere at the rear (north) side.

The clinic was a separate building found at the exit on the first floor.

The office for the Director of Nurses was at the front east corner. There was usually no reason to go there unless one of us broke the rules, like returning home after midnight or being late on duty. The director was a severe looking woman with jet-black hair. She frightened me to death. Should I see her approaching me on the pathway from the nurses' residence, I would practice saying to myself, "Good morning, Miss Jennings" but when we came close I would always say the wrong thing. I might say, "Good evening, Miss Jennings". Then I would admonish myself for being so silly!

I suppose there was parking space for the doctors and visitors but I don't know where. Interns and resident physicians lived in a small building next door. We students were forbidden to go there, or to date the interns. Somewhere at the rear of the nurses' residence was the laundry and some other work spaces.

The hospital was conveniently located. As with almost everywhere in San Francisco, transportation is convenient. Street cars were fast and used by everyone except the doctors.

AFTER THE FIRST SIX MONTHS — CAPPING CEREMONY

Following the probationary first six months — it was now February, 1944 — I was officially accepted into the U.S. Nurse Cadet Corps. By this time several young ladies in our original group had dropped out of the program. They had various reasons for not continuing. I think the primary reason was the time required to be on duty without more days off. Another reason was the idea that we would eventually be working split shifts as well as the night hours. None of those reasons affected me; I was eager to acquire the skills and knowledge to be gainfully employed. I was only faintly aware of all the directions a degree in nursing could allow, but for the moment I was satisfied.

With my classmates, I shared the willingness and desire to join the Army Nurse Corps if the war continued after our graduation.

After the first six months of schooling, we would begin wearing a cap — the symbol of becoming a nurse. The Capping Ceremony was a milestone, and quite a formal affair. Many of the parents came to see their daughters receive a cap. My parents were not able to be there. The ceremony was rather emotional because it signified that we had chosen our life's path, and would dedicate the next two and a half years to very hard work.

The caps for our school were very plain. They were delivered to our rooms from the laundry as a heavily starched white flat piece of fabric with a wide hem, needing folding. Folding a flat piece of cloth so that it could be worn on our heads was rather tricky but after a little practice it was soon mastered. We proudly put them on and posed for a formal photo. Some schools of nursing required a black stripe on the cap to designate senior students but in our institution no distinction was made.

After the capping ceremony everyone settled in to our life. We became serious students and close friends.

By this time, most of us had made our rooms comfortable — surrounding ourselves with things we liked. Some of us had radios; a few students had phonographs so they could listen to music of their choice. For amusement we played badminton or table tennis.

Once in a while, we organized a small party in the kitchen on the first floor, but mostly we studied and prepared for classes and tests. Life in the residence was full of lively conversation after we were off duty. We liked describing our experiences of the day as well as catching up on the news.

In April, like most everyone, we were saddened by the news of FDR's death (April 4, 1944). We went to see the newsreels and saw pictures of the train carrying his casket as it passed through the towns from Florida to Washington, D.C., people lining the railway to view the car carrying President Roosevelt's casket. In the film everyone was crying, and we cried too.

We soon had a new president. We wondered how Mr. Truman would carry out the rest of term and hopefully bring an end to the war.

One of the most important things that was about to happen, on June, 4, 1944: D-Day, when the Allied invasion into northern Europe began. We wished FDR could have lived to see that day!

My close friend, Etta, had been particularly concerned during the recent weeks because she and her family had not heard from her brother who was in the U.S. Air Force. They were accustomed to hearing from him fairly regularly. She found out later that while he was stationed in England, he was busy doing photo reconnaissance flights over the English Channel and the Coast of Normandy. She learned that he had been seated in the nose of a B-25 with cameras from where he was afforded a full view of the beaches and defense installations.

In the weeks following the invasion, we were thrilled to see newsreels showing the massive effort to invade Europe. To liberate the people and to renew hope for the ultimate defeat of Hitler was like a dream come true. However, we had no idea about how long that would take. Unfortunately, Allied dominance in Europe took longer and sacrificed many more lives than one could have imagined.

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[Now, to see re-enactments of that invasion and to learn the details, it is astounding — the biggest, largest and most powerful invasion anywhere in the history of the world!]
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SAN FRANCISCO NEIGHBORHOODS

Many of the big houses, in the neighborhood of our nurses' residence, had been owned or occupied by Japanese before they were forced into camps in June of 1942. Housing was at a premium during the war so that the vacated houses were quickly taken up by Americans moving from the South and other parts of the U.S. to work in the defense factories.

As we walked along Sutter Street during an occasional hike to Fillmore Street to buy fruit or items at Woolworth drug store, we were struck with wonder and curiosity at what we observed. When the Japanese lived there, the houses were painted pretty light colors and the yards were neat and clean. Now we saw many broken windows, front doors left ajar and sometimes hanging only by one hinge! The small front yards were strewn with broken glass, tin cans and papers. It was only after one or two years that all this happened. We wondered why the neighborhood had deteriorated so quickly.

One day a friend and I looked down from the fifth floor of the nurses' residence where a view of the back yards behind the houses that were in the next lots from our home were clearly visible. We watched as a pack of rats dug through garbage left on the back porch of one of the dwellings. We didn't think the trash collection had stopped, so "Why was the garbage still there?"

Some of the houses had accommodated one family when the Japanese lived there; now there were many more people. We supposed that most of the residents worked in the defense factories and didn't take time to care for the houses.

Sometimes we walked to Fillmore on Post Street where there were not so many houses — just a few small shops and an ice skating rink. We liked to get out. We were served nice dinners and food in the hospital but we just convinced ourselves that we had to shop for fresh fruits.

On the more eventful hikes, when we had time, we liked to hike over the hill just to the north of us and down toward the Presidio. The Presidio was cordoned off to civilians during the war so we walked a little to the east boundary until we reached the Marina District. Frequently, we made this hike in the early afternoon when we worked the split shift. We arrived at the top of the hill where we were in full view of the bay

before the afternoon fog rolled in.

From the top of the hill, we felt lucky to catch a view of a ship — either a transport vessel with two funnels or a Navy aircraft carrier pass between us and Alcatraz island. We were always thrilled to see ships as they passed Angel Island and then proceed out under the Golden Gate bridge.

We thought of the rumors about Japanese submarines in the Pacific. The Japanese submarine shelling of Santa Barbara had happened in December 1941, and it was rumored that a Japanese submarine was found on Redondo Beach also in 1941.[5] Nobody had forgotten the rumors about Japanese submarines prowling the west coast. We remembered that one sub was supposed to have been found under the rocks at the southern end of the Golden Gate Bridge. This explained the big net we could easily see, attached to the lower part of the Golden Gate Bridge, specifically to keep submarines from entering the bay.

[5] We did not know about Japanese fire bombs in Oregon which occurred in September, 1942

A few times we went swimming at the Sutro Baths, out near the Cliff House. These were salt water (sea water) pools in a huge old wooden building long past its heyday. The ticket-takers required us to wear their grey-and-white wool bathing suits, each with a number and a metal tag. Once, we were noticed by an agent who ran a water ballet show at the Fairmont Hotel, who asked us to join! We were good swimmers.

Occasionally we had time to take a street car and go to North Beach. One of my friends, Etta, knew the neighborhood near Stockton and Union, and Coit Tower. That was a neighborhood where many Italians lived and she had gone there with her mother to shop. We liked the smell of all the good foods.

Sometimes we went into Chinatown — especially in the evening — so we could have a good Chinese dinner. I recalled going to Chinatown when I was a little girl. On one of our trips, Mother led Jean and me up a ramp on the outside of a small building where we could look through a big glass window and see ladies working. This was the Chinatown Telephone Company and the ladies were busy using plugs on long cords to make the telephone connections. Mother told us Chinatown was a separate city with its own government, schools and newspaper. She thought that for a while after the Chinese were permitted to immigrate, Chinese people were confined to their city. I don't know if that is true. But it surely was a place that caught our attention — especially the markets with dead dressed ducks and other animals hanging on racks for sale; there were strange vegetables too. One day, Mother discreetly pointed out a Chinese lady walking. She was hobbling on very tiny feet. Mother explained that she had probably had her feet bound when she was a baby in China — that was a desirable feature in ancient China. Mother commented, "Oh! I don't like to see that. It made her a cripple all her life!"

Sometimes my friends and I found a restaurant that mother would have gone to. It had booths separated by curtains and where chop suey was served — Mother's favorite!

At the time we visited Chinatown, it was an integrated city but Chinese people remained the majority group.

My friends and I explored eating some of the other traditional Chinese foods. I liked to look into the furniture stores and see the big carved teak chests.

A little study revealed Chinatown was also a place of prostitution and gangs,

called "tongs", including drugs and riots and things, so much so that San Francisco had a police squad especially assigned to Chinatown.

Japanese immigrants to San Francisco also posed some racial problems. At first the Japanese children were sent to Chinese schools. Neither group liked this. Japanese formed their own schools before attending American schools. Many Japanese children were sent back to Japan by their parents for their education.

San Francisco was large with many interesting places to explore. After another year or so, my new friends and I had more opportunity to explore downtown and Golden Gate Park.

The Embarcadero (waterfront) was an exciting and busy place crowded with cars and people — especially service men. When I was near there, I thought back to the days when Jean and I were allowed to spend hours looking at the relief map of the bay that was housed on the second floor of the Ferry Building. The docks along The Embarcadero have their own sounds and smells; every part of the city has its own character.

The frequent hikes to the Marina District remain vivid in my memory. It was great to walk along at the edge of the bay, not far from where the fishing boats were moored. We could easily see Alcatraz island, and on afternoons could see all the way across to the north side of the bay.

We liked to admire the Golden Gate Bridge and especially so when we happen to see large Navy ships passing under it. The sight of a ship entering the bay under the Bridge, with sailors standing on deck as if in a military review — all saluting and in strict formation — was an absolute thrill. We often saw this beautiful sight in the evening so the setting sun was still bright, bringing a strong contrast to the deck of the ship and the surrounding sea.

We often prolonged our hike by making a slight detour farther to the east to go to "Herbert's Sherbet Shop". There we found so many kinds of sherbet and ice cream, we couldn't count all the flavors!

There were other little shops that line streets but none of us had any extra money. After an hour or so of vigorous hiking, we climbed back up the hill toward Pacific Avenue and back to our home.

Together in 1945 at a restaurant on Broadway in San Francisco

PATIENT CARE AND PROCEDURES

At 5:30 a.m. we heard a bell sound — the signal to awaken and dress. It took some effort to get used to that early hour and to get moving for the day's activity ahead. We assembled in the lobby of the Nurses' residence at 6 a.m. before going to breakfast. The house mother was always present and she looked at our uniforms and caps to see that everything was clean and correct. After breakfast we each went to our assigned area to work.

We applied ourselves diligently to each day's responsibilities and learning challenges. We witnessed procedures that would be vastly different from nursing practices only a few years later. We could hardly imagine the changes that would happen in the future.

As the months progressed we became familiar with the terminology and general function of all the body systems. Lectures accompanied reading assignments, and we learned to read laboratory reports so we could interpret basic norms and diversions that occur with different diseases.

Included with these basic scientific studies was acquiring hands-on skills for setting up and carry out procedures using all types of equipment. I don't think we were aware at the time how primitive some of these were. For example, this was long before plastics — all gloves were red rubber. When we worked in Central Supply, where all basic supplies were cleaned and dispensed, one job was to examine all used gloves. After we examined them for holes and sizes, we discarded the faulty ones, washed and dried the good ones then put them in pairs. Then we wrapped them in cloths before sterilization. For that, they were put into an autoclave (a large machine specifically for the use of sterilizing equipment and instruments).

The central supply was also where we received used syringes and needles. We examined these to assure that the glass was not broken or cracked and then correctly paired the barrel section with the plunger. These were washed and dried, then wrapped in cloths and sterilized. The care of needles required close examination and manually grinding off burrs so they would be sharp. Everything was labeled so it could be stored and dispensed efficiently. As our learning skills advanced, other duties were added in the Central Supply. Not only did we have to learn about the instruments, we

were also responsible for matching and cross-matching blood and making it ready for transfusion.

A usual job was to wash and sterilize all the glass thermometers. After washing, they were put in a bath of liquid for 30 minutes that sanitized them. Sometimes one was broken and the mercury spilled out. We were instructed to pick up and save the mercury because it was used in a "Miller-Abbot" tube — a special procedure performed by the doctors to diagnose bowel opacity.

With rare exception, patients admitted to the hospital required in-bed care; very few were ambulatory. Even if patients were able to walk, this was just not what they did. Even post-partum patients, fully able according to today's standards, were expected to remain in bed until the doctor wrote specific order for something different. For example, the usual post-partum care, required women to remain in the hospital and in bed for a full week after delivering their babies. In the years immediately preceding this time, it was the custom for women to remain immobile for two weeks! Caesarean Sections were performed only in the case of emergency, which did not occur frequently.

The usual day care for patients was for them to receive oral hygiene in bed — washing teeth, face and hands before breakfast. After breakfast was the time for administration of required treatments and a bed bath. Doctors usually visited sometime in the mornings. Other procedures might be ordered, such as transporting patients to X-ray department, lab work or doing nursing care procedures such as a Gavage. This was for treatment of sore throat requiring the patient, while sitting up in bed, to be draped with a red rubber apron and allowing a steady stream of warm water by way of a large tube being directed into the back of the throat! As you can imagine, water splashed everywhere!

Sometimes we had to mix a compound using different grains. On a counter in the Utility Kitchen were large labeled jars of different grains — oats, corn, wheat or mustard seed — from which "plasters" were made. Grain and water were mixed into a paste and spread onto a clean cloth. The mixing of grain with water causes it to generate heat. This was then carried to the bedside and placed on the patient's chest; it was a treatment for pleurisy or pneumonia. This was not unknown to many homemakers from previous generations who would prepare and apply plasters made from grains stored in kitchens.

The Utility Kitchen also had a refrigerator with extra nourishment — custard, milk and fruit juice — to be served to patients mid-morning or upon request. It was kind of a ritual.

These procedures were part of the regular protocol. Future medical care with the use of plastics and antibiotics were still beyond our imagination. One of the patients I cared for had Hypertension. I understood she had high blood pressure but I didn't know what the implications or the complications might be. According to medicine at that time, the treatment of choice was to keep her in a quiet and darkened room. Strangely, this was also a recommendation for people suffering from pneumonia and probably other less well understood ailments.

One of the patients I cared for had Bright's disease. She died within about four weeks of her hospitalization. It is astounding to compare the medical treatments of what we learned with accepted practice today. After antibiotics came into use years later, the disease from which she suffered (kidney failure) became curable.

When a hypodermic injection was needed — usually for relief of pain or as a pre-medication before surgery — the procedure was quite detailed. First a sterile glass syringe was unwrapped from a cloth, a needle from another "sterile" wrapper was unveiled and, with our fingers, attached to the syringe. Then we would pick up the little scopolamine pill (if ordered) and drop it into the barrel of the syringe. Then we pushed the plunger deep enough to the barrel to partially crush the pill. Water was put in an open spoon, held in a bracket over an alcohol lamp. Using a flint, we ignited the flame of the lamp. When the water was boiling and thus sterile, we drew it into the syringe. Usually another medication was added from an ampoule. In that case, the ampoule was cleaned with an alcohol sponge before breaking it open and the contents withdrawn into the syringe. We gave everything a good shake to make sure it was mixed and dissolved before it was injected into the patient. We learned which medicines could be mixed with others, the normal doses, and toxic levels.

Some of my classmates cried when learning how to administer an injection. We had to practice on a lemon. Even then, some of us found it hard to put the needle through the outer rind. Learning to "give a shot" quickly and with minimal discomfort to the patient was an art — something we all strove to perfect.

Hospitals like ours did not have piped-in oxygen. Tanks of oxygen were stored in the basement and brought to the patient's bedside and set-up for use — usually by an older man because all the young men were off to war. Nasal cannulas were not yet

invented so patients were put under a tent. This was a large canvas and net apparatus that was very awkward and clumsy to set up. It had to be tucked under the head of the mattress to prevent escape of oxygen that was pumped into the tent from the pressure in the tank. The tent was uncomfortable for the patient as they felt very confined and it was difficult to communicate and learn their wishes and concerns. Frequently, we asked the patient to write on a tablet a description of their need.

When steam inhalation was ordered by a doctor for patient care, we heated water in a big flask until it was boiling hot. Then with special asbestos-gloved hands we carried the flask to the bedside as fast as possible where the still escaping steam vapors could be held close enough for the patient to inhale to get some breathing relief!

The procedures we students learned have been all but forgotten now. One strange process we learned was how to set up a Waganstein Suction. This was used whenever a patient needed suction to drain their stomach contents or remove fluid from the gut. It was a complex system consisting of three bottles. As fluid (water) was drained from the upper bottle drained through red rubber tubing to a bottle at a lower level (on the floor) and a third bottle somewhere between the two, with connecting rubber tubes was empty, creating a vacuum. We learned to set these up and get them functioning at a patient's bedside; we did not have suction machines that operated with electricity.

Neither nurses nor students were permitted to start intravenous injections. Infusion solutions came prepared in glass bottles with a port for attaching a red rubber tube. A straight needle was used to insert into a vein. This was done by a physician only — not a nurse! The rate of drip was controlled by a small folded piece of metal that came from the top of the bottle. Students were allowed to monitor the rate of the drip but not to remove the needle once the fluid had been completely infused.

Intravenous (IV) infusions were not done as frequently as they are today and I think we only had 5% dextrose in water and Normal Saline. The same procedure was used when a unit of blood was ordered. I did not witness any infusions given to babies but student nurses were taught to give subcutaneous injections to infants of 10 to 20 cc. of normal saline. This fluid was usually injected into the back scapular area. It was strange and looked awful but the babies didn't seem to mind.

The Utility Room is where bedpans were put though a hot water and steam enclosure where they could be "sterilized" after each use. Miss Coleman, our "clinics"

instructor emphasized, "When you carry a bedpan to a patient's bed, do it with *dignity*!" We carried bedpans covered with a very white clean cloth so it was not difficult.

Student nurses worked four or five weeks in the Clinic during training, dealing with outpatients for minor problems and periodic medication and treatment.

We didn't like the interior of the Clinic because it was dingy and strange. Large jars of different colored fluids were suspended from the ceiling; this fluid was used for bladder irrigations. I never imagined such a thing before I entered nursing school and I doubt any of my fellow students had imagined it either! We did our assignment there grudgingly and were happy when it was over. We seldom made patient contact and were satisfied to do mundane chores like stocking shelves and keeping things orderly. Doctors appeared to be familiar with their patients and were satisfied to do procedures without our assistance.

On days when few patients came for treatments, students were given the task of making bandages and pledges of cotton, and rolling gauze so that it could be sterilized and used as sponges in surgery.

One day, in a hallway in the Clinic, I was astonished to pass near a table on which a very large man was standing. He was not fat — just large — like one can imagine a giant. I noticed his handsome face and body and particularly his legs which were bare and fully exposed. His long legs were muscular but rippled with varicose veins. From his general appearance, I thought he could play the part of a gladiator in a Hollywood movie.

Several doctors were in attendance. I could overhear their muffled voices as they were apparently discussing the procedure they were about to perform. They were preparing to infuse his varicose veins with gold. Injection of gold was a treatment of choice. I thought, "Maybe he is from Hollywood!" Not everyone could afford such care. I learned later that infusions of gold into joints was also tried as a remedy for arthritis.

LANGLEY-PORTER and SHOCK THERAPY

Among the various affiliations and learning opportunities given to us were periodic rotations to other hospitals and clinics.

One of the rather odd lessons presented to us was at Langley-Porter Psychiatric Clinic at the University of California Hospital on Parnassus Avenue, to learn about psychiatric medicine and nursing care. During the long bus ride over to that section of the city, I wondered what psychiatric nursing could entail. I looked out the bus window and watched the houses and buildings pass by without really seeing them. Would the insane people be in dark rooms or in cages like we saw in the movies? Would they be in an assortment of dress or undress? If patients became unruly and uncontrollable, would they be put in straitjackets? I thought of my Aunt Phyllis and wondered what kind of care she was receiving. And I wondered what kind of counseling could be effective.

Finally at our destination, we entered into a large room and sat where we could easily see a patient being brought in on a gurney. She was allowed to remain on the

gurney which was moved onto a platform in front of us. Nearby was a small container like a refrigerator.

A demonstration began. The patient was introduced as a volunteer. Two nurses and a person dressed like a physician accompanied her. Without many comments, the nurses began to remove all the patient's clothes and then to take items out of the refrigerator-like container. Each time the lid was lifted, a small cloud of white mist escaped, evidence that the contents were very cold.

Long, narrow strips of cloth were taken out one at a time. The doctor began applying the cold strips of cloth, wrapping the patient from head to toe in a spiral-diagonal direction. Apparently, this was a new and accepted form of shock therapy for persons who were experiencing extreme physical and mental disturbances. The idea was to trap body heat and cause a rapid transition from very cold to very warm.

While we watched, we communicated with each other by making facial expressions and signaling with "thumbs down" motions. We were very skeptical about the effectiveness of this elaborate procedure. We made a silent and unanimous decision that psychiatric nursing was something we didn't particularly want to do. We sympathetically and vicariously put ourselves in the place of the patient and assumed the treatment was extremely unpleasant. And we questioned its effectiveness: "Did it really help?"

As I watched the strips of cloth so meticulously being applied, I thought back to something Dr. Clattenburg, our family physician, said to me years before. He told me that early in medical care of any sort, before a variety of medicines were available for treatment of illnesses, doctors were judged by their ability to apply bandages; that is, the neater and more perfectly done, the higher respect the doctor received.

In the months after the affiliation at Langley-Porter Clinic, I assisted when electric shock therapy was occasionally performed in the treatment rooms on the medical floors at our home hospital. I did not understand the diagnosis; most of the time, it was said to be "dementia" but with little explanation except to add that it was a consequence of old age.

To me, electric shock therapy was frightening. The poor patient was placed on a very hard surface and strapped securely to it. Then a padded tongue blade was placed in the mouth between the upper and lower jaws as an attempt to protect teeth and tongue. Electric paddles were put against the temple area of his or her head and

everyone was told: "Stand Back"! Suddenly — SHOCK! — it sounded like a gunshot!

Of course this caused the patient to convulse immediately. However, the convulsion didn't last very long and the patient was taken back to his or her cubicle and allowed to sleep for several hours. A student was assigned to stay at the bedside of the poor patient periodically checking his or her blood pressure. We remained at the bedside until our patient had fully awakened. Our patient was usually calm and quiet for the rest of the day. We were not made fully aware of their behavior before they received the shock.

At that time in the development of psychiatric medicine, there were few options available to help mentally ill patients. Fortunately modern medicine has made such procedures obsolete.[6] Sometimes, thinking of our experience at Langley-Porter, we students wondered about the person used in the demonstration we witnessed. Was she really a volunteer? To be wrapped up in all those cold bandages must have been like torture!

[6] In the 1980s treatment for the mentally ill was completely revolutionized with the advent of anti-depressive drugs, tranquilizers and other pharmaceutical preparations; shock therapy and other drastic measures were no longer needed.

ALAMEDA COUNTY HOSPITAL

We students didn't take care of patients with communicable diseases at Mt. Zion. For that training, we were sent to Alameda County Hospital in the East Bay, where there was a large communicable disease department. Four to six of us at a time moved there to live in the dormitory while we worked there. We attended a few lectures but mostly we worked daily providing care and giving medicines such as Bismuth and Kaopectate . Some of the patients were civilians returning from the South Pacific war areas where they had contracted malaria and were very ill. However, we had so many assignments we didn't have the opportunity to converse with them or to learn their experiences.

Many other patients were young children. I remember one boy aged about fourteen who had encephalitis and became completely deaf — one of the complications of that ailment. My fellow students and I felt so sorry for him. By the expression on his face and in his eyes, it was apparent that he could not understand what had happened to him. We finally supplied him with a tablet and a pencil so we could communicate. I wondered how we might have managed if he had been younger and not able to read and write.

Those were difficult weeks because we were away from our usual room and base in San Francisco. The hospital was quite remote which made it difficult for any family members to visit us — if indeed they would have enough rationed gasoline to make the long trip.

We treated a few children with mumps or chickenpox. Some children were brought there by their parents, who might have managed at home; we wondered if they just didn't want to and brought them to the hospital for care instead. The children were ill and wanted their parents but visiting hours were limited. It disturbed us that the parents didn't seem to want to visit!

Alameda County Hospital was located in a mixed ethnic neighborhood so I wondered why we did not see different races of people as patients. All the patients were Caucasian.

We all thought the hospital could be cleaner. In fact, we saw a lot of cockroaches on the walls in the patient rooms! The hallways were dingy, with poor lighting. The beds, as in our own hospital, were all iron and high, adjustable by crank only. There seemed to be a shortage of linen. Many of the patients were old and appeared poor and basically poor health even before they were hospitalized.

We were happy to have a day off. We usually did not explore the East Bay but preferred to go to our parents' house or to go home with a friend. We were all happy when the six week assignment was over.

STANFORD LANE HOSPITAL

The Stanford Lane Hospital was established in San Francisco since 1895. At the corner of Sutter Street near Fillmore, it was in a neighborhood that had been generally Japanese but now was predominantly Negro.

On the day I went there, most all the patients were pregnant women being admitted to the pre-partum department to await the delivery of their babies. For the first time, I had to puncture a vein and draw blood for analysis. I had the syringe in my hand and cleansed the patient's arm, and hesitated to put the needle into her skin. She was a Negro woman and I paused just a moment to make sure I could differentiate the clear outline of the vein. This was completely new to me and I didn't want to hurt her. I guess I hesitated longer than usual — or at least longer than I realized. Suddenly I heard a voice from behind me. A doctor watching rather impatiently said, "Well, put the needle in and get a blood sample!" I did as the voice said. I don't know if I caused

the poor lady any pain but she seemed to be grateful for her care and went on to be admitted for the delivery of her baby.

The clinic was very crowded that day with patients waiting quietly — most of them lying on cots or beds. I couldn't help noticing that everyone was whispering about the infant — apparently a newborn — that had been found on the outside steps of the clinic early that morning before any people had arrived. The baby found on the steps that morning was being cared for in the hospital out-patient department.

We worked there only one day but it was a good learning experience. As it happened later, I returned to work at Stanford Lane after graduating from nursing school.

ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

On a weekend near the end of the second year of school, I was invited to go home with a student from Hayward. Her name was Mary, one of the first people I got to know at the hospital. She was in one class ahead of mine but we became friends as she and I were often assigned to work in the same areas. Occasionally we and other friends went on hikes together as far as Golden Gate Park, where we rented bicycles for an hour or so.

When Mary invited me to spend a weekend at her home in Hayward, we waited until we had two days off at the same time.

We traveled by bus for about an hour and a half to her house, a nice single dwelling in a suburban neighborhood in the east bay. Both she and her mother made me feel welcome, and I was introduced to their cocker spaniel, "Jo-Jo", a member of the family!

I was surprised to find that her mother, called Virginia, was living alone and Mary's father was away in the Army. They told me that he was in the Aleutian Islands where the Japanese had invaded in 1942. Mary had not told me any details, and I was unaware of the war in the north Pacific. I knew nothing about the battles in the Aleutians. I paused to think: "That was only six months after Pearl Harbor, when I was graduating from high school — that was a long time ago!"

I was eager to learn what had escaped my attention, so I asked Virginia to tell me about it. She eagerly began. "When the Japanese invaded the Aleutian Islands in 1942, the U.S. was not prepared for that idea — that Japan might try to invade continental America from the northwest." Japan secured two islands, Kiska and Attu. On those islands the Japanese soldiers had become acclimated to the harsh weather and bleak volcanic terrain. So they survived."

Virginia spoke of Mary's father as "Walt", and continued. "Walt was recruited by the U.S. Army to be an officer on a base that was quickly built on one of the nearby islands to defend and defeat the enemy."

"During the first battles, the American forces were outnumbered and not prepared to endure the cold weather. They suffered hardship and defeat. Their war injuries were compounded with severe frostbite. Part of their trouble was not having

the equipment and clothes to fight in the bitter cold."

"Walt's job was to help oversee the military installation for supplying equipment to soldiers maintaining a defense force and to prevent further invasion."

Virginia continued, "Most everybody was surprised by the invasion in those remote islands. After several battles over the next few months, involving warships and airplanes, the Japanese abruptly withdrew. The U.S. wasn't sure why the Japanese had chosen to quit in the midst of battle, but it was imagined that perhaps they feared the arrival of U.S. bombers."

She said, "There was nothing on those islands, Attu and Kiska, but a few cold and bare mountains and a few natives, the Aleuts, who the Japanese took to Japan as prisoners."

With a deep sigh, she added, "Those poor people, I wonder what ever became of them!" Then in a calm happy voice, "By now, hostilities in Alaska have ceased and I am looking forward to Walt returning home safely as soon as the war is over."

After listening, I remembered that the Aleutian Islands belonged to America since the purchase of Alaska in 1867. They didn't seem to be of strategic value but it became obvious that Japan could invade America from the west.

With that event, it was recognized that Japanese military camps on American territory constituted a true invasion of American soil. I was happy to learn that the U.S. now had control of the North Pacific. The war was now being fought closer to the Japanese home islands, and the end of hostilities was anticipated.

During my weekend visit in Hayward, Mary and I went to a neighborhood shopping area where a store had opened rumored to have nylon stockings for sale. This was a special event that we wanted to investigate. We were not successful in buying any stockings but customers who arrived before we did made their purchases. Nylons had been hard to find during the war. Just the idea that they might now be available was cheerful news.

We returned to San Francisco to continue our rotations through various departments. Mary's class was to graduate soon. In compliance with the Cadet Corps' governing agreement, graduating students were obliged to join the U.S. Army Nurse Corps. Before Mary was assigned to a newly-built military surgical hospital in San Mateo County, she was given the opportunity to choose an assignment. She was asked

if she would have any "problem" taking care of people of other ethnicities such as are found in Hawaii. She declined to go there because she said she *would* have a problem with that. I could hardly believe what I was hearing. I was surprised and disappointed by her attitude and actions. I thought it is sad when we can't accept people as fellow humans whomever or wherever they are.

On my day off, frequently I went home to Redwood City. I used the small suitcase Mother purchased for me because it was just the right size. The time at home was short as I usually had only one day off. I didn't invite any friends to come home with me because there wasn't room in the house. But I did enjoy seeing my brothers and my parents.

Unfortunately, my sister Jean wasn't there. She had contracted poliomyelitis during the previous summer while she was staying in Utah with Grandmother and Grandfather Clark.

When she recovered from the initial illness she was returned to California in a bed made for her in a station wagon. Then she was in a rehabilitation hospital, called a sanatorium. After her stay there, she accepted assistance from Grandfather Clark and went to attend Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah.

HOME WITH PEARL

One of my friends, called Pearl, was from Winters, California, a small town near Davis, where a branch of the University of California was later located. It was a community mostly inhabited by people who emigrated from Spain in the early 1900s. Many of them, like Pearl's father, owned apricot orchards established from seedlings brought from Valencia, Spain.

I traveled by Greyhound bus from San Francisco to Oakland and then north past Vallejo where shipbuilding and ship repairs remained a 24-hour activity in the harbor. I thought of the waterways nearby where I once went fishing with my father, and the big ships I once saw in "mothballs". By this time in the war, most of those had been repaired and put into service, or the iron and steel from their hulls was being reemployed.

The scenery became increasingly barren as we traveled the highway which narrowed each time we went through a small settlement until it was just two lanes wide. I saw field of grass and a few billboards announcing restaurants and service stations to be found farther on. It was a long way north and I did not recall being there before.

After a long while, I stepped off the bus in Winters. I was on the highway still — it was the main street through the town. I looked around to see one service station, a movie theater and a few separate buildings, stores and one hotel. I stood there a few minutes before a car came up and Pearl and her father came to greet me.

Pearl had traveled home a week or so previously at the start of her two week vacation; I was joining her for the second week.

On the way to their house we stopped at one of their friends' home for a short visit. Everyone was speaking Spanish and very loudly and fast; I thought everyone was angry at everyone else. But that wasn't the case. I just didn't understand the language or their manners at first.

We arrived at their house where I was introduced to Pearl's mother, a very sweet neat little lady and to her smiling young sister. I was shown around the farm and cautioned not to touch the newborn rabbits. Theirs was a small frame house at the crest of a hill, surrounded by animal pens and apricot trees.

One night we went to a movie. The audience was filled with happy, loud people who apparently enjoyed every facet of the action they witnessed. I could tell from the marquee that all the movies were cowboy movies and in Spanish.

One or two days later, Pearl's father came into the house and said the apricot packing house was in desperate need of more people to work on the packing line. Pearl and I were quickly recruited to fill in the immediate need.

That was certainly a new and different experience! We went to work where I was given a station separate from Pearl. I felt lost especially among all the Spanish-speaking people but everyone around me was friendly and started teaching me how to pack and to learn a few words of their language. The first word I learned was, "lapiz" (pencil). I was enthusiastic about the job and I tried; I found it more difficult than first described. My work was met with some frowns from the men overlooking the packing line so I don't think I did a very good job. I was not asked to continue beyond a few days. The ladies working near me on the assembly line were very friendly and treated me as a novelty; I noticed them smiling and nodding in my direction and giggling amongst themselves. Still they were friendly and I felt accepted in the group.

The people in Winters told me of how afraid they were of the Japanese that lived in the woods not far from town. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the high school in Winters had been set afire and severely burned. The people in Winters were positive that it was the Japanese who had set it.

One day we hiked up a few low hills into a thick forest, to a clearing and a house where the Japanese people had lived. It was a large square frame building, very much in the Japanese style. An open porch surround the central square living quarters. The rooms were spacious and empty of furniture. The entire house felt pleasantly open to the exterior. A few kerosene lamps were left on the floor which indicated that the Japanese lived there without electricity or heating. The house was large enough to provide for as many as ten or twelve people. The building was remote from town and different from any other in the area. Suspicion, prejudice and accusations are easily formed when any people live differently from the nearby population. But also, after Pearl Harbor, any Japanese were suspected of being traitors and capable of sabotage. That was the conclusion of the people of Winters at that time.

I enjoyed spending time with Pearl, meeting her mother and father and little sister. Pearl's mother seemed delighted to serve scrambled eggs, cooked with olive oil and sausage, every morning for breakfast. I wasn't used to so many calories but the

food she cooked tasted delicious.

Once we were back in San Francisco, we happily resumed our nursing duties while continuing our occasional exploration of the city.

NURSING DUTIES AND CHALLENGES

Something that I did not anticipate was the stress I felt when returning to nursing duty after a few days off. Usually my patient assignment was completely new and unfamiliar, which meant extra energy and time would be necessarily devoted to learning new patients, their diagnoses and required treatments. I felt challenged to quickly study the patients' charts and learn their current health problems.

Because of the war there were only a very few registered nurses on the staff. Most of the registered nurses were in Head Nurse positions— one or two were our instructors and only two or three filled in the night hours. It was unusual to find a male nurse but there was one male registered nurse who worked at night. His name was Mr. Thomas who we called "Tommy" which he accepted with a smile. Tommy was very well liked by all the students primarily because he helped us not only understand duties according to the patient needs but he shared many stories from his past experiences. He was a very sweet elderly man with lots of energy and a sincere regard for our education.

There were enough students to staff the hospital so that we each had a patient load of five to six patients for the daytime and eight to ten in evenings. We liked to get to know our patients; most of them had interesting personalities and were from various social backgrounds.

One time on my return to duty after a day at home, I was assigned to the medical floor where there was a four-bed ward. As it often happened, almost all beds were occupied. On this particular day, I found four female patients, each with a different medical condition. One was a Negro lady. Patients of different ethnic and racial backgrounds were hospitalized but we didn't often have Negro patients. This particular case caused some turmoil because a Caucasian female patient in the first bed by the wall in the ward complained to her doctor about the "black" lady occupying the same room as she. The doctor was taken aback by this complaint. After he heard her remarks, he returned to the chart room and wrote an order for her dismissal. We were all happy to see his attitude and actions.

In the twelve bed ward on the other side of the hospital, a Negro man was in one of the beds; nobody complained about him in that room.

That was not the only time I witnessed racial discrimination and a display of prejudice.

One day I was invited to go to a pool party in Marin County. I was very happy to plan ahead for a nice holiday. I decided to buy some fabric and make a dress for the occasion. I went downtown to the City of Paris department store, to buy the pattern and fabric. As I was going up an escalator in that beautiful store, I happened to look over to the ladies' department and observed a Negro lady looking through a rack of fur coats. She chose one off the rack to look at it more closely. As I watched from a distance, I clearly heard the clerk say in a commanding impolite voice, "You put that on and you buy it!" With that the lady pulled a roll of money from a pocket in her pants and paid for the coat! She wore it as she left. I am not sure she had even put the coat on before she handed over the money.

I thought about this later and realized this encounter could just be a clash of cultures. The negro woman, dressed in working clothes (not the usual attire for downtown San Francisco) and who was apparently from the South was probably working in a defense factory had money to buy whatever she wanted. She may not have known that, in an exclusive store, customers are served and do not help themselves, especially fine clothes. The clerk was probably not accustomed to customers helping themselves and saw the buyer's behavior as bad manners. Negroes were not often seen in San Francisco before the war; I was sad to speculate that the clerk's behavior was motivated by racial hatred.

In San Francisco, the Chinese mostly stayed in their own section of the city as did the Italians and Portuguese, but as far as I observed they never met any animosity or even particular notice. As groups, they were most likely to follow the customs of dress and behavior usual in San Francisco. The situation was similar for the Japanese also until they were forced to move. But Negroes moving into the Bay area was something quite different. San Francisco was in the midst of tremendous change, and the influx of so many people from other states (especially the deep South) was seen as a kind of threat by some of the established citizens.

One day, traveling on the Geary street car from downtown to the Nursing School, I observed two very well dressed elderly ladies. I saw then sitting next to each other in one of the front seats. They were finely dressed, as was the custom in San Francisco — wool coats, hats and gloves and holding leather purses on their laps. I guessed they were wealthy ladies whose chauffeurs had been drafted, thus making streetcar travel necessary.

Standing in the crowded aisle near the seated ladies, were several Negro sailors.[7] One of the ladies looked up at them as I heard her say to her friend, "Oh, isn't it nice they donate their time for *our* country!" Perhaps this remark could be understood in several ways but I thought it was possible that they did not recognize the sailors as fellow citizens.

Our nurses' residence was in the Negro neighborhood. I once helped when a young injured Negro boy was seen in the Emergency Room. I dared to complain to the attending doctor about his prejudicial attitude toward the boy. For this, I was sent into the hallway where I was to remain until the treatment was completed. I was sad to see the racial discrimination. At the time I was in school, nurses were expected to do as the doctor commanded.

I knew then that I would never forget that experience and I wondered how long it would take and what social changes could be made to reduce the conflict between races.

[7] The military services were segregated until President Truman changed the segregation policy in 1948.

PATIENTS I KNEW

In the large women's ward on the second floor, I met a young patient who had recently immigrated to America from Europe. Reading her history, I saw she had been in Auschwitz concentration camp, and had been freed from threat of death only when the Americans and Russians discovered the camps, liberating everyone they found there. She had not been in the camp long — but long enough to see both of her parents taken to the gas chambers. She had been brought to safety but now needed special medical and psychiatric care.

She was about 18 years of age and obviously terrified of her new surroundings. She did not know English, so she and I had to invent some sign language in order to communicate. I felt especially sorry for her but was taught to not react too emotionally to patients as it might interfere with clear objective thinking. Nevertheless, I spent as much time as I could, sitting on her bed just talking to her — sometimes I gently massaged her back before she fell asleep.

She wanted the curtain around her cubicle pulled closed most all the day. I tried to understand her timidity and talked with her as often as possible.

Another strange but interesting patient was a little baby about 20 months old who was admitted to the Pediatric floor. He was a big fat, very lethargic kid. He watched us and followed us with his gaze but didn't talk or even move around. His physician suspected that his mother had overdosed him with synthetic vitamins. Vitamins had only recently been manufactured and sold in drug stores and available for anyone to buy. The doctor suspected that his mother might have given him too many. Subsequently, supplementary vitamins were omitted from his diet. Our job was to interact with him as much as possible and even carry him around to see out of the windows and to help him interact with the other kids.

It was amazing to watch the changes that he made. After about five weeks, he was quite a different child. He became more animated, he lost weight and moved around voluntarily and with obvious pleasure.

One patient who was one of the most disturbing to me was the care of a lady with a very unusual and severe dermatological problem. Apparently, there were no medications to relive the itching and irritation from which she was suffering. Narcotic

injections were kept at a minimum. The treatment for her was to make a bath of cooked oatmeal! Porridge was made in the kitchen — buckets full of it — and transported to a bathtub on the second floor near her cubicle. When it was somewhat cooled she was immersed in that goo!! What an unpleasant task — to put her in that bath. However, it did relieve some of the irritation she was continuously experiencing so she was quite willing to cooperate.

Almost every day I encountered something new and different. I learned about a variety of medical illnesses and the care needed to help patients get well. I also took care of a syphilitic patient where I learned details of that contagious illness. Another man in the same ward had trench mouth which was treated with Gentian Violet — swabbed into his mouth and on the tongue. He was a quiet man, obviously miserable with his problem but he didn't complain and cooperated with an expression of appreciation in his eyes.

Another male patient, a diabetic, suffered from large carbuncles on his neck. The doctors busily lanced them and tried to relieve the discomfort. They attempted to prevent them from recurring. I wanted to tell the doctors the story of my father (not a diabetic) who also suffered from large carbuncles on his neck. During one summer when we traveled to Utah, we all went swimming in the Great Salt Lake. (It was impossible to swim in the salty water, we just bobbed around like corks.) Curiously, after being in the salt water, my father no longer had any carbuncles. Unfortunately, I felt I was not observing correct protocol to tell the doctors anything so I kept my information to myself! I was sorry to see that patient go through such painful treatments.

It wasn't until my classmates and I were in our third year of nursing school that we learned about antibiotics. For example, sulfa powders had already been used in the war medical hospitals and possibly during a few years before we saw them. We learned about Penicillin which became available in very limited supply.

Penicillin in aqueous form was prescribed for one of my patients who had been diagnosed with Endocarditis. His physician ordered the injections to be put into the periosteum of the pelvic or femur bones. I was given this chore which I found to be very difficult. I knew those kind of injections would be extremely painful and I had to use my judgment about how to get the fluid into the prescribed spot. I had to insert the three-inch needle until I felt it reach the bone at the tip of the needle and pull back a tiny bit and hope the fluid would enter the space under the periosteum; it was pretty much feel and guess technique.

I especially liked that patient and how he tolerated those painful injections so very calmly. He occupied a private room on the medical floor where the strict nurse, whom I mentioned before, was in charge. My patient told the head nurse that he preferred my technique over other students' abilities; this pleased her very much. That patient was a jolly big Italian man who didn't stay in bed as ordered by his doctor. He had been an artist and had painted the ceilings of many chateaus and castles in Europe. It was a pleasure to take care of him. I remained dubious about the effectiveness of administering Penicillin in such a guess and hope manner.

His prognosis was not good, of course, but he was discharged. I hoped he was able to return to his beloved Italy.

One more patient that I will not forget was the fat lady who occupied the second bed in the large twelve-bed ward. I was assigned to her care with my good friend, Etta. Our job was to get her out of bed and transport her to X-Ray department by wheel chair.

Etta and I went to her bedside and explained what we were about to do. When Etta pulled back the sheets, she had to hide the expression on her face; it was obvious she — and I — had never encountered such a large person. We were no lightweights ourselves; with three of us in that small cubicle we felt like we were squeezed together.

Etta and I did help our lady sit up on the edge of the bed and from there onto the wheel chair — a large, clumsy wooden affair with adjustable leg and foot rests and a limited range of adjustments.

We were dismayed to find our lady would not begin to fit into the seat part of the chair and remained perched on the very front edge. We adjusted all the parts of the chair that were moveable but to get her more secure and more comfortable was impossible.

Inappropriately, Etta and I got the giggles. Like the young girls which we were, we felt embarrassed that we could not control our emotions. But as much as we tried, we could not stifle our laughter.

The only way we could keep our poor lady in the chair and from tipping and spilling out, was for us both to hang onto the back of the chair as counter weight. We were ashamed we could not control our giggles, but pretty soon our sweet patient

joined us and giggled too.

We all three, giggling as we went, made our way down the hallway toward the elevator and on to X-Ray.

I must tell of one more case. A young girl, age about ten years had been badly burned. She was confined in a private room with a double door entrance. The double doors were required because her treatment involved the use of maggots on her wounds as a kind of debridement. She tolerated the "tickling" sensation patiently but she was not told what was causing it. As the maggots matured they took flight as big black flies — the double doors were used to confine the flies to the private room. I think that treatment was not unusual at the time it was administered. But it disturbed me greatly.

On the pediatric ward, I took care of several children who underwent surgical repair for cleft palate. I also cared for a little baby who had been seriously burned when he put a live electric plug in his mouth. This type of injury was somewhat prevented with use of new adapters which could be placed over electric outlets.

My reward — and that of my fellow students — was to see patients get well and acknowledge their smiles and verbal "thank you"s.

PATIENT IN OXYGEN TENT

Along with my fellow students, I went to classes and did extra study in my room during the evenings. My disability of not reading well was still with me so I worked hard and spent extra time to complete each subject. I especially appreciated our teachers and occasionally a doctor who lectured to us. I could remember better what was said aloud than trying to figure out the words in the books. Once in a while several of us studied together. That helped me a lot; I wondered if I would ever come to a time when I could read with some ease and understanding.

We were in our second year. By this time, we were familiar with many diagnoses and the treatments required for each. We had yet to do rotations through Labor and Delivery and some of us had Surgery rotation yet ahead. But we took each day in stride. We were very aware of the shortage of nurses and other personnel required to work in a hospital; we wondered how different it might be when more staff was available.

All the study and work kept us busy but we also listened to news and were anxious to know about events in Europe as well as in the Pacific. With D-Day and the invasion of Europe just completed, we dared to anticipate a victory for the Allies in Europe. One of these days, doctors would be returning from war but we could only hope that the Pacific war would soon change to our advantage.

As our learning progressed I and my classmates were given increasing patient load and more responsibility. Sometimes during the night shift, we were responsible for the care of eight to ten patients. During the days, we had increasingly difficult patient care — patients who were very ill and those who required more complex care. We did have supervision but occasionally the instructions were delivered so briefly and quickly that we were left to figure out some details on our own.

For example, I was given the responsibility of setting up an oxygen tent over a patient named Sarah. She was a very old lady and obviously having a difficult time breathing. I consulted her chart and learned she either had congestive heart failure or pneumonia —possibly both at the same time. She was very pale, appeared apprehensive and looked very tired all at the same time. I tried to reassure Sarah as I started to work at her bedside. I observed that it was a lot of effort for her just to lift her head.

I went to Central Supply and got the canvas and net tent; it was large and clumsy to carry. I then had a tank of oxygen brought up from the basement to the patient's room.[8] One of the instructors helped me unfold the canvas and showed how to tuck it under the head of the mattress and all around her so no oxygen would go to waste.

I managed to get my little old lady as comfortable as possible. I attached the hose from the oxygen and it soon filled the space around her. Almost immediately Sarah began to breathe more easily. Her face became relaxed and she fell asleep. The next day I saw she was very much better. A little color had come into her face and she even smiled.

All the care — bed bath, medications and meals — were done with her under the tent as much as possible.

After about three days, she was comfortable out of the tent for short periods of time. This made bathing her and eating meals easier. One day as I was giving her the prescribed medications, and I saw she was feeling better, I asked: "How have you managed to live so many years?" She replied, "I have done to others as I have been done to." She smiled and I did too! She had the Golden Rule a little mixed up but I understood. Those are the kind of moments that made nursing rewarding even with all the hard work.

One day I was helping a male patient get ready to be discharged. His care was completed so I brought his clothes to his bedside. He was able to do much of the dressing himself but I was there to help if he needed assistance. We got all through but couldn't find one sock. We looked everywhere. I was afraid it had been lost. I began looking through other possessions and in the bedclothes when he started to complain. He said, "My shoe feels so tight!" Then he started to worry, "Maybe my foot is swollen for some reason!" Well, it didn't take much imagination to discover where his sock was. We both laughed as we found it in the toe of his shoe!

Patients in other nearby beds watched all this as if it was a show. Everyone was amused.

Other nurses had similar amusing experiences. Sometimes we were given

[8] We did not have piped-in oxygen. The tanks were large, about 5 feet tall and very heavy.

routine jobs such making bandages and preparing instruments for sterilizing. Instruments had to be wrapped in suitable pieces of cloth, clearly labeled and put on a cart to be taken to the autoclave for sterilization. One of our students was experiencing some frustration and went against all protocol by labelling the instruments incorrectly — she wrote, "Guess What" on each! Luckily, she was working with a friend who understood her personality and corrected the labels. This incident amazed and amused us. We were happy that no damage had been done.

That little episode happened when we were working in Labor & Delivery. It was the first time most of us had watched the birth of a baby. It was amazing and like a miracle every time a baby emerged into the world and started to cry and to breathe. When the war in Europe was coming to a close, many of the baby boys received the name of "Victor" and girls were named "Victoria." We had fun that day working in the nursery, we could call the babies by name — all the same!

Soon after June 1945, physicians who had been deployed in the European theater began returning to civilian life. My fellow student nurses were quick to notice their arrival and especially their relaxed manner. Compared to the doctors we were accustomed to in our midst, there was a sudden and surprising difference. No longer did the doctors appear to expect to be waited on. They went unassisted to Central Supply to obtain instruments and treatment supplies they needed. They smiled at us with cheerful greetings and we no longer had to stand or interrupt our work as they entered the chart room! Everyone was happier.

END OF WAR IN EUROPE

Before walking to breakfast each morning, we students assembled at 6:00 a.m. in the lobby of the nurses' residence for roll call. Dressed in fresh blue uniforms, white caps and polished white shoes, we greeted each other and eagerly shared any recent war news we had heard. My class was starting our final semester; we had developed a special sense of comradeship.

In response to the latest news indicating the final days of war in Europe, everybody walked faster; the entire atmosphere was busy with everyone talking, walking and working at a livelier pace. We listened to the radio as often as possible in order to stay informed. We treasured the times we could go to the movie theaters to see the newsreels.

Being at war creates a high pitch of anxiety, fear and constant worry that almost defies description! Every day and everything we did was against a background of apprehension. It was easy to recall my sentiments on that day in high school — December 7th, 1941 — when the Japanese bombed Hawaii. We all were so afraid and wondered what it would be like to be at war. Now, in nursing school and living in a city dedicating all its energies toward the war, and with millions of military personnel moving through the city, we understood something about it. While anticipating news from abroad, we students felt pressure to do our best in our limited role.

At the time I was a student nurse, most if not all registered nurses were in the U.S. Army Nurse Corps or some other military service and were overseas. This left nearly all nursing care to the students, in the civilian hospitals.

A definite hierarchy existed with special respect shown to staff doctors, with separation of students and professionals in the dining rooms; this was normal practice at that time.

At our hospital and those places where we had affiliations, all the staff were white and mostly male. There was one, and later two, female doctors on our staff. I witnessed two female midwives who were permitted to work in the Labor and Delivery department. Even in the County Hospital of the East Bay, all the physicians were white males. The only time we saw African-Americans in a professional setting was at Stanford Lane Hospital in the out-patient clinic.

I certainly did not hold any animosity toward other races; race was just something we didn't talk about. Our environment was regarded with no unusual attention directed toward defining differences in people. For example, we soon began admitting many emigrants, usually poor Jews who had escaped the war in Europe. Eventually, we had patients who had been in concentration camps and who had been rescued first by the Russians in Poland and later by the Americans in such places as Auschwitz. We felt sorry for these people but did not pay any attention to their ethnicity.

We students felt happy and willing to fill our place in our working environment. We made these newcomers comfortable including helping them talk about their recent experiences. Most people who had been in concentration camps had lost close members of their families in the Holocaust.

Some days we felt extreme fatigue because of the heavy patient load and from working six-day weeks and long hours. We covered all shifts: evening, night and split shifts. Our one day off each week was often staggered to allow us to have two days off in a row which meant being on duty continuously for ten to fourteen days. Nevertheless, we worked without complaining. In addition, probably to our ultimate advantage, we were given increased responsibility. We felt the importance of doing a good job, of not making mistakes. We felt protected away from the front lines of war but at the same time we wished we could do more.

One of the pleasant events at our school happened every evening. Tea was served at 4:00 p.m. in the lobby of our residence. During that time we relaxed a little while drinking hot tea and munching cookies. That was a good time to talk about problems or amusing things that had happened that day. And of course, we were all eager to learn about the latest war news. Tea was served by our house mother; sometimes she joined in our conversations. We liked to hear what she had to say because she had had time to read newspapers and stay up with whatever was new.

Everyone everywhere had celebrated the great achievement of Allied troops landing on the beaches of Normandy, but why was it now taking so long to finally defeat the axis powers? D-Day had taken place on June 6, 1944, and now the summer months were passing one by one and the fighting continued. After the invasion at Normandy, we hoped for and anticipated the end of the war in Europe. But that didn't happen for a long time. We wondered when Hitler would be defeated. We followed some of the major events such as de Gaulle's asylum in England. We finally received news that the Americans had reached Paris on August 25. This gave us cause to

celebrate. While we were in relative comfort, we empathized with both the soldiers and the civilian population — people directly involved in all the warfare.

At long last, American and Allied forces and the Russians reached Berlin; the war in Europe was finally over. But the unconditional surrender of the Germans was difficult to finalize. With the perseverance of the Allied Commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower and his leadership strength, the unconditional surrender was finally achieved on May 8 and 9, 1945.

We all celebrated when V-E Day[9] was declared, making it official that Europe had been secured by the Allies. We were not surprised to learn that Hitler had committed suicide. Like everyone else, we wondered why it took him so long to realize that defeat was inevitable after the Allies had stormed the beaches at Normandy.

A week or so later, my close friend Etta and her family received a letter from their son who was in the Air Force in Europe. The telephone rang in the residence lobby. Etta's mother was calling to tell her their latest news from their son. He had now finished his tour in Europe and had signed on to go to the Pacific and help in the war that was still raging there. Her parents were very upset that their son wouldn't take the first opportunity to return home! But Etta understood her brother and was proud of his courage and determination to do his duty for his country.

One event shocked us all — one of our classmates, Maria, had secretly married a sailor. We knew what that meant and we were sad. Students were not allowed to be married or have been married, so she was asked to leave. This was a huge disappointment to us, to her and to her parents as well. There were only six or months of study and work to finish the semester. Being in nursing school at that time was like being in a nunnery!

What else was going on at this time? One thing minor but annoying was the California legislature forgot to vote on the date ending daylight-saving time that year. As a consequence, we found ourselves walking to work from our building to the

[9] V-E day was a public holiday celebrated in Europe as well as in the U.S., to mark the acceptance by the Allies of the Nazi's unconditional surrender. Some years later I was in Leiden, Holland, looking at a statue of LIBERTY surrounded by beautiful flowers. I asked some young men passing by, "Why are all the flowers here?" They answered, "this is the day Americans gave us back our country."

hospital at 6:00 a.m. (really 5:00 a.m.) and in cold darkness. One hour made a big difference during the winter months.

During the busy days, we looked for "down times" when we could relax and enjoy ourselves. Like most everybody we needed a break away from the news and the care of patients. Whenever we had a special event to celebrate, like D-Day, we planned some nice parties. Once we put on a skit to entertain our coworkers — some of the staff doctors came to see our performance.

In March, 1945, we were happy to learn that the Japanese who had been sent to internment camps were now released. That meant they had been in camps for two years and nine months. They were now permitted to return to live in former communities if they wished and if it was possible. For many, circumstances had changed, their homes and businesses had been sold and they were obliged to make other choices. In spite of this news, we sympathized with their plight and hoped for the best. Regrettably, Japanese were still feared and the prejudice against them continued. For example, they could not always afford to buy back their businesses or homes and were often denied the opportunity to advance themselves.

When I heard about the release from camps, I immediately thought of my friend, Kioko, — the girl I knew in school in Redwood City. Somehow I learned that she had been permitted to leave camp and go to college in one of the eastern states. I was happy for her. She was very intelligent and would do well at school. That news aroused my deepest wish: I wondered if I would ever have the chance to go to college.

The news from Europe was encouraging but news from the Pacific was not. Despite loss of ships, equipment and fighting forces, the Japanese continued to fight.

One of those places was on Iwo Jima. That battle, February and March, 1945 was of strategic importance because Iwo Jima was one of the major island defense installations of the Japanese and close enough to Japan so our airplanes could reach Japan. It was also in March when General Curtis Le May was ordering bombing of Tokyo. First he ordered fire bombs and later followed these with thousands of leaflets informing the Japanese citizens to give up the war, that their emperor could do nothing more to win the war. The bombing caused an unimaginable amount of loss of life. The continuous fighting by the Japanese indicated that they were relentless and refused to accept the idea of defeat.

Our curiosity was aroused by reports of Kamikaze suicide pilots; it must be an

extraordinary sense of patriotism that made the Japanese deliberately kill themselves by crashing their planes on battleships. How could they be made willing to kill themselves in deliberate crashes? Were they convinced they would immediately be rewarded in heaven or an afterlife? Were they enticed to such desperate measures by liquor or a prayer? It was difficult to imagine how they were motivated. And we could hardly imagine, the threat our soldiers and sailors must be experiencing.

We wanted to learn the final decisions in Europe, and looked forward to what might happen next to end the war in the Pacific.

PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco is always exciting because so much is constantly going on; one never knows what might happen next. I was in the City of Paris department store with my friend Patricia who was helping me choose some pretty fabric for a new dress. A dance was planned in our Residence in about two weeks and I wanted something new to wear. It was always a treat to go to that beautiful store so we lingered a while and leisurely had a refreshment at the second-floor lunch counter.

When we stepped out of the store, we were delighted to be in bright sunshine and not in cold and overcast fog which is the usual weather in San Francisco in summertime.

With my purchase securely tucked under my arm, we walked toward Market Street to catch a street car to return home. As we walked along, we liked to look at store window displays and take a moment to notice the flower vendor with his wares clearly displayed on the corner kiosk; it seemed like he was always there with his cheerful voice and perpetual smile. I often bought a gardenia because I like them and I guess I liked to see his smile!

Just as we reached Market Street, our attention was suddenly drawn to the sound of oncoming sirens accompanied by a rush of traffic. We turned toward the direction of oncoming noise and had a clear view of the many approaching vehicles. From the sidewalk we saw a fast traveling motorcade — large black limousines with waving American Flags mounted on the front fenders of each car passing in front of us. The second car was surrounded by motorcycle policemen. Everyone around us stopped to watch the parade of cars speeding westward. Patricia and I just barely caught sight of President Truman seated in the second car as it passed close to us.

We guessed that he had just left his suite at the Palace Hotel at Third Street and Market; we were at Fifth and Market. We assumed he was being escorted to Van Ness Avenue to the War Memorial Opera House. There, he was scheduled to address the closing session of the United Nations Charter Conference. It was exciting to see the president and the grand motorcade and to understand the significance of his presence in our city. We were thrilled to see history as it was being made.

Most of the meetings up until that time had been held in the War Memorial

Opera Building, where the dignitaries and their assistants had adequate space for the many meetings required to write the document. Today, June 26, 1945, was the final day marking the accomplishment and completion of a historic agreement. All nations would have the opportunity to sign in a ceremony held in the Veterans' Memorial Auditorium. Only the major representatives from each country were needed to be present to read, approve and sign the final document. The auditorium was appropriate and beautiful place for the final session.

All this excitement aroused my memories of early experiences in those two buildings. When I was a young girl, sometime about 1934, Aunt Phyllis took me and my sister Jean to see and tour the Opera House, a wonderful Greek Ionic-styled building. We spent a lovely afternoon walking through the stairways and halls. Aunt Phyllis enjoyed talking to us about how the building was constructed. She told us it was built just a few years before our tour — about 1932 — with municipal funds for as much as several million dollars. We thought the two grand staircases on either side of the entrance hall were like being in a castle. They added majesty to the entrance. We looked into the auditorium and saw the beautiful wall sculpture that surrounds the stage. We liked listening to Aunt Phyllis's quiet, dignified voice. I noticed that she seemed to take a special delight in pointing out the Louis XIV furniture placed throughout the hallways near the entrance to rooms. She watched our faces to see our expressions; she wanted us to enjoy the beauty as she did. We were happy to listen and try to remember all she told us. I think that is one place and time that we began to enjoy beautiful surroundings and in sharing her appreciation of beauty.

The War Memorial building was ideal — a large place was needed for the crowd of about 800 delegates from 46 countries. With staffs and news reporters, the number totaled more than 3000 people, formed into many committees in order to draft the finished document. Every sentence was studied and scrutinized and debated so the final charter could be agreed upon by everyone.

President Truman had the honor to address the closing session held in the auditorium of the Veterans' Memorial Building. There, representatives from 46 nations attended the conference, with six more soon added for a total of 50. Mr. Truman's comments are a clear statement of the purpose and hopes for the UN organization:

> *"The Charter of the United Nations which you have just signed,"* said President Truman in addressing the final session, *"is a solid structure upon which we can build a better world. History will honor you for it. Between the victory in Europe and the final victory, in this most destructive of all wars, you*

have won a victory against war itself... With this Charter the world can begin to look forward to the time when all worthy human beings may be permitted to live decently as free people."

Then the President pointed out that the Charter would work only if the peoples of the world were determined to make it work.

"If we fail to use it," he concluded, "we shall betray all those who have died so that we might meet here in freedom and safety to create it. If we seek to use it selfishly - for the advantage of any one nation or any small group of nations — we shall be equally guilty of that betrayal. "

Credit: http://www.history.com/topics/world-war-ii/atlantic-charter

The finished document was placed on a large table on the stage of the auditorium. A flag from every nation lined the space behind the table. One by one, each delegate proceeded to the platform to sign. The delegate from China was given the opportunity to sign first because China had been the first country attacked by an Axis power at the beginning of the second world war.

I again remembered my mother's comment from years before when she learned that the Japanese had invaded Manchuria (1939), she exclaimed, "Oh, I wish they could leave other countries alone! Why do they have to do that?"

The Polish government was not yet formed after the surrender of Germany so space was left for that signature; their representative signed later. After the business in San Francisco, each country took the document to their individual governments for approval until it was finally accepted; the time required for that was about four months.

When Patricia and I returned home to Mt. Zion, we eagerly described what we had seen to our friends. Newspapers next day gave us a complete report including the final speech Mr. Truman had delivered. I wished I could have been one of the visitors at the conference. Still, I was caught up in the excitement of being a witness to history being made.

The Opera House retains a special magic for me, a thrill each time I have entered the magnificent building. Following my initial visit — perhaps one year after the first tour — Aunt Phyllis, this time with Grandmother Clark, was visiting again from Utah. They took Jean and me there to hear our first symphonic performance. Now, nursing students always appreciated tickets given to us by some of the resident physicians. I remember seeing Pierre Manteaux conduct many times. Using these free tickets, we went to see a final performance of Ballet Russe as well as operas and concerts by leading artists. The first opera I saw was "Aida". I considered myself very lucky to have had personal experiences in that beautiful building.

So many things had been happening that year. My friends and I were aware and thought about some of them. For example, preparations for the completion of the UN Charter were begun years before by President Roosevelt when he and Winston Churchill met in August, 1941, on naval ships in Newfoundland to write the Atlantic Charter (a statement that set out American and British goals for after the end of the war). At that meeting, the two leaders basically agreed to assure a peaceful future for all nations to work toward international cooperation and to secure better living and working conditions for all. Their hope was that Allied nations would support the Atlantic Charter.

FDR had just died in April, and President Truman was filling the role of president superbly. He picked up the reins as commander of the armed services and followed up on diplomatic missions, such as FDR's meetings with Stalin at different

previous times. Now, after the UN Conference, Truman could look forward to finishing the war in the Pacific.

The next month, July 9 to July 17, President Truman would be in Potsdam, Germany to meet with Winston Churchill, and the new Prime Minister of England, Atlee and Joseph Stalin to work out how European boundaries would be managed now that the Germans had unconditionally surrendered.

CONFERENCE AT POTSDAM

One afternoon, weeks after I was lucky to see President Truman on Market Street, I joined a group of friends chatting while taking tea in the lobby of our residence. As often happened lately, a lively discussion was in progress. Almost everyone was focused on President Truman, admiring his definite actions and leadership. We wondered what his next actions might be. We eagerly waited for news that would tell us of the end of the war.

Miss Coleman, one of our instructors, came in and promptly joined our group. Because of her friendly and supportive attitude, we were comfortable in her presence and welcomed her comments. We told her we were curious about the conference held at Potsdam and what was accomplished there.

Miss Coleman quickly picked up on our topic and said, "At this moment President Truman is returning from Europe where he met with the Allied leaders. The persons at the conference included Winston Churchill, the new Prime Minister of Great Britain, Adlai Stevenson, and Joseph Stalin from The Soviet Union. Together they discussed and decided how the boundaries of Germany, Poland and other countries would be settled now that the fighting was over. Also with the Nazi surrender, steps were put in place to prevent Germany from rebuilding a military state. Included was a provision that those persons guilty of war crimes would face trial.

Someone spoke up and said, "I wonder how President Truman was received by all those leaders as he was stepping into the place of FDR."

We learned that the leaders also set the terms for the surrender of Japan, and President Truman told Stalin that the U.S. had a weapon capable of terrible destruction. To which Stalin supposedly replied, "I hope it is put to good use."

One of us added a reminder that it was only in May that General Eisenhower had successfully secured an unconditional surrender by the German government. We understood that after that, the NATO conference in San Francisco had been possible in June and now it was July. I wondered what the next step would be.

After the tea, we left the lobby for the short walk to the dining room where we continued our conversation. Someone voiced her skepticism about the Japanese. We all were wondering how long it would be before the Japanese stopped fighting. We

had all seen the newspapers stories of the battles on Iwo Jima and more recently, in and around Okinawa — so close to the Japanese main island. The Japanese city of Tokyo was already being bombed since May and now it was July. By this time everyone was anxious to see the war come to an end.

Miss Coleman said it was reported that at the conference in Potsdam, President Truman had given notice to the Prime Minister of Japan that the United States had a weapon that could cause terrible destruction. And with that, he urged the Japanese to surrender. He received no reply.

THE ATOM BOMBS

Atomic bombs were dropped on Japan on August 6 and 9, 1945. The cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were chosen because they were considered strategic military sites. A committee from the Manhattan Project had decided to avoid bombing cities regarded as cultural centers.

In the fall of 1945, as busy as we students were with our work in the hospital, we paid close attention to the war news. Every day we thought more about the battles in the Pacific. President Truman had been in San Francisco and at Potsdam at the same time as Churchill and Stalin to set the terms for the Japanese surrender. Our battleships had been close to mainland Japan, the battle of Okinawa was raging. General Le May was commander in China from where he sent B-29s to drop bombs on Tokyo. In our discussions, we asked, "Why was it taking so long for the war to end?"

After the bombs were dropped, the Emperor of Japan announced a surrender on August 10, but this was rejected by the military leaders. In fact, some in the Japanese military refused to believe the news and continued fighting in several places. Allied ships and landing barges were struck and sunk by the Japanese.

We could hardly imagine the horrific killing and stressful battles that our soldiers were enduring. From newspaper articles, we had a vague idea of the Manhattan Project and were hoping something could be created to finally end the war. Then, in August, we learned about the atom bombs that had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. What horror!

Just as soon as we could get time, we rushed to the movie theaters to see newsreels. We were all shocked and astounded! We felt sadness for the poor victims caught under those explosions.

We watched the pictures over and over, not believing our eyes. Some of us went back to the theatres several times because we had a hard time fathoming the horrible explosion; the pictures of the huge mushroom cloud were almost unbelievable.

We hoped that this event would certainly bring the war to an end and see the surrender of the Japanese. We felt certain that the President and military leaders

thought it would be the final blow to Japan. However, news of surrender did not come.

We students continued studying, following exact procedures and completing rotations through different departments in the hospital as well as affiliations in other facilities. But we kept our eyes and ears on the news hoping for the war to end.

Finally the Japanese did surrender. The papers were signed on September 2 on board the USS Arizona.

TROOP SHIPS COME HOME

As on most mornings, my fellow students and I completed roll call in the lobby of the nurses' residents and headed to the dining room for breakfast. Some of us planned a hike over the hill to the Marina District when we got off duty so we were a little discouraged by the overcast skies and threat of cold weather. A sunny day was too much to hope for so we decided to keep our plans anyway. Our speculations for a pleasant afternoon continued in the chatter in the dining room. Our class was beginning the third year. We did not neglect out studies but we used every excuse possible to get out of the hospital and walk to the Marina, our favorite destination.

Someone asked, "Have you heard that San Francisco is planning some sort of city-wide celebration today?" Few of us had any idea about a celebration.

After closing our charts and getting off duty at 3:30, we started out for our walk. It is just a short distance to the top of the hill on Divisadero which we reached with ease. From the top of the hill, just north of our residence, the magnificent panorama of the San Francisco Bay came into view. Suddenly we were surprised by loud noises coming from every direction. We wondered what the reason could be for all the whistles, fog horns, and sirens sounding at the same time. Airplanes were flying overhead, tug boats and fishing boats were out in the water as if on a holiday.

The war in the Pacific had ended. San Francisco was celebrating the return of the troops. It took a moment for us to realize what was happening: San Francisco was giving a happy welcome to the ships returning from the Pacific. Everyone everywhere in America, all people were happy to see the war end and it was American's wish for a rapid demobilization. The government was doing its part to make that happen as expediently as possible. There were over 8 million troops overseas in Europe and in the Pacific — it was a massive undertaking to bring them all home. It was fall of 1945. A major effort was being made to get some of the troops home for Christmas. That was what we were witnessing as we looked out over the scene in front of us.

We watched ship after ship appear out of the fog and pass under the Golden Gate Bridge. The ships were not clean and shiny as we had seen with departing vessels but were smeared with huge dark spots and obvious damage from sea battles. The decks did not have sailors lined up in strict military order; men were everywhere — even sitting on some of the guns on deck. They were waving their arms and hollering

in loud happy voices.

We couldn't see inside Fort Mason where the soldiers and sailor disembarked but we could imagine it was a noisy and confusing place with lots of happy people and servicemen anxious to get home. Later it was reported that some cab drivers took returning service men all the way home — even to faraway states — and only charged for the gasoline.

We watched this spectacular scene. Tears ran down our faces. We were happy and sad too. We could feel the joy of the men returning home — and for their families — but the thoughts of the many men who would never return weighed heavily on our hearts.

Among the returning troops were some that had been confined in Japanese prison camps; theirs was a particularly horrible story — almost unbelievable. Then, there were the Negro troops who would not return until later because with the hurried preparations for making room for troops, there wasn't space for segregated bunks. Many kinds of ships were modified to carry the troops, even the Queen Mary. Some of the bunks were built in tiers of four and five or higher.

San Francisco made the welcome a resounding happy event. Everyone we saw, some people waving their arms from second-story windows, some coming into the streets and shouting for joy. There was no mistaking that this was a true celebration.

We would learn that soldiers returning from war were very different people from the older generation at home. Men in combat had learned to rely on each other — and on women — as competent partners in dire situations. Many of them had new regard for women that we welcomed but that their fathers did not understand or share.

The end of the war had a direct effect on nursing students who had agreed to join The U.S. Nurse Cadet Corps with the intent and obligation to enter the Army Nurse Corps for the duration. The women in the class ahead of mine did go into government service but my class was excused from the obligation. Therefore we were allowed to finish our schooling. One of my classmates worked in the Red Cross. Another worked for the Indian Service and went to live on an American Indian reservation.

In the days after seeing the first ships return, we looked for reports about it in the newspapers. In the cafeteria, in the hospital and everywhere we congregated,

there was a steady buzz of chatter about what might happen next. We looked forward to more nurses and doctors returning to civilian life and working the hospital.

Those in my class were now free to make individual choices about their future.

We had about ten months to go before graduation and there was much still to do. Several of us, my friend Etta included, went to a hospital in the East Bay to complete an affiliation specifically designed to teach us emergency room protocol. We spent about six weeks there and were satisfied to learn new procedures. Our teachers, senior nursing students, exhibited exceptional leadership skills and demonstrated a thorough knowledge of emergency room procedures. As we finished one shift, Etta and I listened to one nurse in particular who gave a thorough report on each patient. We remarked later that she set a good example.

Aside from basic review of physical responses to accidents and injuries requiring immediate care, we were required to practice triage. When we returned to our home hospital, we taught these new skills to classmates.

As part of our schooling, we completed another course on pharmacology and another on jurisprudence. Some of the lecturers were doctors newly returned from the war. They also told us interesting stories about field hospitals.

Additionally, we had time to plan some recreation. I was president of the student body so I formed some committees to organize U.S.O. dances, and we even put on a play. The play was fashioned after Judy Garland's performance in "Meet Me in St. Louis". We had a lot of fun putting that on. The audience responded with laughter and applause so I guess we could call it a success.

The hospital staff and our teachers helped organize dances. I had a new white formal that I enjoyed wearing. Some of the doctors were talented musicians and played an instrument or sang. But sometimes it seemed as though everyone was tired. Yet, our instructors remained patient with us and diligently reviewed technical knowledge helping us to prepare for state board examinations which we would take in a few months.

I still had Surgery rotation to do in our home hospital before end of training. Also, I had more work to do on post-operative care units where I saw new medications appear, such as penicillin, which was becoming more regularly prescribed for 'miracle' treatments and cures.

ROTATION THROUGH SURGERY

Compared to other departments in the hospital, I thought Surgery was the most difficult and the most mysterious. That particular area seemed strange to me because I couldn't see what was going on. Most of the students did not have a good background in the study of anatomy and physiology. One student in our group who had completed a course in anatomy including dissection had an advantage; she was comfortable and confident working in surgery because she understood how and in what parts of the body each surgery involved. We studied anatomy books and charts but we realized these were not really adequate for the best understanding. If we had learned details of anatomy before nursing school without a doubt it would have helped. As it was, I had little idea of what was on the interior of the body.

The first thing we had to do in Surgery was learn how to scrub — a very detailed and progressive method which required meticulous procedure — one step before the next — which, once learned, was really boring! After that, we learned to don sterile gowns and gloves, and generally maintain a sterile environment.

By this time, from working in Central Supply, we knew the names of instruments and how sterile gloves were packed; now we learned how to set them out on tables in the order needed for the planned surgery. I learned what was required with a fair amount of ease but helping the doctor get into a sterile gown and hold the rubber gloves so he could keep a sterile field after he had scrubbed was not so easy. Sometimes the doctors worked abruptly and as if in a hurry; I thought some of them were impatient. I wondered if they were apprehensive about the surgery they were about to do.

With everyone's face covered with masks — only eyes showing and voices muffled — the atmosphere was mysterious. Adding to the mystery was the patient under a pile of drapes and sometimes a screen hiding the face and head. All of that preparation added more to a mysterious scene.

Then, I often stood next to the surgeon ready to hand him the instruments he called for and the sutures with correct needles. Sometimes I stood next to an intern who was between me and the surgeon. Often another intern or second surgeon was on the other side of the patient. The result was that I rarely got to see into the opening made to operate on the patient. I wanted to see what it was like inside the

body. Not being in a good place to see, and being kept busy handing over instrument and sponges (which blocked excess bleeding), I couldn't see anything.

Following the surgery, there was always a "sponge count". I understood what that was for and counted with care; I accepted the nurse's responsibility of not losing a sponge or leaving it in the patient.

After surgery, we students had the duty of scrubbing everything. We scrubbed the suite, the tables, stools, standards, and whatever was in the room.

We learned the dangers of gasses and the precaution needed to be taken with electric switches to prevent explosions. I was fascinated with the anesthetist's cart and how he employed all the choices at his disposal. During an operation, I noticed the very essential close communication between the surgeon and the anesthetist. There was also a circulating nurse, usually a supervisor of Surgery, who continuously entered and exited the room while the operation was in progress. Her job was to bring additional supplies and to make sure all was progressing normally and without incident.

When an operation was finished, the patient was taken to his room and monitored carefully by the nurses on duty there. We did not have a "Recovery Room"; that might have been a later innovation.

Sometimes during the surgery, there wasn't anything for me, a scrub-nurse, to look at except a field of green sheets and drapes. I liked to look at the young interns; one especially, had beautiful eyes. I wondered how the rest of his face looked; that remained a mystery. In my experience, I met only a few interns working in the hospital. One of the reasons, I think, was most young men were in the Army and off to war. Persons at the age of most interns were still in school and on campuses most of the time. In their senior year and near the end of the war, these came into the hospital to learn to do patient histories and basic physical examinations; they were called, "externs".

At the beginning of our schooling, only the more senior doctors were working in hospitals. A few of them, not all, were particular; I think they liked to display their authority and accept the idea of "prestige". For example, one doctor, before beginning to operate, would look over the supply table and then during his work, call for what he had NOT seen there. Consequently, we learned to hide the sutures we knew he usually used. We watched him enter the surgery suite and look over the supply table and then

ask for other things thinking that we were not prepared. We thought we were clever because we did have what he called for.

Another doctor seemed to take delight in dragging his feet across the floor. When a cast was applied, we nurses put sheets on the floor to prevent wet plaster from falling and drying. When it was dry, it was very hard to scrub off. However, one doctor didn't seem to care about the work his feet were causing and so left the floor vacant with his dragging steps. In addition, he paid no attention to the admonishment from the Head Nurse.

Fortunately, only a few doctors had this attitude and that demonstration of being 'special' disappeared among the physicians who began returning from the war zones.

We worked in Surgery in one capacity or another for six to eight weeks.

Another rotation I had yet to complete was in the Diet Kitchen. We all looked forward to working in the kitchen because it was different and it was fun. Sometimes we were employed on the "tray-line" where patients' trays for different meals were assembled on a conveyer. A note on each tray gave the patient's name, room number and diet or menu.

Our job was to double check that all this information was correct and the beverages added. Most of the time, working on the "tray line" was done by the regular kitchen workers.

We were told that during the Great Depression, kitchen work was given to some people who had Ph.D. and other high degrees because they couldn't find work elsewhere. Now, with the war going on, the workers were often what we call today people "with special needs." I and all my fellow students observed and remarked that these people did a superb job; they rarely made mistakes!

Our main job was to prepare special diets for patients with allergies and health problems such as diabetes affected by diet. One morning, I was assigned to poach 10 or more eggs and have them all ready at the same time. I filled a large flat pan about 3 inches deep with water and heated it in the oven until sufficiently hot. Then I quickly put in the eggs which I had cracked and put in individual tea cups near enough to get them all practically in the water at the same time.

Our supervisor in the Diet Kitchen was a cheerful lady, and the baker left his

cookie drawer open! The work there was not too awfully hard. For work in other areas, we continued our long hours and split shifts without complaint but still found time to go for hikes. This afforded us a change of scenery and a refreshing break from our residence and work.

Later in that phase of schooling, I was elected president of our class. This was an honor I appreciated, though there wasn't much to do. We formed a committee to find a way to show our appreciation for the instruction we received and also to write "Thank-You" notes to the physicians and persons in the city who often gave nice presents to the students. For example, we received tickets to the San Francisco Opera, to some symphonies and once in a while a play. In addition a candymaker, "Blums", periodically sent us wonderful chocolate candies, and a baker frequently added delight with the delivery of delicious donuts.

All during the war, the administrators were generous to provide dances, with refreshments and music where service men were invited. The student body didn't have to do anything but dress up nicely and have fun.

While I was president, I attempted to form an organization for "Student Nurses" in the San Francisco hospitals. Several students from other hospitals came to the initial meeting. However, not much attention was given this by my school; the San Francisco News published a photo of two or three of us.

With the rotations nearly completed, we anticipated being given more responsibility, and even doing some instruction to new and incoming nursing students.

VENEREAL DISEASE CLINIC AND BATAAN SURVIVORS

The nursing program's places for affiliations was not always announced. Sometimes we were surprised and very curious about our assignments. During the beginning of our third year of schooling, we were assigned to work in a venereal disease clinic.

This sounded strange and a little intimidating as we did not have a clear idea what this meant. We had learned about some of the venereal diseases but only in their non-communicable stages; now, this was to be something different.

In groups of three or four we reported to the clinic, held in a small place down on Market Street near Van Ness Avenue in what appeared to be a vacant store front. The clinic was rather open (as a store front would be) and the interior easily visible to passers-by. Persons coming in for treatment were all ambulatory and they came voluntarily. Gonorrhea or Syphilis were the common illnesses.

We assumed that it was a hurriedly set-up clinic to offer help to veterans or anyone in the city infected with a venereal disease — apparently in the acute stage. It might have been one of the projects of the American Red Cross. Appointments were not needed and no fees were charged. We simply took care of persons as they entered and requested care. Most of the people we saw were men and appeared to be from different economic backgrounds; a few had been in the military service.

Since Penicillin and Sulfa drugs were now available, a curative treatment was possible. This gave us and our patients a hopeful and positive attitude toward complete cure. Part of our responsibility was to teach the risks of infection, ways of recognizing early symptoms and to press the urgency for seeking care.

Generally, our study of communicable diseases was done in class and also at the Community Hospital of the East Bay which I have already described. But this was the first time we worked with numerous patients addressing the needs of a currently active and acute illness. We learned and taught our patients about these serious and communicable diseases while attempting to cure and to prevent further spread or recurrence of the diseases.

Until the availability of antibiotics there was neither cure nor effective treatment for venereal diseases. Penicillin was a true miracle drug which gave some

assurance that the person infected with VD could be completely cured. Before wonder drugs were developed and available, arsenic in small doses was prescribed for syphilis!

While we were down on that part of Market Street, we noticed some very tall, thin men walking on the opposite side of the street. They drew our attention because they appeared so very tall and skinny. We wondered, "Who are they? Why are they there?" About fifteen men, in groups of three to five, walked along the sidewalk very slowly but steadily moving forward.

As they approached the next cross street, they kept their heads up with eyes focused on the traffic signals. We could see that they were measuring their footsteps and keeping an even pace to avoid stopping at the end of the sidewalk before crossing. We understood that just stopping and having to start walking again would take extra energy compared to maintaining a steady forward motion. We saw those same men every day — obviously out on the sidewalk deliberately and faithfully exercising. We wondered who they were and guessed that they might be survivors from Corregidor. We were fascinated and inspired by their determination.

One day in the following week, we listened to a lecture taught by a doctor who recently returned from the war. We described to him what we had seen and asked him if he knew anything about the men. He was willing to tell us what he knew and to explain why they were in that particular part of San Francisco.

He told us that there was a small hospital just off Market Street near where we had been working and that it was being used for rehabilitation for some service men. The men we saw were probably not from Corregidor but survivors of the Bataan Death March. Bataan had fallen before Corregidor and the survivors, prisoners of the Japanese, were suffered to walk many miles before arriving at a camp. Our lecturer repeated some of his story: He said, "The battle on Bataan occurred in early part of 1942 shortly after bombing at Pearl Harbor. The Japanese Imperial Army captured about sixty to eighty thousand American and Filipino soldiers and made them march a long way — about 85 miles, to train stations where they were loaded into unventilated box cars. After the train ride, the prisoners were forced to march another 9 miles to a camp. For the entire march, they did not have water or food; many of the prisoners, in desperation, drank water from buffalo wallows and became ill; many died along the way."

He continued, "The prisoners were beaten, the deceased ones were run over by trucks and even bayoneted. The survivors were forced to march miles before being

loaded on to the hot, unventilated train cars. Many prisoners were killed but some of the Filipino soldiers escaped into the surrounding territory. Once the prisoners arrived at the camp, they were deprived of food or fresh water and given no medical care.

This story was upsetting, it horrified us to think of the terrible suffering. The doctor added another comment saying. "About 400 Filipino officers and NCOs were executed near the Pantingan River *after* they had surrendered." It was later reported that one Japanese officer, General Homma, wished that the prisoners be transferred but the other officer, Tsuji, intended to kill as many as he could, and gave the order to kill.

We were amazed to learn that news of this did not reach the U.S. until January, 1944, because the government was cautious about informing the public of the atrocity. When it was released, it caused a reaction of alarm and astonishment.[10]

Each time we saw the survivors out exercising we felt sense of pity and sorrow for them as well as a sense of strength and encouragement by their determination and effort to get well. We were quick to inform other students to follow us working in the clinic about them and to share our admiration for their courage.

The memory of seeing those veterans remains vivid. It is amazing to think what the human body can endure when there is a strong sense of purpose. One must recognize that their energies and thoughts and sense of dedication was a result of patriotism and love of country.

[10] https://en.wikipedia.org/Bataan_Death_March. February 1945, U.S.-Filipino forces recaptured the Bataan Peninsula, and Manila was liberated in early March. After the war, an American military tribunal tried Lieutenant General Homma Masaharu, commander of the Japanese invasion forces in the Philippines. He was held responsible for the death march, a war crime, and was executed by firing squad on April 3, 1946.

GRADUATION FROM NURSING SCHOOL and USS FRANKLIN

In September 1946, the wonderful day arrived! We had completed our training, taken and passed examinations, and were ready to receive our diplomas. The auditorium on the first floor was arranged so the administrators and leading doctors could be seated on the stage. Folding chairs were set up to seat a crowd of parents and friends.

My classmates and I were dressed in new white uniforms. These uniforms were made to order in a lovely white fabric which did not need a lot of starch to look clean and neat. I don't remember if there was any music — we were too excited to notice anyway. Many of us were happy to see our parents and other family members in the audience. My mother was there along with my grandfather who had traveled from Utah to see me graduate. I never learned the reason for my father not attending.

Betty far right, best friend Etta to her left

When all the guests were seated, we walked down the center aisle and took seats in the front two rows on the left side; our instructors sat in the front rows on the right.

We listened to a short talk by the Director of Nurses, then brief comments by the nursing arts instructor. As President of the student body I read out a short

quotation from a Florence Nightingale essay. Then an award was presented to our classmate, the most outstanding student — my close friend, Etta. We all agreed with the choice and applauded enthusiastically. We recognized her as an excellent nurse student and a good role model. After saying a few words of thanks, Etta stayed on the stage and shook hands with the administrator and all the doctors seated there. I looked back into the crowd and spotted her smiling proud parents — her mother wiped a tear from her eye.

After that part of the program, one of the doctors who was in the Pacific theater of the war told us about his experience on USS Franklin.

The war was over almost exactly one year before we graduated and I think we were ready to forget some of the terrible things that had happened. But with his talk, we knew that we could not ever forget the major battles waged in the early spring and summer in 1945.

He reminded us that the battle on Iwo Jima had occurred February 19 to March 26 where the Marines finally triumphed. That battle was relatively short but the U.S. sustained staggering losses. The USS Franklin was already in the Pacific for several months and had once sailed back to Puget Sound for repairs.

Our doctor was on board the Franklin when she returned from Bremerton in February 1945. He gave us a little background of the role the USS Franklin played in the war:

"After training exercises and pilot qualifications, she [the ship] joined other carriers for strikes on Japanese homeland and in support of Okinawa landings. In March, she was only 50 miles off the coast of mainland Japan where she launched strikes on Honshu and against shipping in Kobe Harbor."

"A few days later, the Franklin crew was called to battle stations many times within six hours during the night of March 19th. At dawn, a single aircraft broke through the clouds. It and several other Japanese planes crashed on the deck setting off fires and destroying planes warming up for take-off. Fires and explosions were everywhere. Many men were killed by the explosions, some blown into the sea by the impact of the explosions."

Our doctor told us that he was working to treat the wounded crew and severely burned men. While working in a space under the flight deck, he was hit in his back by

some flying shrapnel. However, with the good assistants working with him, he continued to treat the wounded.

He then dropped his head and with apparent sadness and distress in his voice and face, he told us about watching some of the crew who had jumped into the sea — or had been blown overboard. He said he watched men too injured to swim and giving up — obviously choosing to die than to suffer.

We were moved by his speech. Some of us tried to put ourselves in his place — wondering how we might respond in such a situation. He took a moment to congratulate us for our studies and accomplishment, saying that nurses are so very necessary to complete the team for efficient patient care.

I hoped I would have carried out my duty as well as many of the people on the damaged ship had done.

The doctor completed his story telling us that the commander refused to scuttle his ship. By being towed until she could build up enough steam, she sailed to Pearl Harbor for repairs and then managed under low power to return to the East Coast through the Panama Canal.

The doctor's speech was received with a strong applause. The Administrator made a short comment and invited everyone to the lobby for refreshments. We all needed to pause and catch our breath; then we retired to the lobby to spend a little time with our happy guests.

HODGKIN'S DISEASE AND POLIOMYELITIS

During the very first weeks of living in Berkeley, after graduating from Nursing School, I learned the unhappy news of two of my former classmates. One of the ladies developed Hodgkin's Disease. When I talked with other friends, we were sorry and had great sympathy for her condition. She was a very sensitive person and we had an idea of the disappointment this was to her. At that time, there was little to be done for that ailment. Unhappily, she died within two years.

The other disappointing news was that one of the friends had married a man with whom she was deeply in love, but had contracted polio myelitis. She was to be confined to an iron lung. That was the best remedy at that time for persons whose chest muscles were affected by the paralysis.

Around that same time there were many other cases of polio reported. In Los Angeles an entire suite in a hospital housed about twenty iron lung machines. Some of the patients did recover; many remained paralyzed for years. Our friend survived for about two years after she was moved home, still confined to the iron lung most hours of the day. I learned about two years later that she had died.

My sister also contracted polio in 1943 while I was in the first year of nursing school. It affected one leg which crippled her for life. When she became an adult the disease returned in post-polio syndrome causing her leg to be very weak.

Our grandfather helped support Jean so she could attend Brigham Young University in Utah, eventually earning a B.S. and a teaching certificate.. She became a teacher in public schools near where she lived with her husband. She worked successfully as a teacher for many years and managed a family of six children too!

This is mentioned here to tell people about polio. It is almost completely forgotten now. Poliomyelitis is a debilitating illness no longer since the advent of the Salk vaccine. We are lucky to be living when so many medical innovations are possible.

AFTER GRADUATION, BERKELEY

My parents — mostly my father — expected me to return home after completing nursing school. He wanted me to work in a nearby hospital and, as he said, "Daughter, help me raise the boys!" This did not appeal to me at all, and was the final breaking point. For years I had dreamed of a college education — it was a hope that never left me. Nursing was a fine profession, but I felt very uninformed about history, philosophy, anthropology and many other subjects.

Instead of obeying my father's wishes, I promptly took a bus to Berkeley where I enrolled in the fall semester at University of California. Now that I had an employable skill, I intended to work part-time in a hospital and attend classes part-time. I rented one room in a big shared house near the campus.

One Sunday morning in Berkeley I decided to go to church. As I walked up near the big church building, I could hear the first hymn being sung. I stopped there on the sidewalk and cried. At that moment I realized the church really didn't have any more meaning for me. I was sad to lose something that I had thought was wonderful, only to be filled with disillusionment. I just knew the answers I sought were not in the gospel as taught by the Mormon church. After standing on the sidewalk a few more minutes, I turned and walked to the big library on campus. There I browsed through the stacks and, surrounded by literature and the product of inquiry and study, I found peace.

At that time I was well aware that I still had a lot of developing to do. I no longer had to be afraid of J.D. I no longer had to be afraid of disobeying church rules. Free of those oppressions, I started to explore other ways of thinking. First I had to find out more about what great thinkers had said. I took philosophy classes and learned about Plato's writings. I studied anthropology. I became ever more curious, and eager to learn. My studying opened up entire new worlds.

My problem with dyslexia had continued all through nursing school. Now once again I paced the floor while reading aloud, hoping that, as in high school and at Mt. Zion, listening to the spoken words would help comprehension. It did. I learned the most from lectures, as I could remember almost everything that was said. My recall was what could help me the most in tests. In November I had a difficult time in taking the state board examination for nurses, but somehow I managed to pass. The board exam was held in the same week as my first semester college mid-terms!

I enjoyed my classes and also the work I did in Children's Hospital of the East Bay. So now, in late 1946, the war was over. I was a graduate nurse, living on my own, practicing my profession while pursuing my dream of education. It was truly a new world.

PART III —

AFTERWORD AND APPENDIX

Mitsubishi A6M "Zero"

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AFTERWORD

I have described twenty years of my life from 1926 to 1946. In this Afterword are additional observations, and discoveries while researching events and dates. I have included a collection of search results from the internet as an Appendix.

These stories and comments are written for my children and for the next generation so that all might have a view of life before theirs. Tracing historical information opens a window into the past which enhances current thinking and understanding. These stories provide us the opportunity to realize, in contrast to today's perpetual turmoil, how great America can be when free people are united in a common cause — and how we were victorious in my time.

In those years, practically everyone's life was interrupted.

Every family had to make adjustments — first due to the Great Depression, and then to the World War. Families were uprooted, and sometimes devastated, nationwide. Young men left their families and homes to go to war; women entered service too or went to work wherever work was needed. *Many more people than we know* volunteered in organizations such as the American Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the USO, or other war-supportive activities. Every person was involved, busily knitting sweaters for the Red Cross, sending care packages overseas, helping out in schools and hospitals. Many civilian workers were reassigned to take the places of key individuals who had had to leave.

Almost every home saved cooking fats to turn into the butcher for red ration stamps which could be redeemed for a ration of meat. Others saved tin cans or the foil from chewing gum wrappers — all precious items to be used for the war effort. Housewives faced unexpected and ever-changing challenges. Providing basic foods — meat, butter, sugar — or to obtain household supplies such as laundry soap, became major hurdles. From our family's perspective, it was easy to observe the increase in war preparations in our neighborhood.

It is essential to grasp that, to us, the war was not a distant, separate thing. It was present every minute of our lives, for every American. We fought each battle, island by island across the Pacific — in newsreels, on the radio and in conversation. Even during surgery doctors would discuss the latest developments. We were each

soldiers in our role, with a job to be done. The events reviewed in this Appendix are integral to my own story and to the story of that time.

The Japanese were well prepared at the beginning of the war. One wonders whether their aim was anything other than to take over the world. We Americans have endeavored to show that we don't wish anyone harm and would prefer to live in peace.

Our military forces did their job. But so did all the defense workers and volunteers at home. Without the ability to build and repair ships, build tanks and make weapons in sufficient supply, the story could have been very different. Further, everyone should be aware and thankful that we had the leadership the world needed at that crucial time.

Here is a brief review of the Appendix sections that follow:

ABOUT INTERNMENT

President Roosevelt shared the Japanese code messages with no one but his highest ranking cabinet members. Secretary of War Henry Stimson and Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy had full access to MAGIC, and participated in the decision to move the Japanese and foreign aliens away from the coast. Cabinet members and people close to the president who opposed the decision about removal had not seen the deciphered messages. Even Lt. Gen. J. L. DeWitt, Commander of the Western Defense, was not privy to that information. Those closest to the President who received the original transcripts agreed with his order No. 9066 directing the evacuation of Japanese and other "enemy aliens" from the West Coast.

Controversy will probably always remain over the U.S. government relocating Japanese nationals and Japanese-American citizens into camps. I address this important subject in a separate essay "About Internment." Because the code messages were not declassified until 1977, for decades people would draw conclusions about the internment camps without knowing the whole story.

THE CODE BREAKERS

Perhaps most crucial to the understanding of the nation at war with us and our subsequent actions is the story of the "code-breakers". The code-breakers' work, headed by David D. Lowman, was called "MAGIC" because what they did was truly magical. These were cryptologists working in our military and with a group in Hawaii who successfully broke the Japanese government code early — as early as June, 1942. Because of their terrific success, the Allies learned about Japanese actions and planned tactics all through the war. The code-breakers' work, headed by David D. Lowman, was called "MAGIC" because what they did was truly magical. Their achievement may be the most important development in the entire war. Through "MAGIC" messages, President Roosevelt learned

of potential danger of the many Japanese secret organizations on the West Coast.

We had wondered about the rumors in the news of spy-rings in San Francisco and other coastal areas like Seattle, Los Angeles, San Pedro and San Diego. The FBI and police had raided Japanese clubs where they found literature, Japanese flags and other items indicating loyalty to that country. But the U.S. could not be sure if suspicions were justified — until the code was broken. Then, transcribed messages revealed that the Japanese in their homeland were exchanging information with their counterparts in America. They sought information about movement of troops and supply vessels and the manufacture of ships and planes. For example, on January 30, 1941, "Tokyo ordered the Japanese embassy and its North American Consulates to begin establishing espionage nets designed to function in a wartime environment."

The code messages confirmed our suspicion about spy rings as well as the Japanese submarine fleet active off the coast of North America. Since the codes were not declassified until 1977, many Americans today may still not know about them or realize their significance. The messages occupy seven volumes; a summary is available online.

The messages sent by Japan went to consulates in eight Axis countries, with Berlin as the final destination. The Japanese changed their code one time but apparently it was too complicated and they changed back to the original. They had no idea that their messages were being read. At the end of the war, some Japanese leaders refused to believe their code had been broken and preferred to think that one of their own people had betrayed them.

JAPANESE CANADIAN INTERNMENT

The United States was not alone in separating the Japanese from the general population. Appendix also includes a web-sourced description of the Canadian treatment of people of Japanese descent there, notably dissimilar to that of the United States.

JAPANESE SUBMARINES ON THE WEST COAST

Those intercepted Japanese code messages revealed, among other things, the extent of their submarine fleet in the Pacific Coast. The Japanese had an extremely large fleet of submarines, both large and small. They were designed for long and short range travel distances with the capacity to refuel as necessary. Large ones were equipped to carry other subs; some small submarines were launched from "mother" vessels. Many were equipped to carry float planes, which could be launched at sea. The subs were so numerous, the Japanese did not bother to name them; the subs simply carried numbers. Their mission was to interrupt shipping and to damage oil refineries.

The Japanese fleet worked with German submarines from the Axis powers who joined the effort in the Pacific and in the Caribbean. Whatever defenses America placed to protect the Panama Canal were apparently successful, but surely to damage and therefore stop passage through the canal was one of the enemy's hoped-for objectives. Just as it was rumored, the Nazis had a particular plan (or two) to bomb the Hoover Dam. The mission was to deter the production of power to curtail manufacture of planes and ships on the Los Angeles, Long Beach and San Diego areas. The Japanese bombing of the coast near Santa Barbara was an attack on an oil refinery. It is possible that a Japanese two-man submarine was torpedoed by our defenses and later found on Redondo Beach. The Japanese submarines did successfully sink some cargo ships near Long Beach.

JAPANESE FIREBOMBS DROPPED ON OREGON FORESTS

In my research, one of the first stories I found was the Japanese attempted fire bomb attack on the forests in Oregon. That news was suppressed at the time — June, 1942 — but was later documented and publicized.

That spectacular bombing attempt was observed by a forest ranger in his tower looking out for fires. He watched as an airplane, with the Japanese sun painted on its wings, flew over the forested area where it dropped a couple of bombs, and circled back toward the sea. The ranger watched as the float plane landed on the water near a surfaced

submarine. He continued to watch as two men folded the wings and tail of the float plane were folded and then stored inside the sub. With the plane safely stowed, the submarine disappeared.

THE MEXICAN PACIFIC WAR

Another fascinating story comes from Mexico. After two Mexican cargo ships were sunk by German U-boats, the Mexican government asked the Nazis for reparation. When compensation was denied, Mexico declared war and joined the Allies. Not long after, the Mexican President asked President Roosevelt for permission to allow some of the Mexican pilots to participate in the war; that permission was granted. FDR accepted Mexico's offer to send Mexican fighter planes into combat with the Americans who fought valiantly in the South Pacific.

Pilots from Mexico trained in Greenville, Texas and other bases in the U. S. After rigorous schooling, they served heroically in the Philippine theatre. Several of their pilots were killed in combat with the Japanese.

NATIVE AMERICAN PARTICIPATION

Native Americans, "Indians", played a unique role — both in combat, fighting alongside our regular troops and also by sending coded messages using their native languages. Native American Indians were not segregated as were colored troops. The Appendix includes a section expanding on this topic.

BATTLES IN THE PACIFIC: ISLAND BY ISLAND

Near the end of the war in the Pacific, I focused attention on the battle of Iwo Jima. Occupation of that island was important because of the vital importance of being able to reach the Japanese homeland by air. My sister's husband, Kenneth Brown, served in the Marine Corps during that battle, and lived to tell his story.

The battle on Iwo Jima lasted only from February 19 to March 26, 1945 — just five weeks! Kenneth Brown was 19 years old and served as assistant to the chaplain. He was an ordained minister in the LDS church.

The story of Iwo Jima is brilliantly told in "Flags of Our Fathers" by James D. Bradly, who vividly reports the atrocities committed by the Japanese.

That small island measured only 5 by 2.5 miles and yet out of 22,000 Japanese, just 2,100 survived; U.S. Marine fatalities numbered 6,800 and 20,000 wounded!

The battle on Okinawa was significant in several ways. The Island of Okinawa is very close to the Japanese mainland. It was a final place to be occupied before the Allies could invade Japan itself. The battle raged there from April 1 to June 22, 1945, described as one of the bloodiest. The sea battle going on at the same time as ground fighting involved a great many ships and planes.

Meanwhile, bombing of Tokyo had been going on since May, 1945. The Allies hoped that Japanese would realize they were doomed and ultimately surrender. Our commanders believed that continuous fighting would only result in more troops and people being killed. General Curtis LeMay commanded Air Force No. XXI unit that dropped incendiary bombs on Tokyo. The aim was to destroy small materials manufacturing taking place in shacks within the city. Incendiary bombs burned houses and people at the same time. When the Japanese gave no indication that they were willing to surrender, General LeMay changed to dropping thousands of leaflets instead, informing the Japanese that their emperor was powerless to help them.

It was the fierce and devastating battle on Okinawa, along with what transpired at Potsdam, that determined the final days of war. From Potsdam, President Truman had warned the Japanese that America had a weapon capable of devastating destruction, that we would use if necessary. He was urging the Japanese to surrender.

After the bombings on August 6 and 9, Emperor Hirohito announced a surrender, which was initially ignored by the Japanese who continued to fight and sink ships. This is described in the main text, Part II. The formal surrender by Japan was finally signed aboard the USS Missouri on September 2, 1945 almost a full month after the second atom bomb was dropped.

TROOPS COME HOME! OPERATION MAGIC CARPET

Bringing home the troops required careful and extensive planning. It was called, "Operation Magic Carpet". African American troops had to wait until other service persons were returned because the ships did not have space for segregated troops.

CASUALTIES

To properly grasp the extent of human destruction in the Pacific is virtually impossible. The numbers seem absurd on the page, yet there they are and every digit of them was a live human individual.

This section attempts to quantify that brutal reality. On Iwo Jima alone, the 36-day assault resulted in more than 26,000 American casualties, including 6,800 dead. (Source: U.S. Dept. of the Navy) Pacific theater casualties are estimated to represent about 3% of the *total world population* at the time. And the Pacific war accounted for only half the total casualties of the Second World War.

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ABOUT INTERNMENT

FDR's order No. 9066 was first a request for the Japanese to move away from western coastal areas. Many families could not do this and so were moved by the government. First they were asked to report to relocation centers; from there they were bussed to internment camps away from the coast, set up by the Justice Department. The requirement for Japanese to move away from the western coastal areas was particularly disruptive to their usual daily lives. Moving meant that they had to abandon their homes and businesses and farms, not knowing if they could ever return.

Some of the Nisei were patriotic to America as proven by their service to the U.S. armed services during the war. They became soldiers, some in the Asian areas of China and Burma; others served gallantly in Europe.

But at the beginning of hostilities, we did not know what to think or whom to trust. Japanese were suspected of espionage and holding secret meetings demonstrating loyalty to Japan. Increasing news of these organizations in San Francisco and Los Angeles stoked our fear of all Japanese. Few people were inclined

toward tolerance; the fear was persuasive.

My mother expressed sympathy for the Japanese, while my father thought it was best that they went somewhere else. We children saw unflattering pictures and cartoons in newspapers which made us afraid of them. At that time in the U.S., people were suspicious of foreigners — but especially the Japanese as their nation had attacked ours. Japanese children were polite and well-mannered in classrooms but we didn't see them in any other places; they remained separate and in their own social groups. News reports of the Japanese being required to report to relocation centers was met with sympathy by some citizens, and with a sense of relief by others. That some Japanese were U.S. citizens didn't seem to bother our conscience; they all had to go!

Some of the states where camps were planned refused to accept the Japanese in their presence. Once the Japanese were in camps, they experienced discrimination by the surrounding communities.

The internment camps have been the subject of many books and remain a controversial topic. The confinement was unfortunate; many people today are sorry it happened. My opinion on this topic has been modified by subsequent study and some interviews I have been granted by former internees.

I recently met a Japanese lady now living here in California who told me her story. She said she was a young girl living with her parents in Los Angeles when the war started. Her father moved the family to Tokyo. She said it was awful to live with sirens blaring, and blackouts and bombings from the American planes. When Japan finally surrendered, her father moved the family back to America. She added a comment: "It would have been better to be in an internment camp where people were protected from war." She ruefully added, "and they even had food."

Another man recently told me his story. He was living with his wife in Los Angeles when the war broke out. They were sent to internment camps where they stayed for the usual time, two years and 9 months. He voiced no particular complaint about the camp except that it was an interruption to his living and also a considerable financial loss. After returning to civil life, he earned a M.S. at UCLA in electrical engineering. However, even with his advanced degree, he could find no employment — he felt certain he was a victim of prejudice against his race. He joined his wife in a successful gardening business but would have preferred to work in his trained field. He said it was preposterous to think that the Japanese in California could have been spies

or involved in subversive activities. Our conversation went smoothly until I inquired about the attitude of his parents who were in camps also (and who were probably not citizens). He avoided direct replies concerning them.

Some years ago I learned that my childhood school friend, Kyoko, had been permitted to leave internment camp and attend college somewhere in the eastern U.S. The last I heard, she was employed in a U.S. government diplomatic service. About 10,000 young people were permitted to leave camps and go to school.

It was interesting to learn that there were similar concerns about Japanese in South America. Peru, Brazil, Chile and Mexico had large populations of immigrants from Japan. As elsewhere, they were disliked for a variety of reasons. They maintained an isolated social position away from the mainstream and competed for work with the native population.

After an earthquake in Lima, the Japanese were accused of looting and other crimes; their presence was not welcome in that country. While the Japanese parents sent their children to Japan for education and acculturation, the Peruvian government would not let them re-enter. At the beginning of hostilities, many of South American countries sent Japanese back to Japan. After the outbreak of war some Japanese in those countries were sent to stay in internment camps in America.

The Japanese in Mexico and Canada were removed from their western communities. Japanese Canadians were sent to camps in eastern regions; they were not returned to the west after the war. The Canadians, in contrast to the U.S. practice, separated parents and children. That created an interesting social predicament. The oldest child in the family assumed an authoritative position, usually held by one parent; this was not understood or accepted as normal in the family structure. One criticism I found of camps in the U.S. was that U.S. sent children and the elderly to camps. This can be viewed from several perspectives: Was it better to break-up the families? Or keep families together? America chose to keep the families together, then.

THE CODE BREAKERS — Cracking the Japanese Code

MAGIC was an Allied cryptanalysis project during World War II. It involved the United States Army's Signals Intelligence Service (SIS) and the United States Navy's Communication Special Unit.

MAGIC was set up to combine the US government's cryptologic capabilities in one organization dubbed the Research Bureau. Intelligence officers from the Army and Navy (and later civilian experts and technicians) were all under one roof. Although they worked on a series of codes and cyphers, their most important successes involved RED, BLUE, and PURPLE.

RED: In 1923, a US Navy officer acquired a stolen copy of the Secret Operating Code codebook used by the Japanese Navy during World War I. Photographs of the codebook were given to the cryptanalysts at the Research Desk and the processed code was kept in red-colored folders (to indicate its Top Secret classification). This code was called "RED".

BLUE: In 1930, the Japanese government created a more complex code that was codenamed BLUE, although RED was still being used for low-level communications. It was quickly broken by the Research Desk no later than 1932. US Military Intelligence COMINT listening stations began monitoring command-to-fleet, ship-to-ship, and land-based communications.

PURPLE: After Japan's ally Germany declared war in the fall of 1939, the German government began sending technical assistance to upgrade their communications and cryptography capabilities. One part was to send them modified Enigma machines to secure Japan's high-level communications with Germany. The new code, codenamed PURPLE (from the color obtained by mixing red and blue), was baffling.

PURPLE, like Enigma, began its communications with the same line of code but then became an unfathomable jumble. Codebreakers tried to break PURPLE communiques by hand but found they could not. Then the codebreakers realized that it was not a manual additive or substitution code like RED and BLUE, but a machine-generated code similar to Germany's Enigma cipher. Decoding was slow and much of the traffic was still hard to break. By the time the traffic was decoded and translated,

the contents were often out of date.

A reverse-engineered machine created in 1939 by a team of technicians led by William Friedman and Frank Rowlett could decrypt some of the PURPLE code by replicating some of the settings of the Japanese Enigma machines. This sped up decoding and the addition of more translators on staff in 1942 made it easier and quicker to decipher the traffic intercepted.

PURPLE traffic

The Japanese Foreign Office used a cipher machine to encrypt its diplomatic messages. The machine was called "PURPLE" by U.S. cryptographers. A message was typed into the machine, which enciphered and sent it to an identical machine. The receiving machine could decipher the message only if set to the correct settings, or keys. American cryptographers built a machine that could decrypt these messages.

The PURPLE machine was first used by Japan in 1940. U.S. and British cryptographers had broken some PURPLE traffic well before the attack on Pearl Harbor. However, the PURPLE machines were used only by the Foreign Office to carry diplomatic traffic to its embassies. The Japanese Navy used a completely different crypto-system, known as JN-25.

U.S. analysts discovered no hint in PURPLE of the impending Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor; nor could they, as the Japanese were very careful not to discuss their plan in Foreign Office communications. In fact, no detailed information about the planned attack was even available to the Japanese Foreign Office, as that agency was regarded by the military as insufficiently "reliable". U.S. access to private Japanese diplomatic communications (even the most secret ones) was less useful than it might otherwise have been because policy in prewar Japan was controlled largely by military groups like the Imperial Way Faction, and not by the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office deliberately withheld from its consulates much of the information it did have, so the ability to read PURPLE messages was less than definitive regarding Japanese tactical or strategic military intentions.

U.S. cryptographers had decrypted and translated the 14-part Japanese diplomatic message breaking off ongoing negotiations with the U.S. at 1 p.m. Washington time on 7 December 1941, even before the Japanese Embassy in Washington could do so. As a result of the deciphering and typing difficulties at the embassy, the note was delivered late to American Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

When the two Japanese diplomats finally delivered the note, Hull had to pretend to be reading it for the first time, even though he already knew about the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Throughout the war, the Allies routinely read both German and Japanese cryptography. The Japanese Ambassador to Germany, General Hiroshima, often sent priceless German military information to Tokyo. This was routinely intercepted and read by Roosevelt, Churchill and Eisenhower. According to Lowman, "The Japanese considered the PURPLE system absolutely unbreakable.... Most went to their graves refusing to believe the [cipher] had been broken by analytic means.... They believed someone had betrayed their system."

Distribution prior to Pearl Harbor

Even so, the diplomatic information was of more limited value to the U.S. because of its manner and its description. "MAGIC" was distributed in such a way that many policy-makers who had need of the information knew nothing of it, and those to whom it actually was distributed (at least before Pearl Harbor) saw each message only briefly, as the courier stood by to take it back (no copies or notes permitted). Before Pearl Harbor, they saw only decrypts thought "important enough" by the distributing Army or Navy officers. Nonetheless, being able to read PURPLE messages gave the Allies a great advantage. For instance, the Japanese ambassador to Germany, Baron Hiroshima, produced long reports for Tokyo, enciphered on the PURPLE machine, on personal discussions with Adolf Hitler and on a tour of the invasion defenses in Northern France (including the D-Day invasion beaches). General Marshall said Hiroshima was "our main basis of... information regarding Hitler's intentions in Europe".

Dewey and Marshall

During the 1944 election, Thomas Dewey threatened to make Pearl Harbor a campaign issue, until General Marshall sent him a personal letter which said, in part:

To explain the critical nature of this set-up, which would be wiped out in an instant if the least suspicion were aroused regarding it, the Battle of Coral Sea was based on deciphered messages and therefore our few ships were in the right place at the right time. Further, we were able to concentrate our limited forces to meet their naval advance on Midway when otherwise we almost certainly would have been some 3,000 miles out of place. We had full information on the strength of their forces.

Dewey promised not to raise the issue, and kept his word.

Post-war debates

The break into the PURPLE system, and into Japanese messages generally, was the subject of acrimonious hearings in Congress post-World War II in connection with an attempt to decide who, if anyone, had allowed the disaster at Pearl Harbor to happen and who therefore should be blamed. During those hearings the Japanese learned, for the first time, the PURPLE cypher system had been broken. They had been continuing to use it, even after the War, with the encouragement of the American Occupation Government. Much confusion over who in Washington or Hawaii knew what and when, especially as "we were decrypting their messages," has led some to conclude "someone in Washington" knew about the Pearl Harbor attack before it happened, and, since Pearl Harbor was not expecting to be attacked, the "failure to warn Hawaii one was coming must have been deliberate, since it could hardly have been mere oversight". However, PURPLE was a diplomatic, not a military code; thus, only inferences could be drawn from PURPLE as to specific Japanese military actions.

Decryption process

1. Interception. The Japanese Foreign Office used both wireless transmission and cables to communicate with its off shore units. Wireless transmission was intercepted (if possible) at any of several listening stations (Hawaii, Guam, Bainbridge Island in Washington state, Dutch Harbor on an Alaska island, etc.) and the raw cypher groups were forwarded to Washington, D.C. Eventually, there were decryption stations (including a copy of the Army's PURPLE machine) in the Philippines as well. Cable traffic was collected at cable company offices by a military officer who made copies and started them to Washington. Cable traffic in Hawaii was not intercepted due to legal concerns December 1941. At one point, intercepts were being mailed to (Army or Navy) Intelligence from the field.

2. Deciphering. The raw intercept was deciphered by either the Army or the Navy (depending on the day). Deciphering was usually successful as the cipher had been broken.

3. Translation. Having obtained the plain text, in Latin letters, it was translated. Because the Navy had more Japanese-speaking officers, much of the burden of translation fell onto the Navy. And because Japanese is a difficult language, with meaning highly dependent upon context, effective translation required not only fluent

Japanese, but considerable knowledge of the context within which the message was sent.

4. Evaluation. The translated decrypt had to be evaluated for its intelligence content. For example, is the ostensible content of the message meaningful? If it is, for instance, part of a power contest within the Foreign Office or some other part of the Japanese government, its meaning and implications would be quite different from a simple informational or instructional message to an Embassy. Or, might it be another message in a series whose meaning, taken together, is more than the meaning of any individual message. Thus, the fourteenth message to an Embassy instructing that Embassy to instruct Japanese merchant ships calling at that country to return to home waters before, say, the end of November would be more significant than a single such message meant for a single ship or port. Only after having evaluated a translated decrypt for its intelligence value could anyone decide whether it deserved to be distributed.

5. Distribution. When PURPLE was broken by the U.S. Army's Signals Intelligence Service (SIS), several problems arose for the Americans: who would get the decrypts, which decrypts, how often, under what circumstances, and crucially (given interservice rivalries) who would do the delivering. Both the U.S. Navy and Army were insistent they alone handle all decrypted traffic delivery, especially to highly placed policy makers in the U.S. Eventually, after much to-ing and fro-ing, a compromise was reached: the Army would be responsible for the decrypts on one day, and the Navy the next.

The distribution list eventually included some, but not all, military intelligence leaders in Washington and elsewhere, and some, again not all, civilian policy leaders in Washington.

In the period before the attack on Pearl Harbor, the material was handled awkwardly and inefficiently, and was distributed even more awkwardly. Nevertheless, the extraordinary experience of reading a foreign government's most closely held communications, sometimes even before the intended recipient, was astonishing. It was so astonishing, someone (possibly President Roosevelt) called it MAGIC. The name stuck.

Executive Order 9066

One aspect of MAGIC remains controversial to this day — the amount of

involvement the intercepts played in the issuing of United States Executive Order 9066 on February 19, 1942, and subsequent Executive Order 9102 on March 18, which led to the creation of the Wartime Relocation Authority (WRA). This is often confused with the issue of internment, which was actually handled by the Justice Department's Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) and affected all citizens of countries at war with the United States in any location.

Internment of 'enemy aliens' by the U.S. government actually began two months prior to Executive Order 9066 on December 8, 1941, immediately after the attack at Pearl Harbor and included Germans and Italians, and not just the Japanese living on the U.S. West Coast.

David Lowman in his book MAGIC: the Untold Story reports that the primary justification for the Japanese-American relocations and internments was to protect against espionage and sabotage, because MAGIC could not be mentioned during the war. Those defending the decision to evacuate and relocate when seen in context, notably blogger and investigative reporter Michelle Malkin, point to MAGIC intercepts as partial justification for EO 9066. Malkin cites 1984 testimony of the Undersecretary with the most MAGIC knowledge, who stated that MAGIC "was a very important factor" in their considerations. Extensive additional primary source documents are cited in Malkin's book In Defense of Internment to argue that MAGIC intercepts discuss the development of a spy ring among Japanese Americans by the Japanese consulates, provide the type of espionage data being sent to Japan, and much more which raised a suspicion that many thousands in the Japanese American community were an espionage risk, including members of Kibei, Issei and Nisei.

In 1988, Congress passed and President Ronald Reagan signed legislation that apologized for the internment on behalf of the U.S. government. The legislation said that government actions were based on "race prejudice, war hysteria, and a failure of political leadership". The hearings that produced this decision did not take into account the MAGIC intercepts.

JAPANESE NAVAL CODES

The vulnerability of Japanese naval codes and ciphers — distinct from the RED, BLUE, and PURPLE diplomatic codes discussed in the previous section — was crucial to the conduct of World War II, and had an important influence on foreign relations between Japan and the west in the years leading up to the war as well. Every Japanese code was eventually broken, and the intelligence gathered made possible such operations as the victorious American ambush of the Japanese Navy at Midway (JN-25b) and the shooting down of Isoroku Yamamoto in Operation Vengeance.

The Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) used many codes and ciphers. These cryptosystems were known differently by different organizations; the names listed below are those given by Western cryptanalytic operations.

Red code

This was a code book system used in World War I and after, so called because the American copies of it were bound in red covers. It should not be confused with the RED cipher used by the diplomatic corps.

The first of this code's two books contained the code itself; the second contained an additive cipher which was applied to the codes before transmission, with the starting point for the latter being embedded in the transmitted message. A copy of the code book was obtained in a "black bag" operation on the luggage of a Japanese naval attaché in 1923; after three years of work Agnes Driscoll was able to break the additive portion of the code.

Coral

A cipher machine developed for Japanese naval attaché ciphers. It was not much used.

Dockyard codes

A succession of codes used to communicate between Japanese naval installations. These were comparatively easily broken by British codebreakers in Singapore and are believed to have been the source of early indications of imminent naval war preparations.

JN-11

The Fleet Auxiliary System, derived from the JN-40 merchant-shipping code. Important for the information on troop convoys and orders of battle.

JN-25

JN-25 is the name given by codebreakers to the main, and most secure, command and control communications scheme used by the IJN during World War II. The 25th Japanese Navy system identified, it was initially given the designation AN-1 as a "research project" rather than a "current decryption" job. The project required reconstructing the meaning of thirty thousand code groups and piercing together thirty thousand random additives.

Introduced from 1 June 1939 to replace Blue (and the most recent descendant of the Red code), it was an enciphered code, producing five-numeral groups for transmission. New code books and super-enciphering books were introduced from time to time, each new version requiring a more or less fresh cryptanalytic attack. In particular, JN-25 was significantly changed on 1 December 1940, and again on 4 December 1941, just before the attack on Pearl Harbor. The 1941 edition (JN-25b) was sufficiently broken by late May 1942 to provide the critical forewarning of the Japanese attack on Midway.

British, Australian, Dutch and American workers were cooperating in attacks on JN-25 well before the Pearl Harbor attack, but because the Japanese Navy was not engaged in significant battle operations before then, there was little traffic available to use as raw material. Before then, IJN discussions and orders could generally travel by routes more secure than broadcast, such as courier or direct delivery by an IJN vessel. Publicly available accounts differ, but the most credible agree that the JN-25 version in use before December 1941 was not more than perhaps 10% broken at the time of the attack, and that primarily in stripping away its super-encipherment. JN-25 traffic increased immensely with the outbreak of naval warfare at the end of 1941 and provided the cryptographic "depth" needed to succeed in substantially breaking the existing and subsequent versions of JN-25.

The American effort was directed from Washington, D.C. by the U.S. Navy's signals intelligence command, OP-20-G; at Pearl Harbor it was centered at the Navy's Combat Intelligence Unit (Station HYPO, also known as COM 14), led by Commander Joseph Rochefort. With the assistance of Station CAST (also known as COM 16, jointly

commanded by Lts Rudolph Fabian and John Lietwiler) in the Philippines, and the British Far East Combined Bureau in Singapore, and using a punched card tabulating machine manufactured by IBM, a successful attack was mounted against the December 1941 code edition. Together they made considerable progress by early 1942. "Cribs" exploited common formalities in Japanese messages, such as "I have the honor to inform your excellency" (see known plaintext attack).

JN-39

This was a naval code used by merchant ships (the "maru code"), broken in May 1940. In May 1941, when the whale factory ship Nisshin Maru No. 2 (1937) visited San Francisco, U.S. Customs Service Agent George Muller and Commander R. P. McCullough of the U.S. Navy's 12th Naval District boarded her and seized her codebooks, without informing Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). Copies were made, clumsily, and the originals returned. The Japanese quickly realized JN-39 was compromised, and replaced it with JN-40.

JN-40

JN-39 was replaced by JN-40, which was originally believed to be a code super-enciphered with a numerical additive in the same way as JN-25. However, in September 1942, an error by the Japanese gave clues to John MacInnes and Brian Townsend, codebreakers at the British FECB, Kilindini. It was a fractionating transposition cipher based on a substitution table of 100 groups of two figures each followed by a columnar transposition. By November 1942, they were able to read all previous traffic and break each message as they received it. Enemy shipping, including troop convoys, was thus trackable, exposing it to Allied attack. Over the next two weeks they broke two more systems, the "previously impenetrable" JN167 and JN152.

JN-147

The "minor operations code" often contained useful information on minor troop movements.

JN-152

A simple transposition and substitution cipher used for broadcasting navigation warnings. In 1942 after breaking JN-40 the FECB at Kilindini broke JN-152 and the previously impenetrable JN-167, another merchant shipping cypher.

JN-167

A merchant-shipping cipher (see JN-152).

Chicago Tribune incident

In June 1942 the Chicago Tribune, run by isolationist Col. Robert R. McCormick, published an article implying that the United States had broken the Japanese codes, saying the U.S. Navy knew in advance about the Japanese attack on Midway Island, and published dispositions of the Japanese invasion fleet. The Executive Officer of Lexington, Commander Morton T. Seligman, had shown Nimitz's executive order to reporter Stanley Johnston.

The government at first wanted to prosecute the Tribune under the Espionage Act of 1917. For various reasons, including the desire not to bring more attention to the article, the charges were dropped. A Grand Jury investigation did not result in prosecution but generated further publicity and, according to Walter Winchell, "tossed security out of the window". Britain's worst fears about American security were realized.

In early August, a RAN intercept unit in Melbourne heard Japanese messages, using a superseded lower-grade code. Changes were made to codebooks and the call-sign system, starting with the new JN-25 codebook (issued two months before). However the changes indicated the Japanese believed the Allies had worked out the fleet details from traffic analysis or had obtained a codebook and additive tables, being reluctant to believe that anyone could have broken their codes (least of all a Westerner).

Credit: Wikipedia

JAPANESE CANADIAN INTERNMENT

Japanese-Canadian Internment was the removal and detainment of Japanese Canadians from the British Columbia coast following the Japanese invasion of Hong Kong and Malaya and attack on Pearl Harbor, and the subsequent Canadian declaration of war on Japan during World War II. This forced relocation subjected many Japanese Canadians to government-enforced curfews and interrogations, job and property losses, and forced repatriation to Japan.

Beginning after the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and lasting until 1949 (four years after WWII had ended), Canadians of Japanese heritage were removed from their homes and businesses and sent to internment camps in the B.C. interior, and to farms and internment camps across Canada. The Canadian government shut down all Japanese-language newspapers, and took possession of businesses and personal property. In order to fund internment, property belonging to Japanese Canadians was sold, including fishing boats, motor vehicles, houses, and personal belongings.

In August 1944, Prime Minister Mackenzie King announced that Japanese Canadians were to move east out of B.C. Official policy stated that Japanese Canadians must move east of the Rocky Mountains or be repatriated to Japan following the end of the war. However, by 1947 many Japanese Canadians had been granted exemption to this enforced no-entry zone, but it was not until April 1, 1949 that Japanese Canadians were granted freedom of movement and could re-enter the "protected zone" along B.C.'s coast.

Interwar Years

While groups like the Asiatic Exclusion League and the White Canada Association saw the Japanese as a possible threat to their way of life, by the 1920s other groups had begun to come forward to the defense of Japanese Canadians, among them the Japan Society. In contrast to rival groups' memberships consisting of mostly laborers, farmers, and fishermen, the Japan Society was primarily made up of wealthy white businessmen whose goal was to improve relations between the Japanese and Canadians both at home and abroad. The heads of the organization

included a "prominent banker of Vancouver" and a "manager of some of the largest lumbering companies in British Columbia." They saw the Japanese as being important partners in helping open up businesses in British Columbia to Japanese markets.

Despite work of organizations like the Japan Society, opposition to Japanese immigration was still strong, especially in BC's fisheries industry during the 1920s and 1930s. Prior to the 1920s, many Japanese laborers were employed as pullers, helping the net men row the boats out to fish. Requiring no license, it was one of the few jobs for first-generation Japanese immigrants who were not Canadian citizens. In 1923, however, the government lifted a ban on the use of motorboats and required pullers to be licensed. This meant that first-generation immigrants, known as Issei, were unable to get jobs in the fishing industry, which resulted in large-scale unemployment among these Issei. Second-generation Japanese immigrants, known as Nisei and who were citizens, began entering the fishing industry at a younger age to compensate for this, but even they were hindered as the increased use of motorboats resulted in less need for pullers and only a small number of fishing licenses were issued to Japanese Canadians.

This situation escalated in May 1938 when the Governor General abolished the pullers license entirely, resulting in many younger Japanese being forced from the fishing industry, leaving Japanese net men to fend for themselves. Later that year, a change to the borders of fishing districts in the area resulted in the loss of license for several Japanese fishermen who claimed they had not been informed of the change. While these events did result in reduced competition from the Japanese in the fishing industry, it created further tensions elsewhere.

The Japanese had already been able to establish a secure position in many businesses during World War I, but their numbers had remained relatively small. As the Japanese began to be pushed out of fishing, they increasingly began to work on farms and in small businesses. The result of this move was that white Canadian farmers and businessmen began having to compete with Japanese immigrants, leading to increased racial tension.

In the years leading up to World War II, there were approximately 29,000 Canadians of Japanese ancestry in British Columbia, 80% of whom were Canadian nationals. At the time, they were denied the right to vote and barred by law from various professions. Racial tensions often stemmed from the fact that many believed that all Japanese immigrants remained loyal to Japan alone. Tensions in British Columbia specifically originated in the fact that the Japanese were clustered together

almost entirely in and around Vancouver. As a result, as early as 1938, there was talk of encouraging the Japanese to begin moving east of the Rocky Mountains, an idea that became a reality during World War II.

The actions of Japan leading up to World War II were also seen as cause for concern. Japan withdrew from the League of Nations in 1934, began ignoring the naval ratio set up by the Washington Naval Conference of 1922, and, in 1936, refused to follow the Second London Naval Treaty and allied with Germany with the Anti-Comintern Pact. The Japanese in British Columbia, even those born and raised in Canada, were often judged for these actions taken by their ancestral home country.

Advent of War

When the Pacific War began, discrimination against Japanese Canadians increased. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, Japanese Canadians were categorized as enemy aliens under the War Measures Act, which began to remove their personal rights. Starting on December 8, 1941, 1200 Japanese-Canadian-owned fishing vessels were impounded as a "defence measure." On January 14, 1942, the federal government passed an order calling for the removal of male Japanese nationals between 18 to 45 years of age from a designated protected area of 100 miles inland from the British Columbia coast, enacted a ban against Japanese-Canadian fishing during the war, banned shortwave radios and controlled the sale of gasoline and dynamite to Japanese Canadians. Japanese nationals removed from the coast after the January 14 order were sent to road camps around Jasper, Alberta.

Three weeks later, on February 19, 1942, US President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, calling for the removal of 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry from the American coastline. This effectively sealed the fate of Japanese Canadians. On February 24, the Canadian federal government passed order-in-council PC1468 for the removal of "all persons of Japanese origin". The following day the government announced that Japanese Canadians were being moved for reasons of national security. In all, some 27,000 people were detained without charge or trial, and their property confiscated. Others were deported to Japan.

Not all Canadians believed that the Japanese Canadians posed a threat to national security. Hugh Llewellyn Keenleyside, Assistant Under-Secretary at External Affairs, was a sympathetic administrator who advocated strongly against the removal

of Japanese Canadians from the BC coast. Unsuccessfully, he tried to remind other government officials of the distinction between Japanese foreign nationals and Canadian citizens in regards to personal and civil rights. Frederick J. Mead, RCMP Assistant Commissioner, also used his position to advocate for Japanese Canadians and mitigate government actions. Mead was responsible for removing Japanese Canadians from the "protected zone" along the coast. Mead slowed down the process, allowing individuals and families more time to prepare, by following the exact letter of the law, rather than the spirit of quick removal it intended.

Private citizens also were sympathetic to the Japanese-Canadian cause, and concerned by what they observed. In January 1941, Captain V.C. Best, a Salt Spring Island resident, began advocating for the treatment of Japanese Canadians, and continued for over two years. Best wrote to Keenleyside directly for much of that period, protesting anti-Japanese sentiment in the press, advocating for Japanese-Canadian enlistment in the armed forces, and ultimately the conditions Japanese-Canadians faced in internment camps.

Mackenzie King

William Lyon Mackenzie King served his final terms as Prime Minister between 1935 and 1948. He had also served two previous terms as Prime Minister. His policies during this period included unemployment insurance and tariff agreements with the UK and the United States.

King wrote daily in his diary throughout his life. These diary entries give us a sense for the thoughts and feelings he held during the war. Historian N.F. Dreisziger has written that "though he undoubtedly considered himself a man of humanitarian outlook, he was a product of his times and shared the values of his fellow Canadians. He was beyond doubt an anti-Semite, and shouldered, more than any of his Cabinet colleagues, the responsibility of keeping Jewish refugees out of the country on the eve of and during the war."

Prior to the dropping of the atomic bombs on Japan, King seemed concerned for humanity and was against the use of the atomic bomb and even its creation. When King found out about the estimated date of the bomb's being dropped he wrote in his diary: "It makes one very sad at heart to think of the loss of life that it [the bomb] will occasion among innocent people as well as those that are guilty". Historians, however,

historians point to King's specific diary entry on August 6th, 1945 when referring to King's racism toward the Japanese. On August 6, King wrote in his diary: "It is fortunate that the use of the bomb should have been upon the Japanese rather than upon the white races of Europe".

Japanese Canadians serving in the wars

For many Japanese Canadians, World War I provided an opportunity to prove their loyalty to Canada and their allies through military service, in the hopes of gaining previously denied citizenship rights. In the early years, however, the supply of enlistment men surpassed the demand so recruiting officers could be selective. However, large numbers of Japanese Canadians volunteered, as did members of other visible minorities like Black Canadians and First Nations, so the Canadian government proposed a compromise - perhaps minorities could fight separately. The Japanese Canadian community responded: the Canadian Japanese Association of Vancouver offered to raise a battalion in 1915, and receiving a polite reply proceeded to enlist and train 277 volunteers. This offer, however was rejected. By the summer of 1916, however, the death toll in the trenches had risen, creating a new demand for soldiers, and the increased need for domestic labor meant that the recruitment of minorities was reconsidered. Under this new policy, Japanese Canadians were able to enlist individually by travelling elsewhere in Canada where their presence was deemed less of a threat. By the end of World War I, 185 Japanese Canadians served overseas in 11 different battalions.

During World War II, some of the interned Japanese Canadians were combat veterans of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, including several men who had been decorated for bravery. Nevertheless, fear and racism drove policy and trumped veterans' rights, meaning that virtually no Japanese Canadian veterans were exempt from being removed from the BC coast.

Small numbers of military age Japanese Canadian men were permitted to serve in the Canadian Army in the Second World War as interpreters and in signal/intelligence units. Canadian Nisei were already serving in the Canadian army in 1942 against the Axis. By January 1945, several Japanese Canadian men were attached to British units in the Far East as interpreters and translators. In total, about 200 Canadian Nisei joined during World War II.

Throughout the way, Canadians of "Oriental racial origin" were not called upon to perform compulsory military service. Japanese Canadian men such as Harold Hirose chose, individually, to serve in the Canadian army during the war to prove their allegiance to Canada but many would be discharged only to discover they were unable to return to the BC coast or have their Canadian citizenship rights reinstated.

Internment camps

The December 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor spurred prominent British Columbians, including members of municipal governments, local newspapers, and businesses to call for the internment of ethnic Japanese living in Canada under the Defence of Canada Regulations. In B.C., there were fears that some Japanese Canadians who worked in the fishing industry were charting the coastline for the Japanese Navy and spying on Canada's military. British Columbia borders the Pacific Ocean, and was therefore believed to be easily susceptible to enemy attacks from Japan. A total of 21,000 Japanese Canadians (14,000 of born in Canada) were interned starting in 1942. Even though both the RCMP and the Department of Defence lacked proof of any sabotage or espionage, Prime Minister King decided to intern Japanese Canadian citizens based on speculative evidence.

Widespread internment began on February 24, 1942 with an order-in-council passed under the Defence of Canada Regulations of the War Measures Act gave the federal government the power to intern all "persons of Japanese racial origin." A 100-mile-wide strip along the Pacific coast was deemed "protected", and men of Japanese origin between the ages of 18 and 45 were removed.

Sugar beet farms, road work and prisoner-of-war camps

Many of the Japanese nationals removed from the coast after January 14, 1942 were sent to road camps in the British Columbia interior or sugar beet projects on the Prairies. Despite the 100-mile quarantine, a few Japanese Canadian men remained — employed at a logging operation which was in the protected zone but without road access to the coast.

The Liberal government also deported able-bodied Japanese Canadian laborers to camps near fields and orchards in British Columbia, to solve a shortage of farm

workers. This obliterated any Japanese competition in the fishing sector. During the 1940s, the Canadian government created policies to direct Chinese, Japanese, and First Nations into farming and other sectors of the economy that "other groups were abandoning for more lucrative employment elsewhere".

The forced removal of many Japanese-Canadian men to be laborers elsewhere in Canada created confusion and panic among families, and some men began refusing orders to ship out to labor camps. On March 23, 1942, a group of Nisei refused to be shipped out so were sent to prisoner-of-war camps in Ontario to be detained. The Nisei Mass Evacuation Group was formed to protest family break-ups and lobbied government organizations on the topic. However, their attempts were denied and members of the group began going underground, preferring to be interned or sent to Ontario than join labor groups.

After strikes in the labor camps themselves, by July 1942, the federal government made a policy to keep families together in their removal to internment camps in the BC interior or sugar beet farms across the prairies.

In early March, all ethnic Japanese people were ordered out of the protected area, and a daytime-only curfew was imposed on them. Various camps in the Lillooet area and in Christina Lake were formally "self-supporting projects" (also called "relocation centres") which housed selected middle- and upper-class families not deemed as much threat to public safety.

Before being sent off to road camps, farms or prisoner-of-war camps, many of the men were separated from families, while women and children stayed in the park until they were sent to internment camps in the interior or decided as a family to join the sugar beet farms in the prairies.

Effects of internment camps on women and children

Japanese-Canadian women and children faced a set of challenges that greatly affected their way of life and broke down their developed social and cultural norms. Whole families were taken from their homes and separated from each other. Husbands and wives were almost always separated when sent to camps and, less commonly, some mothers were separated from their children as well. Japanese-Canadian families typically had a patriarchal structure, meaning the husband was the

center of the family. Since husbands were often separated from their families, wives were left to reconfigure the structure of the family and the long established divisions of labor that were so common in the Japanese-Canadian household.

The separation of men and women meant that women were forced to wait long periods to have children and get married. This lengthened the timeline of independence for single women and impacted the Japanese-Canadian community after internment by creating more independent women, both of which disrupted the pre-internment way of life. Young children were forced to step up and take on more responsibilities when fathers were taken away. Accounts from children in internment camps recall the impact not having a father. One girl recalls how her sister went from being a pampered eldest child to being a head of household in their father's absence. This was disruptive to the typical family structure because not only was a child in charge, but it was a girl. Transitions such as these gave women a much greater power within the family structure and gave children more adult responsibilities.

Although many aspects of the internment camps caused negative changes within the Japanese-Canadian community, some of these changes had limited positive impacts. For example, many women faced lesser domestic responsibilities within the internment camps. Living spaces were small and crowded so cleaning was shared among multiple woman and took less time than at home. Childcare was also less taxing on women because the cramped quarters allowed for multiple women to care for children at once. In addition, new-found free time allowed younger women to get education and older women to participate in wage-earning jobs, such as workers on beet farms.

Many women were forced out of their modest ways of life due to lack of space and privacy in the internment camps. For example, at Hastings Park, women and children were housed in an area that was previously used for livestock. Prisoners were forced to share one animal stall per family and personal space was very hard to come by. The partitions were made of the five-foot stall walls and flimsy pieces of fabric. This created very little privacy for the families and caused most women to abandon the previous modest social norms.

Tensions between generations

Tensions between first generation Issei, and second generation Nisei, Japanese-

Canadians were exacerbated during internment. The language gap that many Issei dealt with was intensified when they were given instructions within the camp. This often left children, whose English was generally better, to translate for their mothers and give them the commands. This led to an imbalance in power between mothers and their children. Due to their ability to understand English better than their mothers, children often found themselves in a position of power over their mothers. Mothers were no longer the guardians and could not shield their children from adult responsibilities. Because of this, children were forced to grow up and accept these positions of power before they were of an appropriate age.

Camp conditions

Many Canadians were unaware of the living conditions in the internment camps. Internees at Hastings Park were placed in stables and barnyards, without privacy in an unsanitary environment. Kimiko, a former internee, attested to the "intense cold during the winter" and her only source of heat was from a pot-bellied stove within the stable. General conditions were poor enough that the Red Cross transferred fundamental food shipments from civilians affected by the war to the internees.

Some internees spoke out against their conditions. In one incident, fifteen men who had been separated from their families and put to work in Slocan Valley protested by refusing to work for four days straight. Despite attempts at negotiation, the men were eventually informed that they would be sent to the Immigration Building jail in Vancouver for their refusal to work. Their mistreatment caused several of the men to begin hoping that Japan would win the war and force Canada to compensate them.

The internment camps in the B.C. interior were often ghost towns with little infrastructure to support the influx of people. When Japanese Canadians began arriving in the summer and fall of 1942, any accommodations were shared between multiple families and many had to live in tents while shacks were constructed. The shacks were small and built with damp, green wood. When winter came, the wood made everything damp and the lack of insulation meant that the inside of the shacks often froze during the night.

Very little was provided for the internees - green wood to build accommodation and a stove was all that most received. Men could make some money in construction

work to support their families, but women had very few opportunities. Finding work was almost essential though, since interned Japanese Canadians had to support themselves, buying all their food out of the small salaries they collected or with allowances for the unemployed. The relief rates were so low that many families had to use their personal savings to live in the camps.

By spring 1943, however, some conditions began to change as Japanese Canadians in the camp organized themselves. Removal from the coast had been done by location, so many communities moved together and were placed in same camp together. This preserved local communal ties and facilitated organizing and negotiating for better conditions in the camp.

Life after internment

Often times after internment families could not be reunited. Many mothers were left with children, but no husband. Furthermore, communities were impossible to rebuild. The lack of community lead to an even more intensified gap between the generations. Children had no one with whom to speak Japanese outside the home and as a result they rarely learned the language fluently. The lack of community also led to a lack of Japanese foundation and many children lost touch with their culture. Mothers had also learned to be bolder in their own way and were now taking on wage-earning jobs, which meant that they had less time to teach their children about traditional Japanese culture and traditions. The internment camps had forever changed the way of Japanese-Canadian life.

Credit: Wikipedia

JAPANESE SUBMARINES ON THE U.S. WEST COAST

From documentation by the U.S. government, we now know that between 1941 and 1945 Japanese submarines prowled the waters all along the west coast from Canada to Mexico. The Japanese aimed at interrupting shipping.

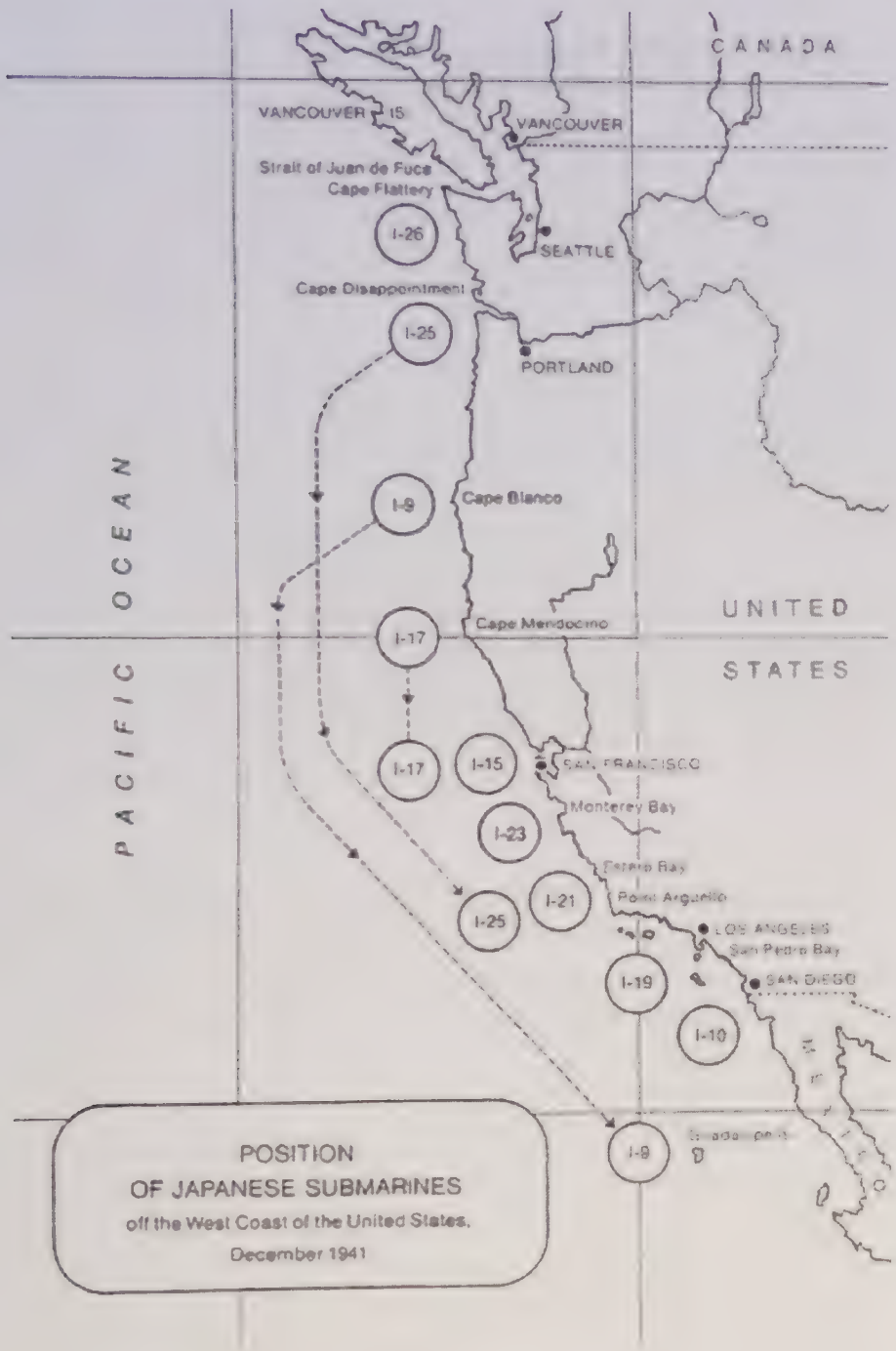
On December 14, 1941, just after Pearl Harbor was bombed, the Imperial Japanese Navy ordered a number of submarines to the North American west coast. Then on December 25th a Japanese submarine, I-19, torpedoed and damaged the unarmed U.S. freighter Absaroka. The Absaroka was a World War I-era ship, owned at the beginning of World War II by McCormick Steamship Company and being used as a lumber carrier. The attack occurred off Point Fermin, California, just north of San Pedro. It was reported that the Absaroka settled to her main deck within minutes but the crew was able to get off. She was later towed to a nearby sand bar by a Navy tug.

The Japanese seemed concentrated on southern California. A submarine washed up on the shore at Redondo Beach. It had two dead Japanese officers inside. Some of the Japanese submarines carried airplanes. The submarines came within a short distance of the west coast where the sub hatch was opened so the airplane could be launched, the wings unfolded so it could fly to a target already chosen by the command. This is what happened in Oregon in 1942 when the plane was sent to drop fire bombs over the forest; the intent was apparently to start fires. It was not successful. It was witnessed by a Forest Ranger from his high vantage place in the forest and reported. His report was not published at the time as a precaution to arousing more anxiety among the general public. It was the first and only attack by a Japanese plane on the U.S. mainland.

The following excerpt is from "**the-wanderling.com/redondo.html**" and affords some perspective on Japanese submarines activities of that time:

On the 10th of September, 1942, just one day after the I-25's first aerial bombing of Oregon, an Army Air Force maritime patrol bomber out of McChord Field in Tacoma, Washington, not searching for the sub but on routine patrol, caught the I-25 exposed on the surface with a number of crew members on deck. The sub managed to crash-dive eventually escaping with no damage after the bomber dropped explosives on her. A few days later, well off the Oregon coast and no longer being pursued — and apparently what the crew was on deck making preparations for — the sub took on a

two-man midget sub. The sub was apparently offloaded from an armed merchant ship or commerce raider, with all fingers pointing to the Japanese transport ship Hakusan



Maru, escorted at the time in the open seas south of the Aleutians by the Japanese submarine RO-64, both vessels operating out of the occupied island of Kiska, Alaska.

Midget subs, which had a short range of operation, typically carried only two crew members, and had to be launched from a mothership, of which the I-25 had the capability of being, and as clearly shown on the map to the right, transported it south, leaving it and its crew in the shadow of one of the Channel Islands, most likely Santa Barbara Island, 38 miles off the southern California coast or San Nicolas located 76 miles south west of Redondo Beach. There the midget sub lurked for several days up to a week or two waiting along the beach or one of the coves for the right time to strike or complete its mission.

It should be noted that B-1 type submarines like the I-25 that carried and launched the midget sub had a 14,000 nautical mile range. The home base for the I-25 was thousands of miles across the Pacific Ocean from the U.S. on the Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands. It was scheduled to arrive in Yokosuka, Japan October 24, 1942 for overhaul after having left Kwajalein ten months earlier, on January 11, 1942.

When the I-25 departed the waters off Oregon in September and headed south to release the midget submarine, it had already transited clear across the Pacific and been prowling up and down the U.S. coast nearly ten months. It must have been low on fuel, torpedoes, and provisions. Likely, after launching the two-man sub near one of the Channel Islands, she continued south to the La Palma Base seen and reported on by American espionage agent Rochelle Hudson as being located in the estuaries near Acapetagua, Chiapas, Mexico. There she refueled and took on supplies, and then returned north.

On October 4, the same day the midget submarine was bombed off Redondo, the I-25 torpedoed the 6,653-ton American tanker Camden in Oregon waters. Two days later, she sank the 7,038-ton American tanker Larry Doheny somewhere south of Cape Sebastian, then departed the Pacific west coast altogether, arriving in Yokosuka, Japan October 24, 1942.

As for the midget submarines, although there were plenty of targets in the north around Seattle and San Francisco for both full-size and midget submarines, there were no known substantial hard targets that fell into the range of capabilities of a two-man sub in the general Los Angeles area — no U.S. aircraft carriers, battleships, or other major naval vessels or warships as further north. Nothing coastal that could have been impacted adversely enough to warrant such a mission either. At the time the midget sub was thought to have been dealing with a soft target, say like the pickup or delivery of documents, maps or blueprints or a high profile person, most likely a spy, saboteur, or turncoat. The midget submarines found on California beaches may have

already completed their mission and been abandoned.

THE DAY A JAPANESE PLANE BOMBED OREGON

On September 9, 1942, the I-25 B1 type Japanese submarine was cruising in an easterly direction raising its periscope occasionally as it neared the United States Coastline. The B1 type was the most numerous class of Japanese submarines. They were fast, long-ranged, and carried a seaplane behind watertight doors, which could be launched on a forward catapult.

Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor less than a year ago and the Captain of the attack submarine knew that Americans were watching their coast line for ships and aircraft that might attack our country. Dawn was approaching; the first rays of the sun were flickering off the periscopes lens. Their mission; attack the west coast with incendiary bombs in hopes of starting a devastating forest fire. If this test run were successful, Japan had hopes of using their huge submarine fleet to attack the eastern end of the Panama Canal to slow down shipping from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Japanese Navy had a large number of I-400 submarines under construction, each capable of carrying three aircraft. Pilot Chief Warrant Officer Nobuo Fujita and his crewman Petty Officer Shoji Okuda were making last minute checks of their charts making sure they matched those of the submarine's navigator.

That day, Nebraska forestry student Keith V. Johnson was on duty atop a forest fire lookout tower between Gold's Beach and Brookings, Oregon. Keith had memorized the silhouettes of Japanese long distance bombers and those of our own aircraft. He felt confident that he could spot and identify, friend or foe, almost immediately. It was cold on the coast this September morning , and quiet. The residents of the area were still in bed or preparing to head for work. Lumber was a large part of the industry in Brookings, just a few miles north of the California Oregon state lines.

The aircraft carried two incendiary 168 pound bombs and a crew of two.

Aboard the submarine the Captain's voice boomed over the PA system, "Prepare to surface, aircrew report to your stations, wait for the open hatch signal" During training runs several subs were lost when hangar door were opened too soon and sea water rushed into the hangars and sank the boat with all hands lost. You could hear the change of sound as the bow of the I-25 broke from the depths, nosed over for its run on the surface. A loud bell signaled the "All Clear." The crew assigned to the single engine Yokosuki E14Ys float equipped observation and light attack aircraft

sprang into action. They rolled the plane out its hangar built next to the conning tower. The wings and tail were unfolded, and several 176 pound incendiary bombs were attached to the hard points under the wings. This was a small two passenger float plane with a nine cylinder 340 hp radial engine. It was full daylight when the Captain ordered the aircraft to be placed on the catapult. Warrant Officer Fujita started the engine, let it warm up, checked the magnetos and oil pressure. There was a slight breeze blowing and the seas were calm. A perfect day to attack the United States of America. When the gauges were in the green the pilot signaled and the catapult launched the aircraft. After a short climb to altitude the pilot turned on a heading for the Oregon coast.

The "Glen" was launched via catapult from a I-25 class Japanese submarine.

Johnson was sweeping the horizon but could see nothing, he went back to his duties as a forestry agent which was searching for any signs of a forest fire. The morning moved on. Every few minutes he would scan low, medium and high but nothing caught his eye.

The small Japanese float plane had climbed to several thousand feet of altitude for better visibility and to get above the coastal fog. The pilot had calculated land fall in a few minutes and right on schedule he could see the breakers flashing white as they hit the Oregon shores.

Johnson was about to put his binoculars down when something flashed in the sun just above the fog bank. It was unusual because in the past all air traffic had been flying up and down the coast, not aiming into the coast.

The pilot of the aircraft checked his course and alerted his observer to be on the lookout for a fire tower which was on the edge of the wooded area where they were supposed to drop their bombs. These airplanes carried very little fuel and all flights were in and out without any loitering. The plane reached the shore line and the pilot made a course correction 20 degrees to the north. The huge trees were easy to spot and certainly easy to hit with the bombs. The fog was very wispy by this time.

Johnson watched in awe as the small floatplane with a red meat ball on the wings flew overhead, the plane was not a bomber and there was no way that it could have flown across the Pacific, Johnson could not understand what was happening. He locked onto the plane and followed it as it headed inland.

The pilot activated the release locks so that when he could pickled the bombs they would release. His instructions were simple, fly at 500 feet, drop the bombs into the trees and circle once to see if they had started any fires and then head back to the submarine.

Johnson could see the two bombs under the wing of the plane and knew that they would be dropped. He grabbed his communications radio and called the Forest Fire Headquarters informing them of what he was watching unfold.

The bombs tumbled from the small seaplane and impacted the forests, the pilot circled once and spotted fire around the impact point. He executed an 180 degree turn and headed back to the submarine. There was no air activity, the skies were clear. The small float plane lined up with the surfaced submarine and landed gently on the ocean, then taxied to the sub. A long boom swung out from the stern. His crewman caught the cable and hooked it into the pickup attached to the roll over cage between the cockpits. The plane was swung onto the deck, The plane's crew folded the wings and tail, pushed it into its hangar and secured the water tight doors. The I-25 submerged and headed back to Japan. Destroyer USS Patterson sank I-25 off the New Hebrides on 3 September 1943, almost exactly one year after the Oregon bombing.

This event ,which caused no damage, marked the only time during World War II that an enemy plane had dropped bombs on the United States mainland. What the Japanese did not count on was coastal fog, mist and heavy doses of rain, which made the forests so wet they simply would not catch fire.

After returning to I-25, Fujita was more determined than ever to drop the four remaining incendiary bombs carried aboard the submarine. Captain Tagami shared his enthusiasm. He advised his pilot to make the next one a night attack, Fujita, for the Americans will be expecting another sunrise one. True to his word, Tagami surfaced I-25 after midnight on September 29,1942, about 50 miles west of Cape Blanco. This time the entire west coast of Oregon, except for the Cape Blanco lighthouse, was blacked out. Fujita's floatplane was catapulted into the darkness, and the pilot flew east beyond the Cape Blanco lighthouse for about half an hour before dropping the two incendiary bombs. Again Fujita was satisfied with the attack, as he observed two explosions of red fire in the forest below. In order to avoid detection, Fujita cut the Glen's engine after passing the coastline and glided down to 1,000 feet before starting it again well out at sea, west of Cape Blanco. After some difficulty, Fujita located I-25 by an oil slick caused by a leak, and his plane was hoisted aboard.

Meanwhile, below in Oregon, a work crew of forest rangers was remodeling for winter occupation the Grassy Knob lookout station about seven miles east of Port Orford. At 5:22 a.m. they reported to ranger headquarters at Gold Beach the presence of an unidentified aircraft. Noise from the aircraft was described as like a Model T with a rod out. A fire-fighting patrol was sent out from Grassy Knob after daylight on September 29, but it found neither smoke nor any bomb debris during a fruitless two-day search. Neither of the incendiary bombs dropped by Fujita on his second attack has ever been found.

Bad weather and heavy seas precluded a final bombing attack with the remaining two bombs. Captain Tagami canceled the third mission, having decided to spend the rest of his patrol time in attacks on shipping. On October 11, I-25 fired her last torpedo and returned to Yokosuka, where Fujita discovered he was something of a national hero.

How significant were these two bombing attacks on Oregon, the only times in history that America has been bombed from the air? For the Japanese, they were clearly a major propaganda victory, one that made banner headlines on the home front and to some extent evened the score for the April 18, 1942, Jimmy Doolittle raid on Tokyo, itself a retaliatory raid in return for the Pearl Harbor attack. From a military standpoint, however, the bombing raids were virtually meaningless, because no serious fires were started or significant collateral damage inflicted. Likewise, although some public apprehension was caused by the attacks, no widespread panic developed on the U.S. West Coast, at least partially due to heavy press censorship. The raids were not repeated, because aircraft-carrying submarines gradually disappeared into the increasing category of obsolete weapons. Only one more Japanese submarine, I-12, operated off the West Coast during the remainder of the war. I-25 was sunk less than a year later by USS Patterson (DD-392) off the New Hebrides Islands on September 3, 1943.

Credit: www.eugeneleeslover.com Authored by Norm Goyer.

MEXICAN AIR FORCE HELPED LIBERATE THE PHILIPPINES

Nearly a century after a bitter defeat by the United States, Mexico sent a military force to fight against the Axis powers alongside U.S. military forces in World War II. It was the first time that Mexico sent combat personnel abroad and the first time both nations battled a common threat. This unique unit was the Mexican air force, Fuerza Aerea Mexicana (FAM). Its pilots provided air support in the liberation of the Philippines and flew long-range sorties over Formosa, earning praise from Allied theater commander General Douglas MacArthur and decorations from the U.S., Mexican and Philippine governments.

In the late 1930s, as nations around the globe endured the Great Depression, political and military developments were brewing that would engulf the world. U.S. and Mexican leaders knew that hemispheric defense would be vital. The threat came at a difficult time, when both countries were struggling to achieve economic recovery. Relations were worsened by the nationalization of U.S. oil properties, and in Mexico there was fear of American intervention if Mexico looked unable to defend itself against an attack by the Axis powers. But FAM officers maintained a dialogue with U.S. Army representatives and made efforts to acquire aircraft as World War II intensified.

The FAM was a small, underfunded arm of the Mexican army. Its missions included reconnaissance, air support, airmail and mapmaking. It had tactical units but no modern pursuit planes. Mexico had no indigenous aircraft industry; therefore any planes capable of stopping an offshore attack would have to come from the United States.

On May 13, 1942, a Mexican oil tanker was torpedoed by a U-boat, killing 13 crewmen. A protest filed by the Mexican government was answered with the sinking of a second tanker. When Germany refused to indemnify Mexico, President Manuel Avila Camacho declared war on the Axis powers.

Mexico's entry into the war actually proved beneficial to the country in some ways. Mexico's population united behind the war effort. The government received shipments of U.S. aircraft, including Douglas A-24B Banshee (Navy SBD Dauntless) dive bombers, North American B-25 Mitchells and Consolidated PBY Catalinas. While Mexican military authorities were grateful for the planes they received from the United States, any plan to send Mexican personnel to fight abroad at first appeared

unrealistic, running as it did against tradition and politics. A more pressing priority was coastal defense. Additional Mexican units were activated, and coastal patrol and tanker escort missions were stepped up. They soon bore results. On July 5, 1942, Major Luis Noriega Medrano, flying a North American AT-6 Texan, bombed the German submarine U-129 in the Gulf of Mexico, damaging the vessel.

In April 1943 President Franklin D. Roosevelt met with President Avila Camacho at Monterrey to encourage Mexico to participate offensively in the war. The Mexican president would eventually decide that Mexico should fight aggressively alongside the Allies. On November 13, he declared that Mexico was willing to take the offensive on condition that its forces serve under Mexican command. The Mexican constitution mandated that the president obtain permission from the Senate, which would require public support. To sell the idea to the public, the president ordered the FAM to stage an airshow. Near Mexico City on March 5, 1944, more than 100,000 capitalinos watched as AT-6s and A-24Bs blasted a simulated enemy base with live ordnance. The show was a success, and shortly thereafter the president declared that Mexico should fight and that the FAM would lead the nation in the conflict.

A special training group was formed in Mexico City, staffed with expert specialists chosen in a competitive recruiting process. The group consisted of 300 enlisted men and officers from all branches of the military, including 38 of the best pilots. Command was assigned to Colonel Antonio Cardenas Rodriguez, known for his goodwill flights over Latin America. He had flown combat missions over North Africa with the U.S. 97th Bomb Group and was well connected with senior American officers, including U.S. Army Air Forces General Jimmy Doolittle.

Group personnel were as diverse as their specialties. Volunteers came from the Rio Grande to the Guatamalan border, from large and small towns. Ramiro Bastarrochia Gamboa came from the state of Yucatan; Pedro Martines de la Concho, a mechanic, hailed from Baja California; radioman Pedro Ramirez Corona was from the coastal hamlet of Colima; Miguel Alcantar Torres, a paratrooper with U.S. combat experience at Casablanca, Bizerte and Sicily, received an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army to join; Joaquin Ramirez Vilchis, a pilot and scion of a prominent Mexico City family, had commanded a cavalry unit in Jalisco. All were eager to serve with the elite FAM.

On July 20, 1944, at Balbuena Military Camp, the new group passed in review before the president, who told them they were headed to the United States for combat training. He reminded them that their 'brothers from the Republic of Brazil'

were fighting in Italy and that if necessary they would go there, concluding with an invitation to all personnel 'to petition me with whatever you may desire.'

Avila Camacho was undoubtedly surprised when, according to historian Dennis Cavagnaro, 'a soldier in the rear ranks took two steps forward, smartly saluted and said, in a loud, clear voice, `Mi Presidente, I am Angel Cabo Bocanegra del Castillo, and, Sir, I request that a school be built in my home town of Tepoztlan, Morelos.' Today, the school that was subsequently built still stands in that beautiful mountain village.

After the review and ceremonies, the young pilots and ground personnel bid their families farewell amid tears and singing of the traditional 'golondrinas' and boarded a special train. On July 26, the men arrived at Nuevo Laredo, on the Texas border. The whole town turned out to cheer the first unit in history to leave the country on a fighting mission. Newsreel cameras captured the ceremonies as the men crossed the border into Laredo and were greeted by Mexican congressmen and U.S. military and civilian authorities. There, they entrained to Randolph Army Air Base at San Antonio. Personnel were then separated by specialty and sent to various bases for training. The pilots went to Victoria, Texas, to transition to Curtiss P-40 Warhawks.

Their next posting was to Pocatello, Idaho. There, in October, pilots were reunited with ground personnel and began training as a unit. The pilots transitioned to Republic P-47D Thunderbolts with little difficulty. The mechanics took a liking to the big fighters, calling them 'Peh-Cuas,' short for P-47 in Spanish. A special unit, Section I, was designated to train the Mexicans and was commanded by Captain Paul Miller, a dedicated American officer who had grown up in Peru and was fluent in Spanish. Just 24, Miller had served as assistant air attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Mexico. His priority was the pilots' safety and preparation for combat. As a result, he rigorously enforced the tight discipline that he believed was necessary to the Mexican airmen's success.

With the onset of winter, bad weather and below-zero temperatures began to limit flying and retard training. A change of station was requested by Colonel Cardenas, and on November 27 the unit left for Greenville, Texas, northeast of Dallas. There, the pilots flew an intensive schedule, incorporating ground attack, air combat, advanced acrobatics, instrument flying and navigation, and formation and high-altitude flight. Their P-47Ds were state-of-the-art aircraft. Equipped with twin turbochargers, they could top 40,000 feet, and in a dive they could approach the sound barrier. It was heady stuff for new fighter pilots, and dangerous as well.

After a rainstorm on January 23, 1945, a young second lieutenant, Cristoforo

Salido Grijalva, attempted a takeoff from a muddy taxiway that he had apparently mistaken for an active runway. Warnings from the tower went unheeded. Salido hit his brakes and crashed before becoming airborne. His P-47 ended up inverted, and the young officer drowned in the mud that jammed the cockpit before the crash crew could free him. Salido's death hit the unit hard.

Morale was further eroded by the discrimination the Mexican airmen encountered in the area. A sign over the town's main street read 'Greenville Welcome—The Blackest Land—The Whitest People.' Pilots were amazed when they were refused service in a restaurant, but a more serious concern was off-base housing. An international incident was narrowly averted through hasty intervention between base officials and civic leaders. Accommodations were found for the men, and authorities circulated the word that the Mexicans were there as allies and should be treated with courtesy.

In some cases the youthful pilots' natural exuberance led to breaches of regulations. In one notorious incident, Lieutenant Reynaldo Perez Gallardo brought his Thunderbolt in hot and low over Greenville one evening, intent on celebrating his recent marriage by giving the locals a beautiful buzz job. The big 'Jug' thundered down main street at over 300 miles an hour, its wingtips narrowly missing the buildings. Unknown to the lieutenant, inside a movie theater sat Captain Miller and his wife, enjoying a show. As Perez roared overhead, the vibrations reportedly 'shook the building to its foundations.' Miller was furious and summarily removed the lieutenant from flying status. The young lieutenant would later return to the unit and fly combat missions in the Philippines.

At year's end, Mexico prepared for the unit's deployment. Speaking to the senate, the president asked for the authority to send troops abroad. It was granted, and an order was issued redesignating the unit as the Mexican Expeditionary Air Force (FAEM). Rather than send the FAEM to join the Brazilian squadron in Italy, the Mexican president suggested operations in the Philippines to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. There, he said, the unit could aid 'the liberation of a people for whom it is felt a continuity of idiom, history and traditions.'

On February 22, 1945, the new unit was given its battle flags in a formal ceremony, complete with two bands and a 21-gun salute. With the entire FAEM at attention, and officials from both countries, family members and hundreds of civilians watching, Mexican Subsecretary of War General Francisco L. Uruquizo, representing the president, presented the Mexican battle flag to Colonel Cardenas and gave a

speech. He emphasized that Mexico was fighting with the Allied nations to support democracy and human rights, and reminded the pilots to represent their country with valor and honor. The airmen passed in review, manned their planes and roared into the cold, clear sky for an hour-long demonstration of combat tactics. The proceedings were broadcast live on radio in Mexico and Latin America and covered extensively in area newspapers. Newsreel footage of the event was later shown in theaters across the United States.

The pilots completed their training with air-to-air gunnery practice at Brownsville. On the afternoon of March 10, Lieutenant Javier Martinez Valle was up over the gunnery range, pursuing a target trailing from a tow plane. Flying alone into the setting sun, Martinez encountered trouble. His aircraft went out of control, and he was killed in the ensuing crash. It was thought that his P-47 must have struck the target cable or counterweight.

On March 27 the FAEM members boarded the liberty ship Fairisle at San Francisco, joining 1,500 U.S. troops bound for the Philippines. Seasickness and fear of attack by submarines weighed on the men as the voyage wore on, and the screaming sirens of battle station drills made them edgy. But there were some lighter moments. At New Guinea, for example, the base commander invited the pilots to a party where they enjoyed iced beer and watched the new color movie Fighting Lady. Returning to Fairisle after that interlude, some of the well-lubricated airmen fell during the climb up the cargo net and had to be assisted aboard.

Underway once again, Fairisle joined a convoy. 'The journey was made bearable by the happy spirit of the Squadron,' wrote one man. 'In these hot nights, the sound of the guitars was heard: `La Cancion Mixteca' and other Mexican melodies were played while young soldiers played cards using their life jackets as cushions.' As the ships steamed west, General Douglas MacArthur cabled President Avila Camacho: 'The 201st Squadron ... is about to join this command. I wish to express to you, Mr. President, the inspiration and pleasure this action arouses...it is personally most gratifying because of my long and intimate friendship with your great people.'

The convoy entered Manila Bay on May 1 and was received by the theater air commander, General George Kenney—representing General MacArthur—Honorary Consul Alfredo Carmelo and other officials. Shortly afterward, they left by train for their assigned airfield at Porac, near Clark Field.

Porac was hardly a paradise. The Mexicans' new base of operations consisted of

a dirt runway hacked out of the jungle, surrounded by low green hills. By night, small-arms fire could generally be heard, and by day there was the intermittent sound of artillery pounding the retreating enemy. A nearby prisoner of war camp had just been liberated, and the Mexican airmen were sobered by the ghastly sight of American and Filipino soldiers and civilians in a state of acute starvation. Filipino guerrillas were mopping up, and occasionally a Japanese soldier emerged from the jungle. There was a control tower in the center of the field, an encampment at one end where the Fifth Air Force's 58th Fighter Group had established itself, and not much else.

The 58th Group, to which Kenney had assigned the squadron, was a seasoned veteran of the New Guinea campaign, consisting of three squadrons. The 201st was attached as a fourth, though it would operate under Mexican command and administration and occupy its own area.

On May 17, 1945, the 201st began flying combat orientation missions, with its pilots assigned to various other squadrons. Shortly thereafter, however, the so-called Aztec Eagles started flying missions as a unit. Their initial targets were buildings, vehicles, artillery and enemy concentrations in the Marikina watershed east of Manila, where the U.S. 25th Infantry Division was encountering fierce resistance.

The squadron comprised four flights of eight pilots each. Pilots were briefed each evening for the first mission of the next day. In the morning, they took off at about 0800. Missions were short, though they lengthened as the Japanese were pushed back. After the first mission of the day, mechanics and armorers would refuel and rearm the aircraft. The second mission would take off about 1300. In the hot afternoon the pilots would relax while mechanics repaired the aircraft, armorers removed and cleaned machine guns and specialists checked radios and instruments.

The squadron soon began flying missions led by its own officers. On June 1, a sortie was launched in which 2nd Lt. Fausto Vega Santander, the squadron's youngest pilot, was killed. That loss came when a four-plane flight led by Lieutenant Carlos Garduno made a target run on an island off Luzon's west coast. Vega died when his P-47, for reasons that have never been explained, suddenly rolled and crashed into the sea.

Only a few days later another pilot, Lieutenant Jose Espinosa Fuentes, died when the P-47 he was flight-testing after repairs crashed at nearby Floridablanca after takeoff. The reported cause was engine failure, but one analysis found the rudder trim-tab linkage reversed. Witnesses said the engine had been running up to the moment of

impact.

Throughout June, the campaign to liberate Luzon continued as the U.S. Sixth Army fought north toward Cagayan Valley in the central highlands, where Japanese General Tomoyuki Yamashita's Fourteenth Army was holding out. The fighting was a brutal combination of jungle and mountain warfare. Close air support proved crucial, and as the fighting moved deeper into the mountains, the 201st's missions changed from hitting visible targets to striking hard-to-see troops and fortified positions in close proximity to friendly forces. The new targets were generally covered with jungle and virtually invisible. Steep mountains, bad weather and anti-aircraft fire made air support missions hazardous. A controller on the ground or in a liaison aircraft would mark Japanese positions with a colored smoke shell or rocket and confirm with the squadron leader as the flights orbited the area. The leader would make a 'dry' pass over the target, then lead the first flight in.

The pilots dived one by one, ignoring enemy tracers and flak, dropped their ordnance and pulled up hard, nearly blacking out from G-forces as they felt the concussions of their 1,000-pounders ripping open the jungle canopy just below them. Debris was often thrown up 1,500 feet by the blasts, and the air was filled with black smoke. When a controller was unable to identify the target, or the frequent summer rainstorms closed in, the pilots had to abort and jettison their bombs in a safe zone. The controllers couldn't always see the effects of the bombing, but where they could, they frequently noted 'very good' to 'excellent' results. Amazingly enough, no friendly casualties were attributed to the 201st.

As dangerous as close support was, a riskier assignment was in the works — very long-range (VLR) fighter sweeps across the South China Sea. The U.S. Navy, preparing to invade Japan, needed control of the sea lanes south of Kyushu, an area dominated by the island of Formosa (Taiwan), an occupied Japanese military bastion. Though enemy activity had been reduced by Fifth Air Force bombing, it was still a threat and — located almost 600 miles from the 201st's base — at the limit of the range of its P-47s.

Early in July, the 58th Fighter Group left for Okinawa. The 201st would operate from Clark Field while it brought its P-47 inventory up to strength with new P-47D-30 models and awaited more Mexican squadrons. In the meantime, the aircraft were fitted with auxiliary wing tanks and prepared for VLR missions.

Early on July 6, eight Mexican Thunderbolts took off from Clark with a

maximum load, barely clearing the runway. Hanging over the vast expanse of the Pacific as they traveled north hour after hour, with the blazing tropical sun beating down on their cramped cockpits, the pilots became drained and dehydrated. Adding to their discomfort was the tension of flying single-engine aircraft over hundreds of miles of water with only basic instruments. A small navigational error, bad weather or high fuel consumption could force them to ditch.

Over Formosa, the Mexicans encountered no challengers. The Aztec Eagles owned the air. The sweep was completed successfully, and all pilots managed to return safely to Clark except Lieutenant Perez, who put down at Lingayen, out of fuel. After over seven hours in the air, in full survival gear, the men had to be helped from their cockpits. Each downed several ounces of hard liquor before debriefing, to break the tension.

More sweeps were flown in July. The Mexican pilots also practiced combat tactics and ferried new P-47s from Biak Island, New Guinea, to Clark — as well as flying war-weary Jugs to Biak for disposal. It was the height of the typhoon season by that time, and the weather conditions proved both unpredictable and treacherous.

On July 16, Lieutenant Espinosa Galvan, flying in foul weather, ran out of gas just short of Biak and was forced to ditch. His plane sank, and he apparently did not get out. Three days later two pilots — Captain Pablo Rivas Martinez and wingman Lieutenant Guillermo Garcia Ramos — flew into a thunderstorm and became separated. Garcia bailed out over a Japanese-held island and was saved in a dramatic rescue by an Australian Consolidated PBY crew. Rivas was never found. On July 21, Lieutenant Mario Lopez Portillo took off from Biak with an American pilot. They made it to Luzon before hitting stormy weather. Flying on instruments, they made a navigational error and crashed into a mountain.

On August 8 the Aztec Eagles returned to Formosa on a bombing mission led by Lieutenant Amadeo Castro Almaza. Crossing the sea at altitude, they dropped to the water near the island to evade enemy radar. Each pilot had his hands full, balancing a 1,000-pound bomb under the right wing with the near-empty external fuel tank under the left. Over the target, a cluster of buildings near the port of Karenko, they attacked. As Lieutenant Castro dropped his bomb, his P-47 lurched violently, due to the sudden loss of equilibrium, slamming him around the cockpit. Recovering, the shaken lieutenant radioed his companions to warn them. Their mission completed, the pilots landed at alternate airfields.

Two days later, the squadron flew its final mission, escorting a U.S. Navy convoy bound for Okinawa. Intelligence had concerns that Japanese suicide planes based on Formosa might attack the ships. The 201st provided air cover in shifts for a 12-hour period until they were relieved by USAAF Northrop P-61 Black Widows at dusk.

On the night of August 26, the men were watching a movie when Captain Gaziola suddenly ordered the film stopped. He announced that Fifth Air Force headquarters had received a message that an atom bomb had been dropped and Japan had surrendered. Later the report was verified, and the men celebrated with the traditional 'grito' shout of joy.

Credit: www.historynet.com

NATIVE AMERICANS AND WORLD WAR II

As many as 25,000 Native Americans actively fought in World War II: 21,767 in the Army, 1,910 in the Navy, 874 in the Marines, 121 in the Coast Guard, and several hundred Native American women as nurses. These figures include over one-third of able-bodied Native American men aged 18—50, and even included as high as seventy percent of the population of some tribes. Unlike African Americans or Asian Americans, Native Americans did not serve in segregated units and served alongside white Americans.

Alison R. Burnstein argues that World War II presented the first large-scale exodus of Native Americans from reservations since the reservation system began, and presented an opportunity for many Native Americans to leave reservations and enter the "white world". For many soldiers, World War II represented the first interracial contact between natives living on relatively isolated reservations.

According to Burnstein, life on reservations was difficult for Native Americans prior to the war due to low levels of development and lack of economic opportunities. In 1939, the median income for Native American males living on reservations was $500, compared to the national average for males of $2300. Nearly one quarter of Native Americans at this time had no formal education, and even for high school graduates, few forms of conventional employment existed on reservations. In the absence of conventional employment, those Native Americans who stayed on the reservations generally worked the land and farmed.

Native Americans were not drafted for World War I as they were not considered citizens of the United States as of 1917, but approximately 10,000 Native American men volunteered for duty.

Native American men were included along with whites in the World War II draft. Initial reactions by Native Americans to the draft were mixed. While some were eager to join the military, others resisted. Burnstein argues that due to their still questionable status as citizens of the United States at the outbreak of the second world war, many Native Americans questioned volunteering for military service, as "the Federal government had the power to force Indians to serve in the military but did not have the power to compel Mississippi to grant Indians the vote". Although some resisted the draft, many others who were not drafted volunteered for the war.

Native service in the war

Whether it was due to innate skill as warriors or merely a reflection of the stereotype of the Native American warrior spirit in American popular culture, Native American men were generally regarded highly for their military service during World War II.

Native Americans first saw action in the Pacific Theater along with the rest of the US Army and Navy. The first known Native American casualty of war was a young Oklahoma man who died during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Over the course of the war, Native American men fought across the world on all fronts, and were involved in many of the most critical battles involving American troops, including Iwo Jima (the site of Pima Native Ira Hayes' triumphant moment raising the flag on Iwo Jima with four of his fellow Marines and a Navy corpsman), the invasion of Normandy, the liberation of the Philippines, the Battle of the Bulge, the liberation of Paris, and the liberation of Belgium. Native Americans were also among the first Americans to enter Germany and played a role in the liberation of Berlin. Casualty reports showed Native Americans fighting as far away as Australia, North Africa, and Bataan.

Native American soldiers were sometimes mistaken by white American soldiers for Japanese soldiers and taken prisoner or fired upon.

A significant benefit that Native American men and women reaped from the war effort was the expectation that new skills would lead to better jobs. Due to both the waning sense of isolation on reservations brought on by the war and the influx of money, Native Americans began to have access to consumer goods and services. The average Native American income increased to $2,500 by 1944, 2.5 times greater than in 1940. However, the average salary of a Native American was still only a quarter of the average salary of a white American.

More than 30 Native Americans were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the third-highest aviation honor. Not counting the Purple Heart, more than two hundred military awards were awarded to Native Americans. Although many Native Americans received recognition for their military service in terms of awards, these awards were later used during the termination period by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as proof that Native Americans were eager to assimilate into American culture.

Navajo code talkers project

In February 1942, a civilian named Philip Johnston came up with the idea of using the Navajo language as military code. Johnston, a missionaries' son, grew up on a reservation and understood the complexity of the Navajo language. By September 1942, the American government had recruited several hundred Native Americans who spoke both Navajo and English to translate English words into the Navajo language to foil enemy understanding. Often working behind enemy lines, the code talkers were commended for their bravery and gained respect from fellow soldiers.

Until its declassification in 1968, the code that these Navajo developed remained the only oral military code to never have been broken by an enemy. The code was composed of carefully selected Navajo words that used poetic circumlocution so that even a Navajo speaker would not be able to understand the communications without training. For example, there were no words in the Navajo language for military machines, weapons, or foreign countries, so these words were substituted with existing words in Navajo. For example, Britain was spoken as "between waters" (toh-ta), a dive bomber was a "chicken hawk" (gini), a grenade was a "potato" (ni-ma-si) and Germany was "iron hat" (besh-be-cha-he).

In 2001, 28 Navajo Code Talkers were awarded Congressional Gold Medals, mostly posthumously.

Credit: Wikipedia

BATTLES OF THE PACIFIC WAR

The Pacific War, also referred to as the Asia-Pacific War was fought during World War II between the Empire of Japan, Thailand and Japanese puppet states on the one side and the United States, Britain, Australia and other Allied states on the other. The beginning of the Pacific War is traditionally dated to December 8, 1941, when the Japanese launched an attack on Thailand, Malaya, Hong Kong and Pearl Harbor (in Japan, it was already December 8 when the U.S. naval base in Hawaii was attacked). Until the formal surrender of Japan on September 2, 1945, which ended both the Pacific conflict and World War II, a number of battles were fought both on sea and land. Here is a list of the greatest battles of the Pacific War:

Battle of Singapore

On February 8, 1942, the Japanese launched an attack on British-held Singapore that was defended by some 90,000 Commonwealth troops stationed on the island. Arthur Percival, commander of the Commonwealth forces, expected the attack but left Singapore's landward side virtually undefended, convinced that the thick jungle and mangrove swamp on the Malay Peninsula were impassable and that the attack must come from the sea. The Japanese, however, choose to move through the very same jungle and mangrove swamp. After just seven days of fighting, the Commonwealth forces surrendered. Over 60,000 troops including their commander became prisoners of war.

Battle of the Java Sea

The Battle of the Java Sea was fought between the American-British-Dutch-Australian (ABDA) and Japanese navies on February 27, 1942. On that day, the ABDA forces intercepted the invading Japanese in the Java Sea with an aim to halt their advance in the Dutch East Indies (today's Indonesia). But by the end of the day, the Japanese humiliated the ABDA forces, sinking 3 destroyers and 2 cruisers, and killing 2,300 men including the ABDA commander Karel Doorman without losing a single ship. The Battle of the Java Sea thus only postponed the Japanese invasion of Java for one day.

Battle of the Coral Sea

Fought from May 4 to 8, 1942, the Battle of the Coral Sea was the first combat between the Japanese and American aircraft carriers in World War II. However, the battle was fought exclusively by aircraft — none of the ships involved in the battle shot at the enemy ship. The Japanese aircraft was more successful in locating enemy carriers and on May 8, the combined U.S. and Australian fleet was forced to withdraw. But the Japanese, worried that there might be more U.S. carriers in the area, canceled the Operation MO the goal of which was to capture Port Moresby (New Guinea) and Tulagi (the Solomon Islands). The strategic victory in the Battle of the Coral Sea thus went to the combined U.S. and Australian forces.

Battle of Midway

Six months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and just one month after the Battle of the Coral Sea, Midway was a decisive conflict in the Pacific Theater. One of the first major encounters between the U.S. and Japanese forces, it had a major influence on the future course of the conflict.

On June 3, 1942, the Japanese launched an attack on the Aleutian Islands with an aim to divert the attention away from their true target — the Midway Atoll. But the Americans broke the Japanese naval code and knew exactly what the Imperial Combined Fleet was planning. They clashed with the Japanese on June 4 and after three days of fighting, forced the enemy to give up the attempt to invade Midway. But most importantly, the U.S. forces inflicted a serious blow to the Japanese naval and air power. The Imperial forces lost all four carriers that participated in the battle and about 250 aircraft. After the Battle of Midway, the immediate threat to the United States virtually came to an end.

Battle of Guadalcanal

Also referred to as the Guadalcanal Campaign, the Battle of Guadalcanal was actually a series of battles fought both on land and sea for the largest of the Solomon Islands. On August 7, 1942, the Allied forces (consisting mainly of U.S. troops) launched an attack on the island of Guadalcanal with an aim to make an end to the Japanese threat to supply and communication lines between the United States and Australia. The Allies succeeded to capture the island but they needed more than six months to break the Japanese resistance. After losing about 30,000 men, over 600 aircraft and 24 warships, the Japanese decided to evacuate some 10,000 men who survived until

February 9, 1943. The Allies suffered heavy losses as well - over 600 aircraft destroyed, 25 warships sunk and about 7,500 men killed in action. But the route between the United States and Australia was from then on secure.

Battle of Saipan

The Battle of Saipan began on June 15, 1944, when the U.S. forces launched an attack on the island of Saipan in the Mariana Islands to gain an air base within a direct striking distance of mainland Japan. However, the Japanese refused to surrender even when it became clear that they are in a lost position. By July 9 when the U.S. troops raised a flag in victory, approximately 30,000 Japanese troops were either killed or committed suicide, including all four commanders. Fewer than 1,000 Japanese were captured as prisoners of war. The Battle of Saipan also claimed thousands of civilian deaths, many of which were suicides. The Americans suffered about 13,500 casualties of which 3,500 were deaths.

Battle of the Philippine Sea

The Battle of the Philippine Sea was fought between the U.S. and Japanese carriers off the coast of Saipan just four days after American landings on the island. On June 19, 1944, the Japanese navy launched an attack with an aim to inflict a decisive defeat to the U.S. fleet. But by the late afternoon of June 20, the Japanese were retreating, sustaining a decisive defeat themselves: 3 carriers sunk and about 400 aircraft destroyed. The Imperial fleet was seriously weakened, while the Japanese air force was "beyond repair".

Battle of Leyte Gulf

The Battle of Leyte Gulf, sometimes also referred to as the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea was the largest naval battle in World War II and according to some historians, the largest naval battle in history. The battle which involved over 270 warships (64 Japanese, 216 American and 2 Australian) was fought off the Philippine islands of Leyte, Luzon and Samar from October 23 to 26, 1944, and ended as a disaster for Japan as the Imperial fleet was virtually destroyed. The Japanese lost all 4 carriers, 11 destroyers, 10 cruisers and 3 battleships, and 12,000 men. The Allies lost 3 destroyers, 2 escort carriers and 1 light carrier, and suffered about 2,500 human casualties.

Battle of Iwo Jima

The Battle of Iwo Jima is one of the most famous battles of the Pacific War not only for the iconic flag raising photo by Joe Rosenthal but also because it in many ways symbolized the Pacific conflict. It was fought from February 19 to March 26, 1945, over a tiny island measuring just 5 x 2.5 miles. Like in many other battles in the Pacific theater, the U.S. Armed Forces had a superiority in both men and arms but the Japanese fiercely defended their positions virtually until the last man. Of about 22,000 Japanese defenders, 21,000 were killed. The American victory had a high cost as well - about 20,000 wounded and 6,800 killed.

Battle of Okinawa

One of the bloodiest battles of the Pacific War was fought from April 1 to June 22, 1945, for the island of Okinawa. The Americans wanted the island at the southern tip of Japan to create a base for air raids on Japan as well as to "rehearse" for the planned invasion of Japan's main islands. However, they met a fierce resistance. By June 22, the U.S. troops suffered nearly 50,000 casualties of which approximately one quarter were deaths. The Japanese, on the other hand, lost about 100,000 of 110,000 men. The largest amphibious campaign of the Pacific War also claimed heavy civilian casualties as an estimated 100,000 civilians were killed by the end of the campaign. According to many historians, the Battle of Okinawa had a major influence on the US decision to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki as it clearly revealed that the invasion of Japan would claim huge casualties on both sides.

The story of Okinawa is told in "Ripples of Battle" by Victor Davis Hanson. After a long and bloody conflict on the rough terrain, the Allies began taking over village after village. The Japanese people were convinced that the Americans would torture and kill them all. As the American soldiers approached, often they would find that many of the villagers were already dead, from suicide or the senior member of the family would strangle his family. In one village, as the American soldiers came close, of the peasants not already dead, others were prepared to die with nooses around their necks. An American soldier describes an old Japanese man sitting and crying uncontrollably. His facial expression showed shock and wonder as he saw the American soldier go to help the victims who were not yet dead. So convinced that the Americans would torture, the old man could hardly believe his eyes! So brainwashed were the Japanese people that their Emperor would be victorious that they were willing to die for him in spite of the odds. School children and women were mobilized into fighting units using rakes and shovels or anything they could, in order to combat

the invaders. These civilian warriors, including children, were armed with garden and kitchen utensils as weapons.

Credit: www.historylists.org

BRING THE TROOPS HOME! OPERATION MAGIC CARPET

October 1945 to September 1946

Operation Magic Carpet was the post-World War II operation by the War Shipping Administration to repatriate over *eight million* American military personnel from the European, Pacific, and Asian theaters. Hundreds of Liberty ships, Victory ships, and troop transports began repatriating soldiers from Europe in June 1945. Beginning in October 1945, over 370 navy ships were used for repatriation duties in the Pacific. Warships, such as aircraft carriers, battleships, hospital ships, and large numbers of assault transports were used. The European phase of Operation Magic Carpet concluded in February 1946 while the Pacific phase continued until September 1946.

Planning

As early as mid-1943, the United States Army had recognized that, once the war was over, bringing the troops home would be a priority. More than 16 million Americans were in uniform; and more than eight million of them were scattered across all theaters of war worldwide. Army Chief of Staff General George Marshall established committees to address the logistical problem. Eventually organization of the operation was given to the War Shipping Administration (WSA). Eligibility for repatriation was determined by the Advanced Service Rating Score.

Europe

The Navy was excluded from the initial European sealift, as the Pacific War was far from over, and the task of returning the troops was the sole responsibility of the Army and Merchant Marine. The WSA ordered the immediate conversion of 300 Liberty and Victory cargo ships into transports. Adequate port and docking facilities were also serious considerations along with the transportation necessary to take the veterans to demobilization camps after they reached America's shores.

There were 3,059,000 service men and women in Europe, Africa and the Mediterranean on VE-Day. The first homeward-bound ships left Europe in late June 1945, and by November, the sealift was at its height. Whereas American shipping had averaged the delivery of 148,000 soldiers per month to the European Theater of

Operations (ETO) during the wartime build-up, the post VE-Day rush homeward would average more than 435,000 GIs per month for the next 14 months.

In mid-October 1945 the United States Navy donated the newly commissioned carrier USS Lake Champlain—fitted with bunks for 3,300 troops—to the operation. She was joined in November by the battleship USS Washington. The European lift now included more than 400 vessels. Some would carry as few as 300 while the large ocean liners often squeezed 15,000 aboard. One of the ocean liners, the British RMS Queen Mary, the U.S. obtained the use of in exchange for 10 smaller U.S. vessels. The WSA and the army also converted 29 troopships into special carriers for war brides, for the almost half a million European women who had married American servicemen. The Magic Carpet fleet also included 48 hospital ships; these transported more than half a million wounded.

Nor was this a one-way stream. Former Axis POWs had to be repatriated from Europe and Japan and occupation forces had to be dropped in Germany, China, Korea and Japan. Returned to Europe were more than 450,000 German prisoners of war, in addition to 53,000 Italian ex-POWs. Between May and September 1945, 1,417,850 were repatriated.

Between October 1945 to April 1946, another 3,323,395 were repatriated. By the end of February, the ETO phase of Magic Carpet was essentially completed.

Asia and the Pacific

With the surrender of Japan, the navy also began bringing home Sailors and Marines. Vice Admiral Forrest Sherman's Task Force 11 departed Tokyo Bay early in September 1945 with the battleships USS New Mexico, USS Idaho, USS Mississippi, and USS North Carolina, and two carriers plus a squadron of destroyers filled with homeward-bound servicemen. Stopping at Okinawa, they embarked thousands more Tenth United States Army troops.

The navy hastily converted many of its warships into temporary transports, including aircraft carriers, where three-to five-tiered bunks were installed on the hangar decks to provide accommodation for several thousand men in relative comfort. The navy fleet of 369 ships included 222 assault transports, 6 battleships, 18 cruisers, 57 aircraft carriers and 12 hospital ships.

A total of 29,204 servicemen returned aboard USS Saratoga, more than on any other individual ship

By October 1945, Magic Carpet was operating worldwide with the Army, Navy and WSA pooling their resources to expedite the troop-lift. December 1945 became the peak month with almost 700,000 returning home from the Pacific. With the final arrival of 29 troop transports carrying more than 200,000 soldiers and sailors from the China-Burma-India theater in April 1946, Operation Magic Carpet came to its end. The last of the troops to return from the Pacific war zone (127,300) arrived home in September 1946.

Airlift

The army's Air Transport Command (ATC) and the navy's Naval Air Transport Service (NATS) were also involved in Magic Carpet operations, amassing millions of flying hours in transport and cargo aircraft, though the total number of personnel returned home by aircraft was tiny in comparison to the numbers carried by ship.

Credit: Wikipedia

CASUALTIES

Casualties are the brutal reality of warfare. The number of deaths resulting from the Second World War remains uncertain, but was around 70 million persons. Of these, around 22 million were military deaths while the remainder were civilians killed during military operations, through famine, or in crimes against humanity. This represents about 3% of the total world population at the time. Casualties in the Pacific War numbered around 36 million or 50% of the total casualties of the Second World War.

Total casualties in Asia and the Pacific by nation and type

Nation	Killed or missing	Wounded	Prisoners of war	Civilian deaths
Australia	9,470	13,997	21,726	
China	4,000,000	3,000,000		18,000,000
India[1]	6,860	24,200	68,890	2,000,000
Japan	1,740,000	94,000	41,440[2]	393,400
Netherlands East Indies			37,000	4,000,000
Philippines				1,000,000
United Kingdom[1]	5,670	12,840	50,016	
United States	111,606	253,142	21,580	

Blank entries indicate that estimates are unavailable, but the numbers likely are small.

[1]*Includes only losses in ground combat.*

[2]*Prior to 15 August 1945.*

In the broadest sense, military casualties include all losses of military personnel, whether from death or wounds in combat, surrender, illness, accidents, or desertion. About 4% of U.S. troops were unavailable for combat at any given moment during the war. In the Pacific, with its poor living conditions, the great majority of these were not combat-related. Over the course of the Second World War, the U.S. Army recorded about 17 million hospital admissions globally for illness or accident, versus about a million combat casualties. Indeed, in the early days of the war, the Allied armies experienced about 100 casualties from heat or disease for every combat casualty.

A similar picture is given by the casualty statistics of 20 Indian Division. During one six-month period, there were 2345 battle casualties, 1118 malaria and typhus cases, 697 cases of dysentery, 205 cases of venereal disease, 210 cases of skin disease,

170 psychiatric casualties, 100 accidents, 321 minor injuries, and 2784 other hospital admissions (Hastings 2007.) This was not unusual. During the first six months of 1944, 14 Army experienced 40,000 combat casualties and 282,000 casualties from illness.

About 24.2% of Japanese soldiers and 19.7% of Japanese sailors died during the Second World War, contrasted with 3.66% of U.S. Marines, 2.5% of U.S. soldiers, and 1.5% of U.S. sailors. Casualties in China were immense even before war broke out in the Pacific: The Japanese had suffered over 180,000 dead (including 48,344 dead from illness) and over 323,700 wounded (including 36,470 permanently disabled) by October 1941.

Civilian casualties are difficult to quantify. Civilian deaths resulting directly from military action or massacre are clearly attributable to the war, but deaths from disease, famine, or other hardship are more ambiguous, since these also occur in peacetime. The best one can do is to estimate excess deaths, which is the number of deaths during the war beyond what would have been expected under peacetime conditions. Such estimates are inherently uncertain. The civilian Indian deaths in the table above are primarily from the Bengal famine of 1943, for which estimates of excess deaths range from 1.5 to 3 million. The civilian Chinese deaths are the best estimate from recent archival research (cited by Hsiung and Levine 1992) but may be an overestimate (Mitter [2013] estimates 14 to 20 million total Chinese dead), while the estimate of Japanese civilian casualties, coming primarily from the strategic bombing campaign, is likely an underestimate. The figure for the Netherlands East Indies, arising from famine and forced labor, is also highly uncertain.

Combat Casualties. In the Western military tradition, armed forces attempted to impose their will on the enemy through the use of their firepower to inflict casualties. A unit was usually rendered *hors de combat* long before its casualty rate approached 100%. This was true even of the Japanese, whose resignation to death in battle astonished Westerners.

In the Allied armies, approximately three men were wounded in action for every man who was killed on the battlefield or died of his wounds. This relatively high survival rate was made possible by advances in medicine that meant that a wounded man who survived long enough to reach a field hospital had an excellent chance of recovery. The corresponding figure for the Japanese Army is nothing short of appalling: The state of Japanese military medicine and the nature of Japanese tactics (such as staging massed frontal assaults or fighting to the death in hopeless defensive positions) translated into a 95% death rate among combat casualties.

Statistics for 6 Army on Leyte indicate that almost half of all fatal wounds were from small arms fire, and a little more than half of fatal small arms wounds were from hits to the torso, with head wounds accounting for about 20% of fatalities. On the other hand, the majority of nonfatal wounds were inflicted by shell or grenade fragments.

Some idea of U.S. casualty rates can be gleaned from this table of total wartime casualties in selected U.S. divisions in the Pacific (Frank 1999).

Division	Total Battle Casualties	Killed or Died of Wounds	Wounded	Other	Campaigns
25	5,432	1,500	3,928	4	New Guinea, Luzon, southern Philippines
33	2,426	524	1.896	6	New Guinea, Luzon
40	3,025	748	2,273	4	Bismarcks, southern Philippines, Luzon
41	4,260	962	3,287	11	New Guinea, Luzon, southern Philippines
43	6,026	1,414	4,609	3	Guadalcanal, northern Solomons, New Guinea, Luzon
77	7,461	1,857	5.534	70	Eniwetok, Guam, Leyte, Okinawa
81	2,314	517	1,793	4	Palau, Leyte
Americal	4,050	1,168	2,876	6	Guadalcanal
1 Cavalry	4,055	971	3,075	9	New Guinea, Bismarcks, Leyte, Luzon
11 Airborne	2,431	620	1,806	5	New Guinea, Leyte, Luzon
2 Marine	12,770	2,795	9,975	0	Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Tinian, Okinawa
3 Marine	10,416	2,371	8.045	0	Bougainville, Guam, Iwo Jima
5 Marine	9,573	2,414	7.159	0	Iwo Jima
Total	74,239	17,861	56,256	122	

The total dead or missing were 41,592 for all U.S. Army ground troops in the Pacific and southeast Asia, with another 145,706 wounded. The Marine Corps and attached Navy corpsmen suffered total casualties of 23,160 killed or missing and 67,199 wounded.

Average casualty rates for U.S. units in combat are tabulated below, in rates per

thousand men committed per day.

Average casualty rates for U.S. ground combat units

	Pacific Amphibious Campaigns	European Protracted Campaigns
Killed in action	1.78	.36
Wounded in action	5.50	1.74
Missing in action	.17	.06
Total	7.45	2.16

It is notable that the fraction of fatal casualties in the more intense combat (24%) is significantly greater than in the more protracted combat (17%). This likely reflects the higher reliance on artillery rather than small arms to wear down the enemy in extended campaigns.

Western air and naval forces tended to suffer a much higher percentage of deaths among their combat casualties than did Western ground forces. The U.S. Navy lost 31,157 killed in action out of a total of 62,858 combat casualties in the Pacific, a figure of nearly 50%. The U.S. Army Air Forces lost 15,694 dead and missing out of a total of 24,230 casualties in the Pacific, a figure of 65%. Total U.S. combat casualties in the war against Japan were thus 111,606 dead or missing and another 253,142 wounded.

Japanese military casualties from 1937-1945 have been estimated at 1,834,000, of which 1,740,000 were killed or missing. Some 388,600 of these were incurred in China, another 210,830 in southeast Asia, and the rest in the Pacific. Of these, some 300,386 were naval fatalities, and some 334 Japanese warships were sunk during the war.

Chinese military casualties are uncertain, but a reasonable estimate is about four million dead and three million wounded.

In the Pacific, the British lost 5,670 dead or missing and 12,840 wounded, the Australians 9,470 dead or missing and 13,997 wounded, and India 6,860 dead and 24,200 wounded. The figures for Britain and India are from Ellis (1985) and are for ground forces only, to which should be added at least 1100 sailors lost with Force Z and in other naval actions in the Far East. Ellis' figure may be a serious underestimate, and

total combined British and Indian combat dead in the Far East may have been as high as 28,000 (Street 2012, private communication).

Civilian casualties were very heavy in certain theaters of the Pacific War. Japan suffered at least 393,400 civilian deaths and another 275,000 civilians wounded. The best recent estimate of Chinese civilian deaths, calculated from archival records, stands at 18 million. These dwarf the civilian casualties of the other Allies, though these were sometimes locally heavy, as at Manila. The war in China also produced an estimated 95 million refugees.

Combat Fatigue. A significant percentage of casualties in combat were psychological casualties, as much as 30% for poorly led and poorly trained troops, such as 43 Division at New Georgia. A more typical figure was 5% to 10%. Japanese troops were not immune to combat fatigue, but because of differences in culture and military tradition, it manifested itself differently. Japanese troops who broke down psychologically were very likely to commit suicide, either directly (such as with their own grenades) or indirectly (such as by *banzai* charges into massed Allied fire.)

Accidents. In the U.S. Army worldwide, accidents accounted for about 2 million hospitalizations. Air operations were especially hazardous. Some 13,000 American airmen were killed accidentally, while the Royal Air Force lost 787 officers and 4540 other ranks to accidents.

"Casualties" also includes Surrender, Illness, Starvation, and AWOL/desertion. These categories are not detailed here but accounted for very large numbers of troops from every nation.

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